The art of Wheedling Enlarged

Well Plaid Masters

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PROTEUS REDIVIVUS:

The ART of

WHEEDLING

cost 14/3
7 march 1714 } OR

INSINUATION,

In General and Particular CONVERSATIONS and TRADES:

Together

With the ſeveral Actions, Inclinations and Paſſions of both SEXES, and of all their Profeſſions and Occupations.

Diſcovering

Their many Tricks and Deſigns to Self-Advancement, though by Indirect Wayes and Methods; Fitly ſuited to theſe times, to prevent the Vertuous from Abuſes, and to detect the Enormities of the Vitious.

Furniſhed with many delightful Songs in various Chapters.

Compil'd and Publiſh'd formerly by R. H. *but now Reprinted with Additions in every Chapter, to almoſt one half of the Book, By the ſame* Author.

LONDON.

Printed for *Tho. Paſſinger*, at the *Three Bibles* on *London-Bridge*, 1684.

THE AUTHORS EPISTLE and APOLOGY TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND *N. W.* Esq;

SIR,

IN *a late Conference between you and me, (retiring our selves from the unpleasant discords of ratling Carts and Coaches, and the Confusion of City cries, (which obstruct the Freedom of an Active Fancy) you may be pleased to remember the Complaints I then made against the misunderstanding Vul-*

gar, in censuring so severely the Author of the English Rogue, concluding him to be the Actor too: how irrational that Opinion is, I shall leave to any indifferent Person to judge, without Suggesting this; that as it is impossible for any one man to act all those Villanies contained in that Book, so if any one committed but the tithe of them, certainly Justice, though Blind, would soon find him out, and lop him off as an useless, Rotten, and Pernicious Member of the Commonwealth, and not let him live at home in quietness, so long as I have done, without ever appearing before the face of Justice upon any account, much less as a Criminal.

I cannot say I have done well in

the

the publication of ſome Books, yet I intended no ill; for my deſign was not to propagate Vice, but ſo to detect it, that at the ſight of its ugly lothſomneſs, men ſhould ſhun it worſe than the greateſt Contagion.

But you may ſay, to detect Sin, is to teach Sin; the diſcovery of Vice, like the Hydra's *heads, doth rather increaſe, then decreaſe the Vitious; for Vertue is ſeldom found to ſpring from overflowing glaſſes, and Chaſtity from Bawdy* Aretins *laſcivious Pictures: that wicked Perſons, and wicked Actions, ſhould rather be damn'd in obſcurity, than by the Pen preſerv'd to Eternity; that it is a Sin againſt Piety to give Wickedneſs any life of Me-*

mory; so the Villain became lost that set fire on Diana's *Temple, and* Manlius *was forgot in* Rome *that did an injury to* Rome: *Wicked Names dishonour fair Report, and if by compulsion the Pen must glance upon them, they ought ever to be accompanied with execrations, and Devil must be their only Appellation.*

I cannot deny but all this is true; yet consider, Brutus *and his Confederates, are not forgot in* Livy; Sinon *lives in* Virgil, *and* Pandarus *in* Homer; *there is a* Lays *memorable in* Corinth, *and a* Lamia *in* Athens, *and why should we not match those Rampant* Whores *with a pair of as lusty* Rogues, *one* Spanish, *and*

the

the other English; *not but that other Countries have as large a stock of each, but only want recording. If Vice should lye conceal'd, how should we know good from evil; the Minister, 'tis true, Discovers, Arrains and Condemns it, and with that severity Executes it in the Pulpit, that none can stand before him but with fear and trembling; the Law hath several punishments for offences besides down right hanging: thus, though I have not played the immediate Executioner of such Vices as I have presented to publick view, yet I have lasht some at the Carts Arse, others I have Carted, and given others the opportunity, as well as my self, to pelt Villany with the*

rotten Eggs of scorn and reproach, whilst every one that would, might pour on her head the Piss-pots of what Ignominy they pleased.

I need not urge more Arguments to prove the honesty of my Intention in Printing the Witty Extravagant, *and that my principal aim was not private advantage, but the general benefit of every individual Person, and that it should not be imputed as a fault in me, if any make a bad use thereof, or wrong construction; some vainly, and falsly supposing me, not only so meer a* Fool, *to relate my own extravagances, but so great a* Beast, *nay* Monster, *to wrong the known Piety of my Parents.*

Accordin to the promise made

in my Poſtſcript *to the firſt Part of the* Engliſh Rogue, *I purpoſed to have finiſht that Book in a* Second Part, *travelling him through the gentiler parts of* Europe, *Topographically deſcribing all places of eminency, with an account of what Tricks and* Rogueries *he committed where-ever he came; but the Cudgels were ſnatcht out of my hands before I had fairly laid them down, I intending to have had but one more bout at the ſame Weapons, and ſo have compleated the* Rogue, *but ſeeing the* Continuator *hath already added three* Parts *to the former, and never (as far as I can ſee) will make an end of peſtering the World with more* Volumes, *and large* Edi-

tions, *I diverted my intention into this Subject* The Art of Wheedling, or Inſinuation, *wherein, I have been at no ſmall pains in the Method and Contexture: What I have Collected hath been out of the Choiceſt* French *and* Engliſh Authors, *not ſo much as caſting an eye upon any Copy of the aforeſaid* Continuator, *that might any ways aſſiſt me in this Compoſure.*

Not to tire you Sir, with a tedious Epiſtle, I ſhall only give you a ſhort account of this preſent Publication, and conclude. Though in this Treatiſe I have endeavoured to detect the moſt remarkable Wheedles *of ſeveral* Trades *and* Profeſſions, *yet I have avoided*

all

all reflection on particular Persons: and as it is impossible to recount the Wheedles *of all* Mysteries *and* Occupations, *so it is not requisite to meddle with some subjects, that may either be superiour or inferiour to our Discourse.*

My main drift in this Discovery, *is to come to the knowledge of our Selves, by the knowledge of others. That incomparable sentence,* Nosce te ipsum *(proceeding from that* Exchequer *of all knowledge,* Pythagoras) *ought to be engraven on the Frontispiece of every mans heart, evermore in a practice applicative, that it may prove the* Elixir Salutis, *the never failing* Recipe *of Humane Welfare: but to know a man self is not so*

proper

proper (saith Menander*) as to know others; and certainly, had he lived in these Hypocritical and debauched times, necessity would have compell'd him to be laboriously studious in this* Art, *carefully inspecting the variety of mens humours to prevent the prejudice proceeding from the practices of such men, who are generally well read in all the Subtle* Arts of Circumvention. *According to my ability, I have discovered some, and as these shall prove Successful in the acceptation of the World, I shall bestow my pains in a further* Collection, *and shall Correct my present defects in some other* Impression.

Therefore, without the knowledge of our Selves and Others, we

are like Crazy Vessels, yet richly laden, which are tossed up and down in the Ocean of Ignorance so long, till we are either shatter'd in pieces against the Rocks of disorder'd desires and affections, or else boarded, and made prize by such, who live on Pyracy *and* Rapine, *Cruzing on the Coasts of Craft and Circumvention.*

The secret of Wisdom *consists in this, That a man knows what he is himself, what he may do, and what he ought to do; and the Soul of* Prudence *lyes in this, that a Man knows what others are, what they may do, and what they are desirous to do; he that hath gain'd this knowledge, hath acquired the greatest advantages of life; and*

may

may sail, or safely ride it out at Anchor in the greatest Storm that can happen.

To study well the Knowledge of our selves, is the ready way to come to the Knowledge of others; and though the Art of knowing others seems to have no other ends than to discover the Inclinations, Motions of the Soul, Virtues and Vices, and what for advantage may be observable in others, yet doth with the same labour teach every one to find out in himself what is either good or bad, and to deduce more rational and impartial judgments thereof, than if he first considered them in his own person. We cannot by our selves come to a perfect knowledge of our Selves, for if, as in a Mir-

rour, *the Soul attempts the beholding of her ſelf in that Self-reflection, Self-love corrupts and poiſons all the judgments ſhe makes thereof: thus Men tranſported with Anger, though never ſo injurious in that action, by beating or reviling, think all the Reaſon and Juſtice on their ſide: the Covetous Man thinks his ſordid cares the effects of Prudence and neceſſity; the Prodigals expences are excuſed by the undeſerved name of generoſity;* The Philautiſt *or ſelf-admirer being rais'd by the indulgent hand of Fortune, to the top of Natures preheminence; as a petty God directs his imagination far beyond the level of Humility, and thinks his worſt of actions beſt, but at laſt is loſt in his*

own

own foolish Self-contemplation; and indeed every man commonly looks upon himself through a Magnifying Glass, so that he cannot behold his true proportion. In short, as all our Inclinations and Habits please and honour us, so all our Passions seem rational to us, that we may therefore apprehend their imperfections, it is requisite we saw them in another, that being a Glass which flatters not, le Miroir qui ne flatte Point.

The knowledge of a Mans self, as it principally concerns the Soul, so it neglects not the Body, and hath a careful and watchful eye for its Preservation, endeavouring to save the Viol *from cracking, as well as the infused* Aqua Cælestis *from*

cor-

corrupting: Thus the perfect and sound estate of Soul and Body is maintained by the knowledge thereof, and that chiefly by the due observation of such things as may be hurtful, or helpful thereunto; this is an Art obtain'd by a very few.

As to the knowledge of others, we have been in the study of it since there were but three men in the World, yet if what we have purchased by much travel and inquiry, were put into the Ballance with what we have not attained to, I believe you will find (Sir) that the Scale of Ignorance, will out-weigh that of Knowledge. Certainly there is no Art so full of uncertainty, as for one Man

to know another, and though there are ſeveral helps, as the lineaments of the Face, lines of the Hand, and Conſtitutions of the Body; yet theſe are inſufficient to lead us into a perfect knowledge. We cannot deny that Vultus eſt Index animi; *and though the eyes are the Caſement of the Soul, yet they frequently prove falſe Glaſſes; though as the* Turk *believes every mans fate and fancy be written in his Forehead, yet the Letters are ſo obſcure, that we cannot read them. The moſt probable way to get this Art, is by* Converſation, *according to the Italian Proverb,* I ſaw thee at *Rome,* I knew thee at *Venice*; *and without this it is impoſſible for any to practice the Art of* Wheedling,

ling or Insinuation, *and it is pity so bad a use should be made thereof, which is not my intent in this Present Publication; for I'le assure you my sole intent is only to discover how knavishly some* Wheedle *for advantage, and to teach men to be wary of Hypocritical undermining Insinuations.*

For my own part, as I cannot in all points Justifie my self from having any share in those Wheedles *herein contained, neither dare I affirm my self a Practitioner in a half here recommended to your view, yet give me leave (Reader) from some good grounds to believe that they are too frequently used in this Age.*

Its now eight years since I compil'd this History, and more Experience

perience and Converse both abroad and at home has almost made this a new Book, above one half being Expung'd, and more made new; (though reduc'd into a lesser Volum and Price, which you may thank the Honest Printer for) these Extraordinary Alterations and Additions may let us see the Different increase of Vice and Vertue, in order to the avoiding the one and pursuing the other; which is all desired in the last Labours of

Sir,

Your Friend and Servant,

R. H.

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Proteus

Proteus Redivivus,

Or the ART of

WHEEDLING

OR

INSINUATION.

CHAP. I.

The ſignification of the Word Wheedle.

THIS myſterious word *Wheedle*, without offence to the ſignification, in my opinion pleads no great antiquity, neither can it boaſt it ſelf the legitimate off-ſpring of any learned Language. I neither find it regiſtred in the *Mouldy Gloſſaries*, nor an Inhabitant in the *New World of Words*. Since then neither *Golius*, *Goldman*, *Buxtorfius*, *Stephanus*, nor any *Engliſh Expoſitors* give us neither the Etymology nor ſignification of this word *Wheedle*, we muſt apply our ſelves to the

Canting Dictionary, as the *ultimum refugium* of our better information; where you ſhall find the word *Wheedle*, imports a *ſubtil inſinuation into the nature, humours and inclinations of ſuch we converſe with, working upon them ſo effectually, that we poſſeſs them with a belief that all our actions and ſervices tend to their pleaſure and profit, whereas it is but ſeemingly ſo, that we may work on them our real advantage.*

Vid. *Engliſh Rogue*, *The Devil's Cabinet broke open*, &c. Wheedling, *quaſi* wheeling, *inde Wealings* near *Flushing* a refuge in neceſſity.

CHAP. II.

The Nature of Wheedling, and what the Practice thereof directly drives at.

THE *Art of Wheedling* is a Science, wherein is taught, by converſation, a general knowledge of the Humours, Paſſions, and Inclinations of male and female, according to their ſeveral Ages, Sexes, Profeſſions and Occupations, whereby the Profeſſors of this profound *Art*, ſuiting their deſigns to the Nature of the Perſon, and Profeſſion, they take effect according to their deſires and expectations. Advantage is the ſoul or center of this *Art*, regarding no other intereſt, but its own, and ſubſervient to none, but for preſent or future profit: There is no living Creature, which from its birth brought not this Science into the World with it either more or leſs, according to the ſagacity or dulneſs of every Individual. Man is the chief Maſter of this Art; Yet

Yet every man hath not the ingenuity to plum the depth thereof, and for want of this knowledge become a prey to thoſe that underſtand it. Beaſts, Fowl, and Fiſh, in their ſeveral degrees participate hereof; by which means they receive ſuſtenance from each other. If you will be fully ſatisfied of the truth hereof, firſt read Men, and ſee how they act upon the Stage of this World; then read Books, which contain the Hiſtory of thoſe Animals laſt mentioned.

This Art of Wheedling, which ſome would have called *Complaiſance*, is in plain terms, nothing elſe but the *Art of Inſinuation*, or *Diſſimulation*, compounded of mental *Reſervation*, ſeeming *Patience* and *Humility*, (ſelf-obliging) *Civility*, and a more than common *Affability*, all which club to pleaſe, and conſequently to gain thereby.

This profitable (if rightly practiſed) *Art of Wheedling* hath ſomething more in it than barely wealth, which perſwades men to follow its dictates, or directions; for the welfare of the whole body depends, and moves upon its hinges; this admirable *Art*, by a ſecret and moſt powerful charm, calms the rage, and greateſt diſpleaſures of the moſt Potent; diſarms our Enemies, when in the greateſt fury, and wreſts the ſword out of that hand, that is juſt about ſheathing it in a ſcabbard compoſed of fleſh and blood; this, and much more it does by feigned ſubmiſſions, and by pretending an untainted entire friendſhip, whereas, if there be not downright enmity, yet there is no other reſpect for the perſon, than what is in outward appearance, to engage him either to lay aſide his preſent anger, or perſwade, and oblige him to ſome kindneſs extraordinary. Here let me give the Wheedler this caution, that as he muſt have an eſpecial care of falling into a condeſcenſi-

on that is too baſe and low, ſo let him always avoid ſharp contradictions, whether he be in the company of Superiors or Equals; framing his gentle Negatives after that ſubtle manner, that they may ſeem to differ little from *Affirmatives.*

Diſproving what is moſt agreeable to the conſtitution of any perſon (though never ſo vitious) is diſobliging, which the *Town-ſhift* or indigent *Gallant* indeavours to ſhun, and lives ſplendidly thereby, and inſtead thereof applauds things done by the glittering rich *Fops*, though unworthy of every honeſt mans approbation, imitating thoſe *Greeks*, of whom that ingenious tell-troth Satyriſt *Juvenal* gives ſo pleaſant a relation; *theſe men* (ſays he) *will conform themſelves to all ſorts of company; do you laugh, they will ſtrive to laugh lowder; if you are penſive and ſad, and prone to weep, they ſhall inſtantly deluge themſelves in tears; if you complain of cold, they ſhiver, as in the extremity of a Tertian Ague fit; and if you do but ſay, the weather's warm, they will cry out, they are ſwelter'd with heat.*

———Rides? Majore cachinno
Concutitur: flet, ſi lachrymas conſpexit amici,
Nec dolet, igniculum Brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit Endromidem; ſi dixeris, æſtuo, ſudat.
Juven. *Sat.* 4.

If you tell a lye, though never ſo groſly falſe, they ſhall ſwear to the truth of it, without a *Subpœna*; in the middle of your diſcourſe they ſhall ſay; *'tis ſo indeed*, not in the leaſt underſtanding what you meant. In ſhort, without feeling any of your paſſions, or underſtanding any of your actions, they appear more affected and concerned than your ſelf, and never fail to compoſe and conform their countenances and actions to yours.

They

They are like a fiſh called a *Polypus*, of whom it ſtoried, that it hath the power of converting its colour into that which is neareſt it, and moſt contiguous for ſelf-preſervation; theſe *Proteï* of this looſe age can turn themſelves into any ſhape, ſo that the converſion of the form will produce any profit or advantage.

CHAP. III.

What Qualifications are requiſite in a General Wheedler, or Diſſembler.

ANtiquity hath reaſon to ſay, that the caſe is the ſame with Sciences, as with Seeds, and Plants, which never bring forth any thing, if they meet not with a ſoil fit for them: it is certain, that there is not any wherein that Truth may be more evident than in this *Science*, which is not only a bare *Art of Wheedling*, or diſſembling with Men, but likewiſe an *Art* or *Science*, wherein every one is taught the knowledge of Men, through Converſation, and by their ſeveral Temperaments, Inclinations, and Paſſions; for it will become barren, and of no advantage, if it meets not with a Genius, and diſpoſitions neceſſary thereto.

As few Men are qualified for this *Art*, ſo ſome Mens Profeſſions, and others tender Conſciences will not permit, nay, rather abſolutely deter them from the Study and Practice thereof. There is no man ſo fit to make uſe of this damnable *Science*, as he that hath Shipwrack'd his Conſcience in the tempeſtuous diſcovery of an Eſtate; whoſe

mind must be illuminated with secret lights, and guides of some invisible *Dæmon*, directing him through the difficult ways, and various Meanders of this Diabolical *Art* and *Science*. This black Hellish Brat must be cloth'd like an Angel of Light, and when he prays, it must be to this purpose,

——Da justum, sanctumq; videri.
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.

Let me seem just, and holy, let the night
Ore-cast my frauds, let clouds obscure their light.

Let me now dissect this *Wheedle*, or take him in pieces, and you shall find his principal Members are *good Natural parts* with the gifts of *Reservation*, *Dissimulation*, *Flattery*, pretended *Patience*, *Humility*, *Civility*, *Affability*, *Plausability*, with other ingredients hereafter mentioned, which make up his composition.

I propose good Natural parts in the qualifications of a *Wheedle*, because it is impossible for him to exercise any of the other recited to his advantage, unless he have a good natural Genius, which ought likewise to be improv'd by Experience, and Languages, though there are a great many insinuating Rascals, who successfully *Wheedle* only by common sence, with the help of a little reason; wherefore in the first place I shall discover what Genius a *Wheedle* ought to have, and how qualified by Art.

The firſt Qualification of a Wheedle, a good Genius; adorn'd with Real or Counterfeit Learning, or Languages acquired by Travel.

IT is not to be call'd in queſtion, that no man is more capable of all manner of buſineſs, than he, who having good natural parts, is indued alſo with a competent ſtock of Learning, gilt over with forreign ſpeculation, and experience.

A good *Genius* is able to do much of it ſelf, but it will act wonders, when Learning, Language, and Experience are inoculated therein. Wit alone, though natural, yet if active, and acute, can apparel it ſelf with a thouſand variable delightful colours, and ſuit it ſelf with as many more pleaſant reſemblances, it will ſhine glorioufly in the Hemiſphear of the Intelligent; yet ſtill Learning ought to be the fewel to the fire of this wit; for, if it wants the feeding, it will eat out, and conſume it ſelf.

Moreover if this good *Genius* be not frequently practiſed with men, and bruſh'd over with ingenious converſation, it will become ſo ſoil'd, and duſty, that little ſhall appear in it legible, but the Characters of Ignorance, and Ruſticity.

Excellent parts without Learning, may be ſaid to be in Ore, unwrought, untry'd, which Letters, Time, and experience faſhion and refine. Such a man ſo qualified hath good mettal in the inſide, though rough, which only wants ſcowring, and poliſhing without; and he that hath theſe rougher parts made ſmooth, and filed, (if rightly uſed) outvies all other ſplendors of this World, and is the greateſt benefit to the Univerſe, and Himſelf.

Such a perſon, whoſe natural, and acquired parts contend for priority in excellence, ſcorns theſe his better parts ſhould play the *Bawd* to any baſe action, or that they ſhould *Pimp* for him by an ignoble *Wheedle*, or *Inſinuation* for preferment: He is happy enough already in what he enjoys; and his happineſs is the greater in this, that he cannot be diſpoſſeſſed of what he holds in *Capite*, which gives him ſo great a ſatisfaction in the contemplation of that perfection he hath brought it to, by his indefatigable ſtudy and induſtry, that no worldly honour, or advancement can raiſe him to an higher pitch of contentment.

It is the *Pretender* to Learning (having an indifferent *Genius*) of whom I ſhall diſcourſe, which is the firſt qualification of our *Wheedle*; a Fellow, who muſt ſo well act the part of a *Scholar-Mountebank*, that his *Art* may prove other mens deluſions. He muſt be trick'd up in all the accoutrements of Learning, having the terms of Art of moſt Sciences, and his mouth ſtuft with variety of Sentences, (like a *Juglers* with ſmall Ribbonds of ſeveral colours) collected from Claſſical Authors, as well Poetical as Hiſtorical, which he may diſgorge upon all occaſions to the admiration of the *Non-intelligent*. And the better to perſwade ſome, that he is a very contemplative man, and a profound Scholar, when he walks it is near ſome publick place, where he may be ſeen with a Book in his hand; if in the Church, he hath a *Greek Teſtament*, or Hebrew *Bible* in his Pocket, which he will not trouble himſelf to open, unleſs he obſerve ſome ſtander by look over him.

In Company, more learned than himſelf, he hath the wit to hold his tongue; for though he

hath

hath no real Learning, yet he hath so much cunning not to let the Word know it, to avoid being laugh'd at for an *Insignifico*; thus this poor Devil fools himself most, by endeavouring to cheat others; for he conceits nothing in Learning, but the opinion, which he endeavours to purchase without it; whereas did he rightly understand himself, he might with less labour cure his ignorance, than go about to conceal it.

To the intent he may pre-possess his Auditors with a good opinion of him, he is still citing for himself, *That a Candle should not be hid under a Bushel*, and for his part he will be sure not to hide his own, though it be but a Snuff, or Rush-Candle.

Some good parts we will allow him to have of whom he is over-sensible, and is no Niggard in displaying them to advantage; like a *Lottery*, that shows more than belongs properly to the Master, and is like it too in this, that nothing parts from it, or him, but that the Trumpet sounds, fill'd with the breath of vanity and vain-glory.

By these Artifices, *viz. Terms of Art, scraps of* Latine, and *scrapings* from ingenious Company, he hopes to gain a splendid reputation in the World; he is a great Plagiary of Tavern, and Dramatick wit, which he useth to bring in upon such and such hints; he crowds his memory with new Songs, witty Sayings, and far fetcht A-la-mode words, and seldom fails of an opportunity to wind them in.

These are his accomplishments, which (with the good Armour of his face, which is Cannon proof (for he is dash'd out of any thing sooner than countenance) he hopes will bring him into the acquaintance of a great many, and Great men too. With whomsoever he gets acquainted, he

Regiſters their Names, Lodgings, and Habitations, leaſt he ſhould loſe the leaſt hope of doing himſelf a kindneſs; for that end he carries a Table book in his Pocket, in which he writes every days advantageous promiſe made him, or whatſoever obſervations he made of any mans words, or actions, which may tend to the future benefit of himſelf, or friend, if it be poſſible for him to entertain a friendſhip for any perſon.

He carefully obſerves duely, and ſeaſonably to perform his viſits or attendance; and thus at laſt Preferment ſtumbles on him, not ſo much for deſert, but becauſe he is ſtill in the way, or he ſtumbles upon it being ſhoved forward by Languages, he hath got by Travel, waiting on ſome Gentleman into Forreign parts, and no Language tickles him more than the *French*, becauſe he knows ſo many *Engliſh* Gentlemen fooliſhly doat thereon; by which means *Monſieur* is too frequently prefer'd before their own Countreymen. Miſtake me not, though I inveigh againſt this ingrateful kind of Foppery, I have not the leaſt diſeſteem for Travel, knowing how many benefits accrue thereby.

St. *Auguſtin* calls this World a *Great Book*, (then *Men* are the *Epitome*'s) and certainly none ſtudy theſe *Books* ſo much as the *Traveller*. They who never ſtir from home, can hardly be ſaid to have read a leaf of the *Greater*, and are in a manner as ignorant as that *Taunton woman*, who having never been a mile out of the place of her Nativity, and being married to one living about twenty miles from that place, as ſhe travel'd to her new home, ſtill cry'd out, *John, John, What do'ſt mean to do? carry me to the world's end?* Bringing her home with much ado, he told her (according to the beſt of his knowledg) that the world

was

was a hundred times, at leaſt, as wide and large as the ground they had rid over; to which ſhe reply'd, *John, If thou wer't not my Husband, chud zay, thou art a greater Lyar than any in that world thou talk'ſt on.*

'Tis true, a man may read men at home, but if he go no farther, he ſhall never have the reputation of a man generally read, but be like that dull fellow in *Pliny*, who could never learn to count above five. *Homer* ſets forth *Uliſſes*, as the wiſeſt of all the *Grecians*, becauſe he had travel'd much, and had ſeen *Multorum hominum mores, & Urbes*: thus *Seneca* ſaith, *Imperitum eſt animal homo, & ſine magna experientia rerum, ſi circumſcribatur Natalis ſoli ſui fine.* Man is a raw unskilful animal, and void of experience, who is ſtill confin'd within the narrow limits of his own Country.

As Travel furniſheth man with univerſal knowledge, ſo it acquaints him with hardſhip, and ſo adapts him to indure patiently whatever mean condition perverſe fortune hath thrown upon him, till his own wit by Services, and inſinuation ſhall redeem him from that ſlavery, and place him to his better ſatisfaction. It was an excellent ſaying of *Seneca*; *Malo tibi male eſſe, quam molliter*; I had rather thou ſhoulſt be ſick, than ſoft. It is reported that the *Coral Tree* is neither red, nor hard, till taken from its Maritime habitation; nor can man, in my opinion, make the beſt advantage of his knowledge, till he hath in ſome manner imitated the *Romans*, in putting out their Children to be Nurſed by *Lacedemonian* women, till they were three years old; then they were removed to their Unckles, till ſeven, or ten; then they ſent them to *Tuſcany* to be inſtructed in Religion; and at laſt into *Greece* to ſtudy Philoſophy.

Now,

Now what greater advantage can accrue to him that would live meerly by his wits than diverſity of tongues, by which he ſhall underſtand, and be underſtood, nay and beloved by all Nations? This advantage Travel produceth, in that it doth in ſome manner take off that Aborigenal Curſe the *Confuſion of Tongues*, which is ſuch a curſe indeed, that it makes men who are of one kind, and made to be ſociable, ſo ſtrangely to fly one another, that as an eminent Father of the Church ſaid, *A man had rather be with his dog, than with a man whoſe Language he underſtands not.* Nay, this diverſity of Languages makes a wiſe man paſs for a fool in a ſtrange Country, and a fool to paſs for a wiſe man, when he ſpeaks that language perfectly to them who underſtand it but in part, or who have but ſome ſmall glimmering light to lead them into the depth thereof. This makes the poor wandring Exotick thrive indifferently where e're he comes, and *Monſieurs* ſervices courted (as I ſaid before) for the *French* Tongue, though he hath neither wit, perſon, or habit, to render him acceptable; though he be ragged, this ſoon metomorphoſeth him into the garb of the times, and by a narrow inſpection you ſhall find it his *Imprimis*, and all the *Items*; whoſe fantaſtical cringes to Ladies are his dayly ſtudy, and only devotions; and though born with the art of talking idley, yet ſome female *French* admirers love him the better for it, being by that the more ſuitable to their company. My own experience informs me this; for I knew a Gentlewoman of good quality, who who would not admit of the Careſſes or Courtſhip of her Lover in Engliſh, and could not prove ſucceſsful in his *Amours*, till he made his addreſſes in a forreign Dialect. Nay, ſuch is the love and reſpect we bear all Tradesmen

men, what-ever, who ſpeak any other Language than our own, or go out of the notion of Out-landiſh, that we deſert our own Countreymen, though every way as ingenious in any Art or Myſtery, to follow them, which is the general and juſt complaint of thouſand of Artificers in the City, and through the whole Kingdom.

We may farther underſtand the advantages of knowing, and ſpeaking more Languages than our own from the general Itch, which poſſeſſeth the better ſort of people to be acquainted with them; ſo that now a days you cannot come into any mix'd Company, where a *Pantaloon*, or an *A-la-mode* Suit, endeavours to hide the imperfection of its Maſter, but that you muſt imagine *Babel* is revived; for every one endeavours to gloſs his ſlender parts by thoſe Languages, he hath learn'd by Travel, or otherwiſe; ſome *ſnuffling* out the *French*, others *bluſtring* out the *Dutch*, as if they intended to blow their *Cheeks* into *Bag-pipes*; whilſt others are endeavouring to make the lofty *High-Dutch* to paſs for *Greek* amongſt the Ignorant, whilſt their Bellies in the mean time are croaking out the *Hungarian*. Now he that can beſt ſuit any Language that is ſpoken in Society, by his good proficiency therein, is ſure to make a conqueſt of one heart at leaſt; if withal he apply himſelf to his wonted flattery. by poſſeſſing the ſpeaker (though what he delivers be imperfect in ſence, for want of words, as well as in pronunciation) that he ſpeaks the Language like a *Native*: This (though falſe applauſe) oftentimes ſo ſwells him, cauſing him to look ſo high that he cannot ſee the head of Mr. *Wheedle*, who by this means, moſt certainly, and ſecurely picks his Pocket.

And here I cannot omit the relation, how one was ſoundly baſted for his arrogance, and ignorance

rance upon the like account; This Gentleman was a *Grammar Frenchman*, who was flatter'd by his *Wheedling Maſter*, that he had made a wonderful, and more than common proficiency in the *French Tongue*, for ſo ſhort a time; this unmerited praiſe did not only melt the Money in *Monſieur Engliſh* his Pocket, but likewiſe prompted, and emboldned him to engage with all *French* Diſcourſes he happen'd to meet with, glorying in that courtly embelliſhment; it happened unfortunately that he fell into ſome Company, where was a Gentleman born in *France*, who could ſpeak little or no *Engliſh*, but ſpeaking altogether his Mother-Tongue, he was applauded by this talkative *Fop* (not knowing juſtly what Countryman he was) in theſe words, *Monſieur, ma foy, vous parlez Francois comme un Naturel*; which is, you ſpeak *French* like a Natural: intending to ſay, you ſpeak *French* like a Native of *France*; *Monſieur* at firſt, and ſecond time took little notice of it, but the other perſiſting in that abuſive Encomium, in a very great paſſion, call'd him *Bougre*, *Jean Foutre*, and I know not what beſide, and not ſatisfied with that, he did ſo beat and kick him, that he could neither ſpeak *French* nor *Engliſh* for half an hour after.

The *French* have a ſignificant *Proverb*, to this purpoſe, *Parlez bien, ou parlez rien*, ſpeak well, or dont ſpeak at all; which is ſomewhat like the *Iriſh*, *Aber began, aber ghemah*; Speak a little, and ſpeak it well; this elution our *Wheedle* ought to take ſpecial notice of; for if he do not, inſtead of advancing his reputation, he may either leſſen or deſtroy it. Wherefore if he ſpeak to the judicious, let him ſpeak nothing but what is proper, and if preſt in a Diſcourſe bevond his ability, there are twenty ſlights by which he may ſhift his

neck

neck out of the collar, by his humble ſubmiſſion; acknowledging his inſufficiency to proceed farther; and by this yielding a conqueſt to others, he may probably gain an abſolute victory over their hearts, or at leaſt he ſhall have the title of a modeſt man conferr'd upon him.

Though the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* are elegant Languages, and very uſeful in the building up a ſtructure of Knowledge, yet the *French* is more generally entertain'd by our Gentry, who had need to have good Lungs; for a long ſentence ſeems by the pronunciation to be but one word: it is my opinion, by a long converſe among them, one might underſtand them by the geſtures of their body, and motion of their fingers, as well as by their tongue, they abound ſo much in both whilſt they are diſcourſing; but as for the *gentle ſhrug*, (as they call it) it may be miſtaken by the *Scotch* for a *louſie remove*.

To conclude, beſides the aforeſaid profits which attend a Traveller, it makes moſt affairs ſucceſsful he takes in hand; it enricheth him with a world of experimental knowledg; it makes him a handy and knowing Souldier; it enables him to be a ſpye in all companies; for by pretending ignorance in the Language they ſpeak, and mingling with them, he finds out their deſigns, and can croſs, or cheriſh them as he thinks it may tend to his advantage.

Laſtly, It makes him welcome to all men, ſought after by his betters, and liſtned to with admiration by his inferiors, eſpecially if he have the glib faculty of ſliding over his relations and reports; and thus whilſt he lugs them by the ears, he hath full hold of their hearts, which by prudence he may form to the aſſiſtance of his neceſſity, or moſt important affairs.

The ſecond Qualification of a Wheedle, Reſervation.

THE Pilot that ſteers him ſteddy in the turbulent Sea of worldly buſineſs, and with ſafety too, amidſt the moſt ſubtil practices and contrivances of men, is his reſervation, concealing himſelf from the knowledg of others, whilſt he is moſt buſily employed in the knowledg of other mens affairs. He is like a cunning *Gameſter*, who whilſt he prudently conceals his own Game, he hath an eye of his own prying into his adverſaries hand, or another employed to that purpoſe, by a ſtander by, his Confident. Shewing of Cards before they come to be plaid, occaſions not only loſs to him that ſo imprudently doth it, but alſo to thoſe whoſe intereſt is twiſted, and engaged with his; by keeping cloſe his hand, as at *Put*, he makes you believe his Game is better than it is; for without boldneſs you will ſeldom win at that ſport, *putting* boldly many times at a (careleſs) *ſix*, or *ſeven*, when the Adverſary, by that confidence believes it a Duce, or Tray, and not daring to ſee it, is a loſer thereby: thus his good clothes are his Coat-cards, which he will give you a glimpſe of, that you may ſuſpect his hand is better furniſhed than it is, but fearing the loſs of his deſigned ſucceſs, will permit you to inſpect no farther.

He holds this as an undeniable maxim, that no wiſe man will put confidence in him, who at any rate will diſcover himſelf, and fearing from hence, that he may be left to himſelf, void of advice in the neceſſity of his affairs, he will keep his mouth cloſe ſhut, though he hazard a drowning

ing within, for want of opening the ſludgate of his body to give ſome vent to that Ocean of liquor he drank, for the glibber carrying on ſome notable deſign. If he diſcourſe any thing, it ſhall be about matters indifferent; and if he pretend to tell you a ſecret, engaging you to ſilence, it is only to try your truſt, for it is ſo well contrived, he matters not what man hears it.

I have often been ready to laugh out-right, when I have ſeen him affronted or abuſed with expreſſions more than civil: in bridling of his Cholerick juſt reſentment; Oh how he hath chew'd upon the bit; fleſh and blood would not ſwallow thoſe words; thoſe bitter Pills the ſtomach riſes againſt; yet prudence made him do it, though he prick'd his chops, like the Aſſe eating thiſtles: reaſon told him he could not do amiſs in hiding the reſentment of ſuch affronts and offences; becauſe it gave him not only the better means of revenge (if the matter deſerved it) but alſo to prevent a further provocation, leſt he who hath offended him, ſhould bury him in greater miſchiefs, thereby to diſenable him for ever from proſecuting a revenge. Not but that he knows there are ſome occaſions wherein ſilence would be ſuſpected; for where a great offence is committed, and the perſon ſuffering is ſilent, any rational man will look upon him either as a ſenſeleſs lump of ſtupidity, (confeſſing thereby his guiltineſs) or that his anger is only ſtop'd for the preſent, that it may break out with greater violence in the execution of its vengeance: wherefore he will ſometimes expreſs his diſpleaſure, but in ſuch a manner, that the lightneſs of the complaint, and his modeſt or ingenious confeſſion of the fault may make him believe the like ſhall never be committed, and that for

for the future; the detection thereof ſhall never hereafter be revenged.

Whatever he hears material, he treaſures up in his breaſt, and is hardly induced to make any one the Secretary of his intelligence: He never communicates any thing of that ſtock, but when he ſees a palpable advantage will accrue thereby; for if he diſcover any thing ſaid, or is to be done to the injury or great prejudice of his ſuppoſed Friend, he does it only to inſinuate himſelf into Credit and Confidence, and when the report is found true, if he be a grateful man, he cannot go without reward.

Sometimes he finds it neceſſary to ſeparate two, by forging Lyes, one againſt the other, ſo ſubtilly contrived, that by circumſtances they ſhall believe them real truths: This he does by pretendiug a real Friendſhip to both, and no prejudice to either, till he hath made the wounds of their Friendſhip incurable, and then is his time to ſtep in, and ſupply the place of him he lately diſpoſſeſt, or ſupplanted.

More ſhall be ſaid hereafter, in what particular caſes this reſerved humour ſtands him moſt in ſtead; and therefore I ſhall paſs to the next Member, which is *Diſſimulation*, none of the leaſt requiſite Qualifications of a *Wheedle*.

The third Qualification of a Wheedle, Diſſimulation.

HE thinks there is as abſolute a neceſſity of diſſembling his words, as ſaying his prayers, and is never better pleas'd with them, than when they look like *Janus*, with two Faces, or like the *Devils Oracles*, with a double conſtruction:

ction: And thus he will proteſt how entirely he loves you, when he hates you mortally; much like a *Neopoletan*, who will imbrace you with one arm, and with the other hand ſtab you to the heart. Should he be really a ſervant to as many as he ſeems to be, when he cryes *Your Humble Servant*, he would have as many Maſters as *London*'s *Conflagration* conſumed Houſes. To all theſe he vows an abſolute Command, but they muſt be poſſeſt of more Rhetorick than ever *Quintilian* was Maſter of, if they can entreat him to do any thing but what ſhall tend to his own advantage; if you had followed him as cloſe at the heels as I have done, you would not forbear ſmiling to obſerve how many he hath beguiled with his kind proffers, who had not the diſcretion to diſtinguiſh between a general promiſe, and that which is particular; for all his proffers, as they are univerſal, ſo he looks not upon them as binding: For example, he proteſts ſolemnly he will do any thing for you; but come to the puſh, he will do nothing, but what future profit ſhall perſwade him to; ask to borrow money of him, he tells you he was obliged by his Wife, before Marriage, to the contrary; deſire him to be bound with you, the Scrivener ſhall have an *Item* from him not to take him as Security ſufficient; if arreſted, entreat him to be your Bail, and ten to one he will ſend you word *himſelf*, that he is not within. Never minds his promiſes; for he accounts them but a kind of unmannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners not to exact them, if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that you cannot diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken, and what is meant.

He may be fitly compared to the *civil Ghoſts Æneas* met with in his deſcent to Hell, that were

Friends

Friends to talk with, and Men to look on, but graſping them he found them Air which glided through his Fiſts. One great part of his time he imploys in the ſtudy of pleaſing expreſſions, and fine phraſes, of which he is no Niggard, but keeps open houſe with them for all *Comers* and *Goers*; if any one is taken with them, and ſo miſtakes the Broacher of them for a Friend, inſtead of *Juno* he graſps an empty cloud, for theſe are the baits he catches *Gudgeons* with; and the gaudy Artificial Flies the unwary raſh *Trout* is betray'd by to its deſtruction. If he get any one by the Ear, his breath is ſo infectious, that it is ten to one he Fly-blows it, and Maggots his underſtanding; and from the corrupting of his manners, he works him into what form he pleaſes, and frames him as he liſts: and when he hath effected his deſigns to the utmoſt, all the *Fop-Gallant* can ſay, is, that he was cheated in a very fair obliging manner, and abuſed with the greateſt reſpect.

Take a view of him as he walks in the ſtreets, and you ſhall obſerve his company, if it be not good, yet it ſhall be gaudy; and who can diſtinguiſh men by their out-ſides? external appearances frequently deceive our imaginations, and hood-wink our underſtandings; goodneſs of Apparel frequently belyes the greatneſs of an Eſtate, in telling the World, that the Globes of the Door-poſts being guilt without, the houſe contains nothing but Gold within; *Or, that ſame eminent Phyſitian, of Thirty years practice (as he himſelf ſaith) is the Maſter of that houſe, where thoſe glorious out-ſides ſtand, with whom, if you ſhould happen to talk with, you will find an empty boaſting Quack, whoſe impudent non-ſenſical Bills, and the ignorance, and impudence of the People, have raiſed him to the repu-*

reputation of a Velvet Jacket, and a better estate than Worthy Men may justly merit.

Sometimes this *Wheedling Rascal* will insinuate himself into Society that is really Virtuous, and Noble, and then his greatest ambition is to be seen, and useth an hundred stratagems to be publickly taken notice of in that company; for this he knows must pass for a Rule infallible, *that men shall go under the same account, and character of the Company they consort with: Pares, cum paribus facillimè congregantur; like to like, quoth the Devil to the Colliar*; and therefore our *Wheedling Polititian* will never appear abroad, if he can help it, accompanied with persons, whose habits do, or actions have rendred them scandalous, or villanous, fearing lest the censure of the people should justly fall on him for such Association: and indeed in this he is highly to be commended; for it is too generally known, that bad Company hath been the destruction of many a young man who might have liv'd happily to themselves, and comfortable to their Parents, had not those Wild Miscreants, (with whom they dayly converst with) been the instruments to take them shamefully out of this World by the hand of Justice. But to return where I left off, though this Wheedle kept company much better than himself; he never desired to be good, but he would not seem bad, and for no other reason, than that he finds it a prejudice to business; and therefore he is a constant *Hearer*, and goes to Church, not for any love he bears to it, but for fear of censuring-Neighbours. Oaths he hates, because they are unprofitable; and when he hears them belcht through a profane sulphurous mouth, he flies from them faster, than *Satan* at the Name of *Jesus*, or a Phanatick from *Church-Organs*, or the *Common-Prayer*. Lyes

Lyes he looks not on as half ſo ſinful, and ſometimes queſtions whether they are a ſin or not, when a round ſum hath been the product of their falſity; yet he hates to tell a Lye ſo, that every one may take notice of it: He lays his Lyes cloſe, and hath always ſome pretence in readineſs to juſtifie them; if he fears, he ſhall be detected, he plays the *Hocus*, and like a *Jugler* with his Ball, crys *Præſto, be gone*; then by a quick conveyance tells you he hath none of it, but ſuch a one hath it, and ſo ſhifts off the infamy to another. By theſe means, and a thouſand other *Wheedling tricks*, (too many to inſert in this Chapter) doth this crafty *Diſſembler* endeavour to palliate his own faults, and by a ſeeming Sanctity obtain the good Opinion of the people, that he may cheat them more infallibly, and with leſs ſuſpition.

Ἑαυτὸν δ' οὐδεὶς ὁμολογεῖ κακοῦργον.
Seipſum nullus fatetur eſſe malum.

There is another ſort of *Wheedle*, (of whom I ſhall treat of in his due place) but he is a Fellow that is debaucht in the higheſt degree, and yet he too would fain have ſome excuſe for his *ſins* and *treſpaſſes*, though profanely; for if any one tax him with *Venery*, and condemn him for making his body a *Burnt-Offering* to his *inflamed Luſt*, he will ſeek to juſtifie, and acquit himſelf with this Plea, and to ſeem wittily wicked, asks you, *What did* David *ail when he complained of his bones, and his ſore ran down in the night?* If that won't ſtop the mouths of his Accuſers, but they ſtill reproach him for a common *Placket-Hunter*, whom *Plague*, nor *Pox*, no, nor the dreadful ſight of his late *Pluxing Chirurgeon* can ſtop in the carier of his Luſt and Whoring, he then pleads,

pleads, that though *Solomon* was the wiſeſt of men, yet was he over-rul'd by Women, and ſo addicted to their Society, and delighted in variety, that the Houſe wherein he kept them for his own uſe, exceeded in greatneſs the Grand *Seraglio*, as much as *London* doth St. *Albans*: and when he grew old, and could do no longer, he then cry'd out, *Vanity of Vanity*, &c. if he build Sconces, and run every where on ſcore; then he pleads that St. *Paul* pawn'd his Cloak. This is he that is like a *Tumbler*, and dares ſhow tricks of activity upon the very brink and Precipice of Hell, and play at *hide and ſeek* with the Devil, till at laſt he catches him in his Clutches, as the Cat does her wanton prey, and ſo ſpoils his ſport on a ſudden, when poſſeſt with the greateſt ſecurity.

The Fourth Qualification of a Wheedle, Flattery.

THE next thing we ſhall inſpect, is the *Flattery* of this *Philautiſt*, or *Wheedle*, whereby he captivates Fools, neither can the wiſeſt at all times eſcape him; for he is the Picture of a Friend, and by that means is miſtaken for what he is not; and as it is commonly obſerved, that Pictures uſually flatter, ſo he ever ſhews fairer than the ſubſtance; and although there be a vaſt diſproportion between him and a true Friend, yet in all outward appearances of Friendſhip he is more pleaſing, becauſe in his pretended love he uſeth no ſeverity nor contradiction of Humour; whereas a true Friend, unbyaſſed by intereſt, will take the liberty to tell his Friend what faults are obſervable in him, whereas he dare not to do it for fear of offence, and ſo will

not

not looſe his hold, for fear of loſing his deſign.

And that he may not have his labour for his pains, by undertaking any fruitleſs work, he will never yoke himſelf with one whom Fortune hath rendred incapable of loſing any thing worth the taking notice of; his aim is at ſuch who ſtand aloft, or ſuch whoſe plentiful condition tempt his pains to deceive them. *Such* men are his Books, which he continually ſtudies; he plumbs their underſtanding, then gets a perfect knowledge of their humours, inclinations, paſſions, *&c.* having learn'd them ſo well, that he knows them better than themſelves: by this door, by this breach he hath made in their affections, he enters upon their ſouls, of which he is able at laſt to take the very mark, or impreſſion, and faſhion his own by it, like a falſe Key to open all your choiceſt ſecrets. Having thus riggled himſelf into a familiar acquaintance with your inward Faculties, he then makes his affections jump even with yours; nay, he will be ſo perfectly skill'd in all thoſe he intends to *bubble*, that he will be before-hand with them with their thoughts, and be able, in a manner, to ſuggeſt them to themſelves. He never commends any thing to you, but what he knows you like; and what you like, if not conſiderable, he will ſtrain his Credit to purchaſe to make you a Preſent thereof for his future benefit: A piece of policy I uſed when I was a Child, to borrow pence of my Brothers to buy my Parents *Fairings*, or *New-years-Gifts*, whereby my Pennies multiplied into Shillings. This, as a Juvenile practice to Relations, is not excuſable only, but allowable; but where Gifts are otherwiſe beſtow'd, as ſnares to intrap the Receiver, which he takes as men do *Vomits* or *Pills*, which un-

undoubtedly will work with him, to the purgation and clearing his Pocket of a sum ten times the value, it is not. *Martial* complains ingeniously of such sordid actions to *Gargilianus*, *Epig. lib.* 1.

Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.
Sic avidis fallax indulget Piscibus hamus;
Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.

There's nought more vile than thee, no baser shift,
Who cal'st thy snares by the false name of gift.
So the false Hook for greedy Fish doth wait,
And foolish Beasts caught by another bait.

He will borrow money of you to try how good his credit is, and he will be sure to pay it according to his time, that thereby he may have the opportunity of borrowing a larger sum he ne're intends to pay; and he knows afterwards how to keep out of the danger of an Arrest, by changing Lodgings, as often as Whores change Names, and Lovers.

To conclude with the *Flattery* of our *Wheedle-Master-General*; as he takes an Inventory of your humours, inclinations, and passions, so he hath a Catalogue of your Friends and Foes strangely registred in his Memory, not easie to be eradicated. To your Friends he speaks nothing but Panegyricks in your behalf, knowing they will tell you how much beholding you are to him for his good Opinion; to your Enemies all his discourse is nothing but aspersions, and reproaches, and whatsoever he gathers from them, tending to your disrepute and detriment, he hastily runs to inform you, with all the aggravating circumstances the Devil can invent: in requital of this kind-

neſs you cannot but eſteem him your Friend, eſpecially when you hear him ſay, *I proteſt, I ſpeak not this out of any prejudice I have entertain'd againſt ſuch, and ſuch, but only that I hate to hear my Friend abus'd, and I not tell him of it.*

He hath one pretty knack in making a man believe himſelf to be a very wiſe man, and of a deep judgment, by framing or forging a ſecret, which with a ſtrict injunction to ſilence, he whiſpers in his ear, and then beſeecheth his advice and counſel, and whatſoever he ſays, he ſeems to be perſwaded. To what he ſpeaks, he liſtens with as much attention, as a Malefactor receiving Sentence; and if he object any thing, it ſhall be ſome trifle on purpoſe to be confuted, and then with a ſmall elevated caſt of the eye, he ſwears, *I never thought of that, which is as good counſel as the whole World can afford*; and then with a ſmiling hug, and a thouſand thanks, he vows he will follow it to an hairs breadth; and taking his leave, he never thinks of it afterward, unleſs when askt the queſtion.

If he happen to be in the company of Wit-pretenders, where he eſpies a fit thing to be made a *Friend*, and a *Fool* of, he narrowly watcheth every word which drops from his mouth, and if caſually any ingenious Froth ſhould hang at the corner of his Jaw, he bids the whole Company to take notice of it, whilſt he is ready to burſt with an over-flowing ſtrained laughter; and leſt the others treacherous memory ſhould not treaſure up this golden *(worthleſs)* ſaying, he remembers it for him to all Companies, and will laugh longer again than any can laugh with him: This cauſeleſs laughter may put you in mind of *Cariſophus* the Paraſite to *Dionyſius*, who ſtanding at a great diſtance, and ſeeing his Maſter laugh with ſome

of

of his Friends, he fell also into so loud a fit of laughter, that *Dionysius* askt him why he laught; *Because* (said he) *seeing you laugh, I imagin'd you spake something extraordinary which deserved laughter.*

Clisophus, another Parasite to *Philip* of *Macedon*, pretended himself lame, because the King had broke his Leg, and being about to be set, made the same *grimaces*, or scurvy faces, the pain extorted from King *Philip*: Suitable to what is storied in our own Countrey, that because *Richard the Third* held his Head aside, the Courtiers (he being their President) made it a Fashion. Thus *Martial* doth describe a Flatterer, *Epig. lib.* 12.

Mentiris? credo: recitas mala Carmina? laudo:
Cantas? canto: bibis Pontiliane? bibo.
Pedis? dissimulo; gemma vis ludere? vincor.
Res una est sine me quam facis, & taceo,
Nil tamen omnino præst at mihi mortuus, inquit;
Accipiam bene te nil volo, sed morere.

Lye? I believe. Thy verses bad? I praise.
Do'st sing or drink? My voice and Bowl I raise.
Do'st fart? Do'st play? 'Tis then Victor be.
What e're thou dost, is all alike to me.
But, says *Pontilian*, don't me death deny:
I'le except nothing, but I'm loth to deny.

This *Flatterer* will not adventure to chide you for your Vices, (but which is strange) for your Virtues; as, *you are too good, too just, too pious, or too temperate; Religion is not so severe to exact such Penance from you; there is more liberty given you, than you take, &c.* His aim in this is to chide you out of your Virtues, which he hath nothing to do with, it is your Vice he makes use

of, and wherein you may best use him; for he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Lastly, having dispossest you of your self, you are his, or any mans that will give him a hire to betray you. This fellow is the Devils Principal Secretary of State, who for his own Advantage, and the Ruin of others, can like the *Cameleon*, turn himself into all colours but Red and White, the Emblems of Shamefac'dness and Innocency. Thus *Alciat in Adulatores, Emb.* 53.

Semper hiat, semper tenuem, qua vescitur; auram
Reciprocat Chamæleon:
Et mutat faciem, varios sumetque colores,
Præter rubrum vel candidum:
Sic & Adulator populari vescitur aura,
Hiansque cuncta devorat:
Et solum mores imitatur Principis atros,
Albi & pudici nescius.

Chamæleons always fed with Air that's thin,
Gaping for more, it turns that back agen.
It changeth shape, nay changeth colour too,
But with the Red and White hath nought to do:
Thus *Adulators* fed by vulgar breath,
Gape, and devour still, till devour'd by Death.
Great mens black sins they Ape, with healths expence,
And lives, and dies, not knowing Innocence.

The fifth Qualification of a Wheedle, Feigned Patience.

A Pretended *Patience* is none of the least advantagious Qualifications appertaining to our *Wheedle*; who if he will be excellent in

in his Art, must endeavour to bridle his passion upon all accounts: Let him often con that saying of *Bion*; *Magnum malum esse, non posse ferre malum*, that it is a great evil not to be able to endure an evil.

This Patience is imploy'd two ways, in speaking, and doing; in speaking, when by reproachful provoking expressions choler prompts a man to return an answer suitable; but that is imprudence, according to *Euripides*, Δυοῖν λεγόντοιν, &c. *Altero duorum colloquentium indignante, is, qui se non opponit, plus sapit.* He is the wisest man that shuns opposition, and controversie; but if he cannot so avoid it, but that he must be ingaged therein, let him discourse as unconcerned as he may, lest his rash heat may make him lose the opportunity by losing him he did intend to make his Friend: But above all, let him have a care of opposing him, in whose power it lyes to do him an injury, but rather suffer all, and not controvert any thing, though it may seem never so contradictory to Sense and Reason. Thus was *Lucius Metellus* (as you may read in *Tacitus*) his Wisdom by his Patience seen; when sitting in *Senate*, and unworthily reviled by a Great Man, he only answer'd, *Potentia tua, non patientia mea est accusanda*; thy power, and not my Patience is to be condemned.

Patience may be most advantagiously used, by supporting and dissembling of injuries: There is nothing betrays a man to more folly, than babbling passion, by which men are frequently displaced, and thrown out of very considerable imployments, who when the heat is over, are ready to hang themselves for being so rash and inconsiderate. 'Tis true, the venting of a Splenitick Humour, highly obliges the Fancy for the pre-

ſent, but it is the *Cut-throat* of all future deſigns. That *Courtier* doubtleſſy had never continued ſo long in favour of the *Court*, had he not bridled his paſſion; who being askt by a Noble-man what means he uſed to keep himſelf thus firm, for ſo many years, in Courtly eſteem, anſwered, *It was by a patient ſupporting injuries, and returning thanks in lieu of revenge, where he ſaw he could not effect it to any advantage*: And to avenge a mans ſelf unprofitably, (though it be ſweet) is in my Opinion as great a madneſs, as for an injur'd revengeful *Italian* to drink up a Pint of the rankeſt Poyſon, ſo that his Enemy will drink but half the quantity.

Now as our *Wheedle* muſt patiently endure all the affronts and contumelies that are thrown upon him by them, from whom he hopes for gain, abandoning his own humour, and giving the full ſwing to theirs, how ridiculous ſoever, if not hurtful; ſo he muſt exerciſe his *Patience*, by being diligent in the management of his affairs, and not to be diſmay'd, or deſiſt if he meet with obſtacles and repulſes, not reſting himſelf on one ſingle event, but with perſeverance, and againſt all oppoſition, muſt ſtill carry on his deſign; but with this caution, that he precipitate nothing, but always wait upon occaſion.

The ſixth Qualification of a Wheedle, Humility.

IF you will but conſider, how ambitious man is, and how much he covets honour, and reſpect, you will then conclude *Humility* to be an excellent Trap or Gin to catch ſuch *Wood-cocks*, who having nothing ſplendid in themſelves, ſeek,

nay

nay dearly purchaſe ſometimes theſe outward appearances, and ſubmiſſions from others, to force or extort an Eſtimation from the people; and never do theſe *Fops* more betray how conſcious they are of the poorneſs of their own Merit, than when they liberally reward their cringing Admirers. *Humility*, as it is the loweſt ſtep to the higheſt Stair-caſe, ſo it is always the dirtieſt, and yet it is the firſt ſtep to the top: he that will ſafely mount, and that ſecurely too, to the ſummity of Honour, ought gradually to aſcend, beginning with the loweſt ſtep, *Humility*, if otherwiſe, by precipitating, he may endanger the breaking of his Neck.

The wary *Wheedle* knows this very well, and will not omit any opportunity, wherein he may make uſe of ſo gainful, though ſeeming poor and ragged companion: and though he entertain within never ſo great a Pride, and Ambition, yet it is prejudical to ſhow it, and therefore he conceals that Vice with a pretended Humility, which he makes appear in his outward Behaviour five ſeveral ways; in his Apparel, Countenance, Geſtures, Words, and Actions.

Firſt, his garb he ſuits according to the people he is concern'd withal; If this *Proteus* hath any buſineſs with ſober Citizens, he endeavours to Cloath himſelf Civilly, not Phantaſtically *A-la-mode*, whoſe Breeches prevent the queſtion, *What, would you have your Arſe hung with Points?* Yet his Cloaths are not ſo abſolutely out of Faſhion, but that they have ſome Affinity and Relation to what is in preſent Vogue and Eſtimation, at leaſt they ſtand Neuter, or equally concerned with the preſent and precedent faſhion.

If his buſineſs lie among the *Saints*, (as they call themſelves, thoſe perverſe and obſtinate Diſ-

senters from the Church of *England*) he then attires himself as contrary to the Mode, as he can find presidents among them, and cares not how ridiculous his garments appear in the Eyes of the *Wicked*, so that thereby he may Cheat and Cozen the *Godly*.

As for his *Countenance*, he frames that according to the Nature of the people he is to converse withal that day; if with Merchants, or wealthy Tradesmen, he takes a modest liberty to be chearful, with a moderate laughter, not loud, nor flouting, and if he fears he hath exceeded his bounds therein, he soon recalls himself by a modest regard, and reconciled himself to himself, and the Company by what obsequious and respectful Ceremonies he can think of, proper to the present occasion.

If he be in a Phanatical Society, he takes special cognizance of their countenances, and frames his as like them as he can, which is a hard matter for him to do, (by reason of the Variety) without a great deal of Practice. As first for his Eyes, they must for a while be fixt, and stand still as the Sun in *Joshua*'s time, and then on a sudden, lest any should say, *black is his eye*, there is nothing to be seen but the *Whites*; for his sight is gone into the Labyrinth of his Brain, in search of his Soul, to ask the Question, whether she is ready for her Journey to Heaven. Next he imitates the pulling down of the neather Jaw to make his face look long and lean, the certain *indicium* of the Mortification of the Flesh: the next is the contraction of his Lips, the gathering up of his Chin, the thrusting out of his Head, and the sour Faces he makes, would make one believe, that he is about to make a Close-stool of his Breeches, and being very Costive, he strains hard

hard, but cannot do it without the help of a skilful *Midwife*, a known *Profeſſor*.

In the third place we muſt conſider his words, which are very pleaſant, and always like blancht Almonds ſet in white Sugar; when he hath tickled your Ears ſo long as his Invention will hold out, or the occaſion permit, he then will give others leave to ſpeak, and will hearken with profound Reverence and Attention, applauding every thing that is ſpoken, not daring to interrupt with the leaſt contradiction, and at the end of the Diſcourſe, concludes *he never heard more Reaſon till then uttered, in ſo ſhort a time, that each ſyllable contain'd a whole word of deep wiſdom and underſtanding*; and then a little after, takes him aſide whom he hath thus applauded, and by ſome plauſible pretence, borrows an Angel of him to be his Guardian to his Habitation. Sometimes as his neceſſity compels him, he ſteps into a Meeting-houſe, and there takes his Cue to hold forth a while, and being out of breath, he concludes his Non-ſence with the Perſecution of the Saints; and by laying open their grievances, he tacitly hints at his own Poverty, and exhorts them to Brotherly Love and Compaſſion, and is then recompenced for his vain Babble by a plain Contribution: but more of this in its proper Chapter of the Self-edifying Non-Conformiſt.

Laſtly, Let us take a view of his Humility in his *Actions*, and that in a threefold manner; firſt, to Superiors let there be all Reverence and reſpect ſhown, that thereby he may give them to underſtand how well he knows his Duty, and how much he admires, and honours their dignity and Perſons, by this means he invades their Affections, and by the perſeverance of this reſpectful Deportment, he in time ſo overcomes, or con-

quers their former Indifferency to do him good, that now they zealously study how to promote his Interest.

Secondly, where any thing is to be gotten, he will descend below his Equals, filling their Bladder with the wind of vain Applauses, knowing when to prick, and let it out again when he pleases. This condescension gains him very great Estimation amongst the Sober and Judicious, who look upon him to be a very humble man indeed, that will submit to his Equals; but especially in the third place, when they see he does it even to those who are beneath him, and are his Inferiors; this gains him credit, whether a Tradesman or not; for every one believes as he is no proud Man, he cannot easily be a profuse Man, and he that hath so much discretion in his humble Carriage, hath so much judgment to manage his business and expence with Prudence and Moderation, by which means the fear of what mony is lent, or goods intrusted, will not be mis-imployed, but having made proper and good use thereof, the Creditor will in due time be repay'd satisfactorily, and with gratitude.

Before I conclude this Chapter, it is requisite I tell you how cautious our *Wheedle* is in the practice of his Humility; for he carefully observes a Mediocrity, not debasing himself too low, lest it should render him Despicable, but restraining his Humility within the bounds of Courtesie, and decent Affability; by his gentle Salutations and civil carriage, he obliges all, either Superior, Equal, or Inferior, imitating *Cæsar*, who wone the Peoples hearts by Caressing, and flatter ng even the vilest that were among them; and if we will but look home, we shall find several of our Nobles and Gentry have risen to a vast height of po-

popularity, by being not indebted to the Commonalty for civility, but rather making them their Debtors, by giving them such Presidents of an Humble, Sweet, and generous Deportment, that it was impossible for them to imitate; but I must desist from further enlarging this Chapter, having unawares fallen into the Seventh Qualification of a *Wheedle.*

The Seventh Qualification of a Wheedle, Civility.

Civility is another Ingredient which contributes to the composition of our *Wheedling Proteus*; and this is most observable in these four things, Cloaths, Countenance, Words, and Actions.

His habit ought to be suited according to the people he is to concern himself withal, never superfluous or Phantastick, yet proper, and sometimes indifferently Fashionable, sometimes improper, when (as I have said before) treating of his humility, necessity compels him to joyn with the Brethren, *for the edification, and building up of the outward man.* He must have a special care of his Countenance, it must be full of Kindness, continually smiling, avoiding feigned or affected simpering, for that is utterly destructive, discovering the Hypocrisie of his heart too plainly; and all sour looks must be utterly banisht his Compauy; in short his looks must be like the Companies, in every respect conformable.

His manner of speaking must be yielding, obliging, and not polemical, or opposing, concluding with what every one says, though nonsense, *it is right indeed; your proposition is undeni-*

able;

able; or all your Arguments are invincible.

Laſtly, his actions ſeem to aim at nothing more than what is honeſt, and juſt, whilſt he draws his arrow at profit only; when he is amongſt Irreligious perſons, who make a ſcoff at Divinity, he will be then as Debaucht as the worſt, Drink, Drab, and draw his Sword, (if he wears one) according as the honourable Company is inclined; for thoſe three Vices, if he finds them in rich men (into whoſe acquaintance he hath ſubtilly inſinuated himſelf) he makes them his Exchequer, which ſupplies him with Money, as neceſſity requires; for Drinking breeds Surfeits, which call upon the Phyſitian for remedy, and ſuch a one he knows skilful enough to kill the Patient, with whom he goes Snips; Whores he hath enough of all Sizes and Complexions, from Female perfection in *Epitome*, to the largeſt *Volume* of the Sex, whom he furniſheth with Cuſtomers of his own acquaintance, and they repay the kindneſs with a *Pox to'em.* What more neceſſary man in this extremity, or fitter to be ſent for than Mr. *Wheedle*, to conſult about the Cure, who is a man of known Secrecy, and will procure an able Chirurgion,—who will faithfully and ſpeedily perfect the Cure; he need not go far for ſuch a one, having always two or three brace of them at his command, with whom he agrees in groſs by the year, by reaſon of the multiplicity of Patients he helps them to, and hardly one of them *Clapt*, but by his *Procuration.*

Laſtly, he is infinitely pleas'd if any of his Company in their Cups is ſo Fool-hardy as to draw, no man then ſhall be more active than himſelf to part them, blaming them much for their unadviſed raſhneſs, and pretends with his utmoſt power to make them Friends, whereas in

in effect, he makes their breach the wider, on purpoſe in that ſuddain heat they may challenge each other, and knowing the next day, in cool Blood, they will be ſorry for what was done, he hugs himſelf to think what fine work he will make with them both (eſpecially if inclined to Cowardice) in reconciling them together. He hath been ſo often imploy'd in deciding differences ariſing from drunken Quarrels and Challenges, that he is not ignorant in the way of doing it, but will not ſtir a foot, unleſs he is certain to receive (as a *Counter-Officer* doth) Money on both ſides: Sometimes he will ſeem to eſpouſe the quarrel himſelf, and Fight for his Friend, (when he is ſure there is no fear of danger) and this muſt paſs for ſuch an infinite Obligation, that no ſatisfaction can be made, anſwerable to ſo great a tender of Friendſhip.

The Eighth Qualification of a Wheedle. Affability.

Affability differs little from Courteſie or Civility, for they both conſiſt in all outward ſigns and careſſes, that may make a man Believe, and that confidently too, there is no perſon more Eſteemed and better Belov'd, than they by this ſubtle inſinuating *Wheedle*.

To this end, by civil Entertainments, and Treats at Taverns, he encourages his Gueſts (on whom he deſigns an advantage) to a freedom, and near familiarity with him, and the more to endear them to him, he makes a thouſand Proteſtations of Love and Service, and that they may not doubt this Reality, he will diligently wait and never be at reſt, till he hath found out ſome

ſlight

ſlight occaſion to ſhew them he is as good as his word, and thereupon ſaith, *he is troubled the kindneſs is no greater, wiſhing the occaſion of a higher concern might be the* Probat *of his hearty Services.*

He hates to interrupt the Diſcourſe of another, (eſpecially if it be about buſineſs) hoping to gather from thence ſome advantagious intelligence; beſides, interruption or contradiction is no ways grateful to the Speaker, and therefore he gives him his utmoſt liberty, hearkning attentively with ſome evident ſigns of ſatisfaction and contentment, this cannot but pleaſe him, and this provokes him to diſcourſe on, nay, to the diſcovery of his very Thoughts and Deſigns, where he finds ſo much Affability; Thus Mr. *Wheedle*, by the Practice of this Art, hath got a *Gift* ſecretly to unlock Mens hearts at pleaſure.

To ſpeak the Truth, that man who raſhly interrupts the Diſcourſe of another with eager reparties, or takes the words out of his mouth, endeavouring to Midwife his Fancy for him, or gives not attention to what is ſaid, but tells a Story either to that purpoſe, or to any other, before the perſon hath ended his, is not only a teſtimony of contempt, but is a great piece of Ill-breeding, Rudeneſs, and Unmannerlineſs.

This *Wheedle* hath learned ſo much Prudence, as not to loſe his Friend for an inconſiderable Jeſt, or biting Reply, and is ſo wiſe, as not to be ſtrange, or offended at any Jeſt thrown upon him, becauſe by ſo doing, he doth in a manner acknowledge the truth thereof; wherefore like a *Cuningham* ſeems to ſlight it, and ſo makes others believe there is nothing in it, thus he knows it paſſes without leaving any ill, or diſadvantagious impreſſion of him in the minds of the Hearers.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, having received any Pledge of Amity, either in Actions or Expreſſions, by promiſes of Kindneſſes, *&c.* he often makes grateful acknowledgments thereof, attributing all to the goodneſs of the Donors Nature, fraught with every thing that is excellent in Mankind, to which he gives ſo much the more Credit, by how much every one is apt to be deceived with *Philauty* or Self-love, and too eaſily will perſwade himſelf, that others believe he poſſeſſes thoſe qualities which render him agreeable, and eſteemed of all men.

The Ninth Qualification of a Wheedle, Plauſibility.

THE *Affable* and *Plauſible* Man are much alike, whoſe aim is the general Opinion, and therefore the *Wheedle* will be acquainted with Plauſibility, and practiſe it too, becauſe he makes a Benefit of that eſteem his Plauſible carriage hath extorted from the Vulgar undeſervedly; in his behaviour there is obſervable a kind of faſhionable Reſpect, but no Friendſhip. He hath an excellent Command over his Patience (as I ſaid before) and his Tongue, which laſt he accommodates always to the times and Perſons, and ſeldom ſpeaks what is ſincere, but what is civil. He conſiders who are Friends to the Company, and ſpeaks well where he is ſure to hear of it again. He hath this admirable Faculty in him, he can liſten to a Fooliſh diſcourſe with an Applauſive Attention, and conceals his laughter at Non-ſenſe, unleſs he thinks he can conveniently oblige the *Fop* therewith; and ſo blind him with an erroneous opinion of himſelf, that he may

pick

pick his Pocket with greater facility.

Having thus given you a ſhort but true Account of the Nine Cardinal Qualifications of a *Wheedle*, I ſhall here inſert ſome other obſervations as I gathered them here and there ſcattered in his ſubtle Practices and Deluſions.

He is one that thruſts himſelf violently into all Buſineſs, moſt commonly unſent for, unfee'd, and uſually unthank't; every mans Buſineſs he makes his own, and, in his eager buſtling, keeps ado, and does nothing in it at all; yet he cryes, *I have done what I can.* This man is wholly determin'd in himſelf, and his own ends, and his Inſtrument herein is any thing that will do it. His Friends, which he hath made ſo by his Specious Deluſive Pretences, are a part of his Engines, and as they ſerve to his Operations and Deſigns, are either us'd, or laid aſide; to tell you the Truth, he knows not what a Friend ſignifies, as having never put it in Practice, but if he give any the Name, it is an infallible Sign he hath a Plot upon that Perſon. Never more Active in his Buſineſs, than when they are mixt with ſome detriment to other mens Eſtates; and he accounts it his beſt Play at this Game (as at *Boards-end*) to ſtrike off, and lie in the place. Succeſsful he is frequently in theſe undertakings, becauſe he paſſes ſmoothly thoſe Rubs which others ſtumble at, as *Conſcience*, *Religion*, and the like, and gratulates himſelf much in the advantage. Oaths and Falſehood he accounts the neareſt cut to a plentiful Eſtate, and loves not by any means to go about by the tedious way of Honeſty, and Plain-Dealing; and holds him to be a Mad-man or a Fool, who ſaith, *That Honeſty is the beſt Policy.* He never hears a man ſpeak in the praiſe of Plain-dealing, but his Choler is ready to over-ſwell its Banks,

Banks, and ready to be ſuffocated therewith, becauſe he dares not give it vent: in his thoughts he makes a piſh at Religion, yet he uſes it too, and it may be as an *Elder*, or a ſtrict Profeſſor, and is never more dangerouſly a *Devil*, than when he Perſonates a *Saint*. His deepeſt endearments is a Communication of Miſchief, and in his Concluſion, he either mounts to the height of an *Eſtate*, or the top of a *Ladder*.

This Sordid fellow hath no eſteem for any, but Men of Eſtates, and ſuch who can and will do him a courteſie, and when they ſpeak, he takes a world of pains to perſwade them they ſpeak nothing but *Oracles*, when they are hardly guilty of common ſenſe. One that juſtifirs nothing out of Faſhion, nor any Opinion out of the applauded way, and therefore will at any time confidently Swear, *That the Pope is no man, becauſe the generality call him the Whore of* Babylon. He hates the judicious, and men of parts, for no other reaſon, but becauſe he finds it a difficult thing to circumvent them. Every mans happineſs he meaſures by their Money, and therefore nick-names *Thrive-well* to *do well*, and Preferment he profanely calls the *Grace of God*. He knows no other content, than when his Plots hit right, purchaſing him Money, Gallantry, and the variety of Town-pleaſures; at theſe Marks all his Studies aim at, and he holds as an idle thing all other ſpeculation.

Thus much of the *Wheedle* in general; I ſhall more at large Characterize, or Paint him in his proper Colours, when I ſhall treat of the ſeveral ſorts of *Wheedles* or Town-ſhifts, in the variety of their Myſterious Practices and Devices.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

What are the Præcognita, *or things first necessary to be known, before the Student in this* Art of Wheedling, *enter upon the Practice of the Profession.*

I Have in the foregoing Chapters, given you an Account of the Nine first requisite Qualifications of our *Wheedle*; in the next place I shall endeavour to discover what other things he consults for his Advantage, before he puts in practice his Art of Insinuation, which indeed are the principal discoverers in the profitable Science of reading or knowing Men.

Man is a difficult Book to be read, if we only take an outward view of his Person and Actions; for without much caution and circumspection, they may both prove dangerously deceitful, though it's said, *That the Face is the Index of the Mind*, yet Experience tells us, it is no infallible Indicium of the Nature or Disposition of the Person. For which cause *Socrates* would not believe his own Eyes, but his Ears rather; for, when a Youth was highly commended to him for his excellent Parts, and great Endowments of Mind, he did not pry into his outward Features, which were admirable, and needed not to have demurred his approbation of him, if that lovely hew, and sweet countenance would have done it, but took a contrary way by asking him, *Loquere puer, ut te videam*, which *Seneca* alluded to in one

of

of his *Epistles*, *Videre, & non Eloqui, nec videre est*, which puts me in mind of an *Italian* Proverb, *A Lucca te vidi, a Pisa te conobbi*, I saw thee at *Lucca*, I knew thee at *Pisa*; he had an external superficial View of him at one place, but by converse he gain'd an inward acquaintance with him in another.

Yet it must not be denied, but that the Eye is the Casement of the Soul, through which we may plainly see it, as one lately saw the Pride of a Rich *Phanatick* through his thread-bare *holy* Cloak, as he was going to a *Conventicle*, upon one of his own *Solemn days of Humiliation*.

The Tongue is the truest Touchstone of the Heart, and Herauld of the Mind, but not always; for what is more deceitful and treacherous than it; how sweetly will it *Wheedle*, to obtain its end; lye and flatter to propagate interest; and hath so full a command, and power over the Heart, that it can utter nothing without her assistance; and when the Tongue pleaseth, will corruptedly speak what the Heart dictated.

Again, *all is not Gold that glisters*; and it was well observed by a Philosopher, concerning a young man that was well proportioned and spoke ill, *a Leaden Rapier in a Golden Sheath*; Nero's *Beard in a Golden Box*; *wrinkled Faces*, and rugged Brows, lurk under smooth Paint; a rotten Nutmeg gilt over, or a gaudy outside with a Baudy rotten inside; an old deformed Woman in a New fashion'd Gown; yet on the other side, when we see a Body well framed, as wrought out of the purest Virgin-wax, as tempered with the cunning hands of beauty and favour, enriched with the very prodigality of Nature; shall we say this golden Mine affords only leaden Metal; This is no wonder, no rare thing to see Wit, Wisdom, and Vir-

Virtue in fellowſhip, or in one Houſe-hold with Beauty; wherefore we muſt not cenſure too far by the outward reſemblance, or elſe to inſtruct knowledge it ſelf in this: *That always to ſee, is not to know.*

Neither can any ſee the Deformity of the Soul by the blemiſhes of the Body: not but that a man may give a ſhrewd conjecture, and many a hanging look hath preſaged his certain going to the Gallows, ſome years before the approach of that ſad *Cataſtrophe.*

I cannot deny but that we may gather ſomething from outward appearances; for men largely ſized are ſeldom witty Men we find; little Eyes in men betoken crafty, and circumventing Diſpoſitions; in Women, ſalacity or lechery, with an obſtinate ſelfiſh humour: a great head, a ſmall wit; goggle eyes, a ſtark ſtaring fool; great ears, a dull heavy Aſs; large breaſted, long liv'd; a plain unfurrowed brow, liberal; thick nails, harſh hair, and a groſs hard skin, are certain ſigns of a dull underſtanding; a fat belly beſpeaks a little ingenie, becauſe the ſubtile Spirits are affected with groſs and turbulent Fumes which darken the underſtanding.

Fat Paunches make lean Pates, and groſſer bits
Enrich th' Ribs, but Bankrupt quite the Wits.

This will not hold good, if you examine the great Wit, notwithſtanding the corpulent Body, of Doctor R. W.

Now ſince theſe are no certain Signs, which may direct us to the knowledge of Mankind, let us conſider what other helps remain, which are very important, and neceſſary to be underſtood by all

all the *Students* of this *Art* or *Science*, *viz.* The four Temperaments or Constitutions of Mankind: of these I shall speak in order.

CHAP. V.

Of the four Principal Humours or Complexions.

ALL Natural Bodies have their composition of the mixture of the four Elements; Fire, Air, Water, and Earth: from the Dominion of any of these, or their qualities, each Temperament or Constitution hath its Denomination: thus *Sanguine* hath its original from Air, *Choler* from *Fire*, *Phlegm* from Water, and *Melancholy* from Earth; now, the *Blood* is hot and moist; *Choler* hot and dry; *Water* cold and moist; the *Earth* cold and dry.

The golden *Crasis*, or Sanguine Complexion, is *The Pride of Humours, the Paragon of Complexions, and the Prince of all Temperaments*: And as a Potentate, *You cannot but admire him, if you view him in those Princely Scarlet Robes he is always invested with, seated in a Kingly Throne, and placed in the midst of our Earthly City; next take notice of his Officers,* (I mean the Veins and Arteries) which are spread throughout his whole *Politia*, yea, dispersed in every Angle, to execute his Commands, and carry the lively influence of his goodness, reviving those remote parts, which, without his influence, would be frettished with a chilness, and in a short time be mortified. Then consider his wise subtle Counsellors, which dayly consort with him,

him, for the welfare of his whole Kingdom; the limpid Spirits, the very ſeat of Divine reaſon it ſelf, the fountains of Policy, *&c.*

If we poize all theſe together, with many more, we cannot but imagine that the blood is a Cœleſtial Majeſty, or a Terreſtrial Deity, and he that is neareſt allied thereunto, comes neareſt to that *Eucraſia*, the beſt (but only conceited) Temperament, called by Phyſitians *Temperamentum ad Pondus*, which never man yet perfectly enjoyed. And is it not ten Thouſand pities, that this excellent Temperament ſhould lye liable to more abuſes than any of the reſt; that though its Spirits have the moſt exact temper of all wherewith the Soul, as being in a Paradiſe, is moſt delighted, and for wit ſurpaſſing all, yet is the diſpoſition ſo facile, and eaſie to be wrought on, that our *Wheedle* finds him a diſh of meat made ready to his hands at any time to feed upon.

The External ſigns by which he is known, are a lively look, with a freſh ruddy Complexion; in ſpeech affable, with a graceful delivery: there are ſome excellent qualifications in him, which are no ways to the purpoſe for our Wheedle to take notice of, ſavoring of too much goodneſs and virtue for him to imitate or profit by, but his other qualities (which are to him as his *panis quotidianus*) are theſe.

Firſt as he knows him to be a great Lover of Wit; there is not an applauded Book in that reſpect newly minted, but that he either purchaſeth it for him, or directs him where he may have it; and the more to engage him, he is his *Intelligencer*-general for all manner of witty conceits which he gleans here and there, either in *Taverns*, *Bawdy-Houſes*, or *Wits Coffee-Houſes*, which he bundles up promiſcuouſly together; and loads his memory

memory therewith, or fearing by its careleſneſs any may be ſcatter'd by the way, he binds them up ſafe in his Table-book, which he ſtudiouſly cons two or three hours before he gives them vent, that they may the better paſs for his own; and in the delivery how throughly and eagerly he conſults the countenance of this our well featur'd, and good natured Gentleman, and if he finds they pleaſantly reliſh the Palate of his Fancy, he gives him more borrow'd Sugar-plums of the like nature, till he hath ſweetned him for his own ſwallow.

By daily converſing with him, this *Raſcal* finds him, not only extraordinary kind, and affectionate to his Friend, but very liberal alſo; on both of theſe he works to his advantage; as to the firſt, he makes it his buſineſs to perſwade him by ſome external demonſtrations, that he is a real Friend, not only by proteſtations of Friendſhip, but by ſome petty Services which may intimate as much, and having poſſeſt him with that Belief, by a pretended preſent neceſſity, he may borrow money of him, or by an Arreſt of his own ordering, may draw him into ſuch obligations, that the relief of the one commonly proves the untimely deſtruction of the other.

Now, by reaſon of that lively abounding humour, he knows him to be ſalacious, or vengreally inclin'd, or a great Lover of Muſick and Harmony, and being very ſociable, and willing to condeſcend to any Motion that may make an augmentation to Pleaſure, he is eaſily perſwaded to drink plentifully; theſe are three ſuch knacks the Devil could not invent better to pick mens Pockets with; and what damnable uſe doth this *Wheedling Villain* make of them, when he hath got them together. Firſt, the *Wench* muſt be procur'd,

cur'd, which is ſoon done, according as he finds out his harmleſs *Bubbles* inclination: he carries perpetually about him a Catalogue of all the *Whores* he can hear of about the Town, ranking them into three Columes apart, and thus diſtinguiſhed lately by a famous Bully; the *Flamer*, *Friſker*, and *Waſt-coateer*: The two firſt names given the *Does*, or *Bona Roba*'s (as the *Italian* calls a Whore) are the upper, and middle ſort; the laſt pitiful and mean, who by their incomes, or plying, never could purchaſe themſelves cloaths becoming the Society of Gentlemen. This meretricious Catalogue he digeſts Alphabetically, by reaſon of the vaſt quantity of thoſe white *Cloven Devils*, with large white ſpaces between to inſert the names of ſuch he hath found out by new diſcovery; and he takes ſo good a method for finding them out, that though they change their Names and Lodgings ever ſo often, yet knowing how great a Friend he is to them, they all ſend him word when occaſion ſerves of ſuch alterations, which he puts down *de novo* in his Book; and though one of theſe Whores in a years time may have twenty names, yet ſhe can have but one body; which he ſuits his *Bubble* with, according as he finds his inclinations bend, either to black, brown, red, flaxen, or any Complexion whatever:

The Wench being brought, which is in a garb always agreeable to the Amoriſt, and of price according to his ability or deſire; this delicate bit will not ſeem half ſo palatable without a diſh of Muſick, and leſt the raviſhing Conſort ſhould convert his Brutiſh deſires into Seraphick Love (for to that the *Sanguine* too is naturally inclined) Madam *Van Harlot* takes him aſide into another Room, pretending to ſpeak with him about buſineſs, and there for a double expence gives him the opportunity

portunity to cool his Concupiſcence. Wine he makes uſe of to wind up the bottom, playing on the freeneſs of his diſpoſition, and being tyred with the exceſs of theſe various delights, Madam and the Muſick is diſmiſt, as things no longer pertinent to his deſign, which is in courteſie to wait upon him home, that he may have the better opportunity to pick his Pocket; and if he finds the intoxicated fumes of Wine have not ſo fully contributed their aſſiſtance to his purpoſe, as he would have them, yet he knows by their heat they have done enough to ſoften the Wax of his good Nature, that thereby he hath a fair opportunity to make what advantagious impreſſion he pleaſeth upon him.

Were it pertinent to my Subject, I might here give you a deſcription of *Choler*, and how many ſorts there are of it, which the Latins call *Bilis*, but I ſhall refer thoſe who are deſirous to be ſatisfied herein, to ſuch Books of Phyſick which treat thereof.

The Signs whereby a man may diſcern a man of a Cholerick Complexion, are a yellowiſh countenance, or ſwarthy, red-hair'd, or of a browniſh colour, very meagre and thin, are ſoon angry and ſoon pleas'd, like the *Sanguine*, but differs from him in this, that he is all fire, in a moment inflamed, and violent in the proſecution of his Revenge, and no man obligeth him more, than he that will any way aſſiſt him in it.

He then that will inſinuate into his affections, muſt flatter him in his unjuſt Wrath, prompt him to revenge, inculcating the ſweetneſs thereof; thus when he hath engaged him in a Quarrel, as the Rat and the Frog in the Fable, he, like the Eagle, may hover aloft out of harms way, and ſafely make a prey of them both. How eaſily

may ſuch a thing be guld, ſince his raſh actions, for the moſt part put a leg before his Judgment, and moſt commonly out-run it; for his Paſſion or hot Fancy is the Signal that ſets him forward, whilſt his Reaſon comes lagging in the Rear; by all men that are wiſe, he is accounted indiſcreet, becauſe he is ſo changeable and inconſtant in his determinations, ever diſliking what he before approved; now, none will deny that mutableneſs, and inconſtancy are the intimates and badges whereby Fools are known, and every one knows, that Fools are the conſtant Food which Knaves do feed upon, which made a crafty Knaviſh *Broker* (whom I knew) ſay, *I will not part with my Fools for an Annuity of two hundred pounds.*

But this the Knave muſt do, if he intend to fit his humour to a hair, to be as precipitate as he, in all attempts or enterprizes: for when any thing comes into his head, which he would have effected, he hates all conſiderate delays, and will not ſtay the leiſure of a ſecond thought: for the firſt is his Reſolution, and never conſiders what the event may be. Have a care Mr. *Wheedle* how deeply you engage, or concern your ſelf with this *Hot-ſpur*, or *Furioſo*; for ſince the ground he goes on, is, *hap what may*, ſomething may happen *by the way*, in which nothing ſhall ſtop you, till you come to *Tyburn*: and thus as an obſtinate, *I will*, was his *Prologue*, ſo *I would I had not*, may be your *Epilogue*. To conclude, this advantage may be made of him, in a humour of quarreling, he will groſly abuſe a man, and in another humour undo himſelf to make him amends.

The External ſigns whereby a *Phlegmatick* man may be diſtinguiſhed from all other Temperaments, are natural paleneſs of colour, (*Pallor in ore ſedet*) drowſy headed, weakly conſtituted, by rea-

reaſon of the debility of Nature, occaſion'd by an extream cold moiſture, correſpondent to the watry Element, which extinguiſheth the Natural Heat in humane Bodies.

There are two qualities in this weakly indigeſted Phlegmatick perſon (who alwaies looks like an ill old *Puritan dow-baked*) very advantagious for any, who have a mind to practiſe upon him; firſt, the dulneſs of his Apprehenſion and Conception; being ſlenderly furniſht with what makes a man; I do not mean form, or feature, but reaſon, and underſtanding; for he is to be dealt withal no otherways than as a child, (for he is always a Boy at Mans eſtate) and no man queſtions the facility of cokeſing, and cheating ſuch an ignorant Innocent with any Toy, bearing a glittering outſide; or if it make but a noiſe in his Ear, (as a Rattle) it will either ſtill him for the preſent, or lull him into ſuch a ſleep, that you may run away with the Houſe over his Head, with whatſoever thereunto belongs, before he awakes, or if he does, and as in a maze asks you where he is, what he hath done, and what's become of this or that, it is but throwing the Child the other Play-thing, and ten to one he leaves off crying, and goes to ſleep again.

Certainly Nature hudled up this thing in haſte and left his better part unfurniſht, or unfiniſht; for every part of him is grown up to a perfect man, only his Brains lag behind; wherefore he wants a Tutor, though he be too old to have one, but our *Wheedle* thinks it never too late to inſtruct the ſimple and ignorant, not caring at what rate they purchaſe their experience.

I do not hence infer, that all *Phlegmatick* Perſons are Fools, but thoſe who have that humour over-abounding; as they are half a dozen ſteps

above a Fool, ſo they are a great many below a Wiſe man: he is a man of a good harmleſs Nature, and well meaning mind, and wanting judgment to diſtinguiſh when good or harm is deſigned, his miſtake in either becomes equally deſtructive.

The ſecond advantage is made on the mildneſs of his Nature, and his Cow-heartedneſs.

He is a man flexible enough, but not given to loquacity, whatever you propoſe to him, he returns not his anſwer of liking or diſliking; you muſt take his *Silence for Conſent*, and if you would have it done, you muſt take him by the hand, and lead him to it; if he hangs an Arſe, a threat will prick him forward, and if you abuſe him, no man takes it more patiently; or if he ſhould ill reſent it, it is but re-acting it, and then you abuſe him into a reconcilement.

He that intends to make him his Creature, muſt often huff him, or now and then relate what deſperate things he hath gone through, how many Duels, how many Skirmiſhes, *&c.* though he never ſaw any other Military Body but the Traind bands, nor never a Sword drawn, but in a Cutlers ſhop; for this is a certain rule, *that the Opinion of Valour is a good protection to thoſe that dare not uſe it.* Thus you may get Courteſies by falling out with him, and as the buſineſs is rightly managed, his fear will prompt him to bribe you into a Pacification.

In ſhort he is a dull heavy Animal, who in Company will drink and ſmoak as much as any, but ſpeak as ſeldom as *Bulaam*'s Aſs, and not half ſo much to purpoſe; he is only fit to pay Reckonings, and carry Burdens, and if the Beaſt be fat, he is the better for our *Wheedle* to ride upon; but let him have a care he preſerve him for his own uſe,

for

for lending him out to others will founder and spoil him quite. *Cullies* and *Bubbles* must be kept as *Spaniards* do their Wives, keeping them from the sight of all, and so they have the whole use of them to themselves. Great Beauties, and fat Fools must be used alike, the sight of either tempts men to rob us of them, who would never have thought on't; otherwise, but by seeing the Temptation. The Goose may be turn'd out, when the feathers are pull'd, till then, the rich *Fop* is dealt with by the *Wheedle*, as a Wife was by her Husband, who sware to her, *he would make as much of her as he could*, and so he did; for, having spent her money, he sold her very cloaths from her back.

Of all the four Temperaments, this is the greatest enemy to life and good society; as to the first, because its qualities being Cold and dry, do most of all disagree from the lively qualities, Heat, and Moisture; either with its Coldness extinguishing natural inherent Heat, or with its dryness sucking up the Native Moisture; As to the second, *Society*, as all Creatures whatever delight in it, so he is averse to it, and seems to be a man, made to be alone. He may curse his Godfather *Saturn* for his ill qualities; for he had them all from him; a fellow of that malignant nature, that let him be in Copulation with the best (though with Madam *Venus*, when she is in a merry pin, and in good humour) yet will be dull, and obscure their benevolent influencies.

A man of his temper, by his contemplative faculty, and by the assiduity of sad and serious meditation may prove a dangerous *Machiavilian*, and may haply invent such stratagems, whims and policies, as were never put in practice, and which may have a happy success; but he is no man for a

nimble, dentrical, pregnant, and extemporary Invention; no man at a pleasant Conceit, a Comical Jest, quaint Expressions, varnish'd Metaphors, nor graceful Delivery; wherefore, he that intends to ingratiate himself into his acquaintance, must not think to do it with *A-la-mode* Songs, repetition of Witty Verses, as Epigrams, Epithalamiums, &c. not with culd ingenious Sentences out of Plays; he had rather hear a Wolf howl at Midnight, or a Consort of Screech Owles, accompanied with the scratching Courtship of a dozen Cats promiscuously generating; if you Laugh and show your Teeth to him, he had rather see a Bear grin at him; and the sound of a Violin is more dreadful to him than the crowing of a Cock to a Lyon. If you intend to win his heart, you must endeavour to look like *Lazarus*, newly risen from the Dead; or like the *Dæmoniacks* coming out of the Tombs; you must make no noise, not so much as open your Mouth, for fear the Air should whistle through your Teeth, and if you must speak, let it be so, as if you intended never to speak more.

I pity that man that is troubled with this Malignant constitution, for it is the Spring of all sad and bad Humours, the *Aqua Fortis* of good Company; for he is a contemplative Slumberer, and sleeps waking.

He is distinguished from the other three complexions, by his black swarthy Visage, slow pace, and sad countenance; he entertains hatred a long time in his Breast, and is rarely reconciled to his Enemy. It is a long time before he can be made a Friend, yet he is of a kind Nature to them with whom he hath long conversed, and is constant in his affection and Friendship; and he that will obtain it, must humour his ridiculous Passions, of which he hath too many; what he Conceits,

ceits you muſt Swear is Real; for he hates contradiction, being ſo much wedded to his own fond opinion. If he vainly imagine he is made of Glaſs, (as I have read of one that did) keep your diſtance, leſt coming too near him, he ſuſpect you for an Enemy, and that by a juſtle you deſign his Ruin, breaking his brittle Fabrick into pieces; if as another, he thinks himſelf compoſed of Butter, you muſt half ſtarve with him in the cold, rather than injure his conceit, by perſwading him to ſit by the Fire, and hazard his diſſolution; if (as *Burton* relates of one) he thinks he hath a Noſe ſo big, that the Room wherein he ſits is too little to contain it; you muſt when you give him a viſit ſqueez your ſelf into it, for fear of hurting his Noſe, till you come to the back of his Chair, there without injury to diſcourſe with him; if as another who thought himſelf Dead, and therefore would not Eat, you muſt ſit with him in a Winding Sheet at a Table furniſht with Meat, and confeſſing your ſelf to be dead to, fall on, that by your example you may perſwade him to Eat too, ſince his Brother Deadman does it; if as another, who took a conceit he was a God, you muſt ſeemingly worſhip his *Deity*, till by your Knaviſh dealing with him, you make him confeſs his *Humanity*; if as another, he fancy he is ſo light, that he muſt wear Iron Shoes to hinder the Wind from tripping up his Heels, lay your Politick weights and Stratagems on his Shoulders, till he groan under the weight of your Cozenage and Deceits. In ſhort, you muſt deal with him as with men of all other complexions, by a congruity and ſuiting with the humour of the Perſon; for without this, the *Wheedle* ſhall miſs of his intended Advantage.

CHAP. VII.

How to Wheedle or Diſſemble with all ſorts of Perſons according to their ſeveral Humours, Ages and Conditions.

WHoſoever intends to inſinuate himſelf into the affection or Friendſhip of any perſon, Male or Female, of what Age ſoever, (proportioning his reſpects according to the Quality, Riches and Merit of him to whom he doth addreſs them) muſt throughly Study, and perfectly underſtand the ſeveral Temperaments, Inclinations, and various Motions of the will of that Man, and muſt practice a conformity and ſuitableneſs to his Humours and Paſſions. With a perſon of a Sanguine conſtitution, who is of a ſweet Nature, you muſt ſuit and accommodate your ſelf to the mildneſs of his Inclinations; you muſt not prompt him to Revenge, for he is apt of himſelf to excuſe the greateſt injury that is done him, and therefore if you would ingratiate your ſelf with him, you muſt mitigate offences committed; perſwading him with reaſon and good advice, to take a moderate ſatisfaction; this in a very high manner obliges him, as being ſo agreeable and conſentaneous to his loving and merciful diſpoſition.

With that perſon, who is agitated and toſt to and fro in a turbulent tempeſtuous Sea of Choler you muſt act otherwiſe; for as it is his Humour openly to complain of Injuries receiv'd, ſo you muſt

muſt amplifie them with what aggravations you can moſt properly ſuggeſt; as his Cholerick Veſſel is full fraught with Revenge, (and being fearleſs of danger, ready to enterprize any thing that may gratifie that deſtructive Humour) ſo you muſt lay aſide all conſideration, and ſailing with him in that deſperate Reſolution, you muſt be guided by the compaſs of his raſh will, purſuing all his angry deſigns with equal precipitation.

If he rails againſt any one that hath injur'd or offended him, you muſt play the *Billings-gate* againſt him too; if he intends to procure, or create this man a thouſand Enemies, (for a ſmall offence, you muſt endeavour (or ſeem) to raiſe him as many more.

In ſhort, he that would accommodate himſelf to him that is tranſported with Choler, muſt imitate him in ſome of his Actions, and ſeem not only to approve of his Paſſion as juſt, and truly grounded, but likewiſe to give him to underſtand, that your Apefying anger proceeded from the ſame cauſe as his did, ever accuſing and reviling the cauſe thereof, praiſing Revenge, and prompting him to a ſpeedy Execution of it.

The *Phlegmatick* perſon is generally fearful, and therefore takes into conſideration all kind of dangers, and his fear looking through a *Microſcope*, they appear to the deceived eye of his judgment much bigger than they are; a ſmall Mite in a Cheeſe appears as big as a ſhaggy Bear, and an Ant as large as an Elephant; it is to no boot then to perſwade him to be bold and couragious; talk to him of Wars, and you wound him to the Heart; tell him of a great Army that is preparing againſt his Country-men, and he fanſies they are already at the Townſend; always the evil ſeems to approach nearer than it doth, and diſ-

covers his diſtruſt and diſtraction, by his words and countenance.

Now to condemn this man to his Face or otherwiſe, for his baſe fear and Cowardize, is to diſoblige him; for though he know himſelf to be a rank Coward, he knows withal, that it is a diſparagement to be thought ſo, and therefore you cannot pleaſe him better, than to perſwade the world that he is no ſuch Perſon, and you muſt juſtifie his fears by reaſon; that his averſion to quarrel and diſputes proceeds from prudence; that Wiſdom always hinders her Children from fighting for trifles, or were the matter conſiderable, yet diſcretion ſhould teach us to put up injuries, and not hazard a mans all in this World for an Airy ſatisfaction.

To counterfeit an agreeable fearfulneſs, is the way to win much upon him, and therefore in Diſcourſe, Valour, and all bold enterprizes, ſhould be decryed as the effects of raſhneſs and temerity, and that their conſequences are always dangerous, and moſt commonly deſtructive. Inculcate frequently the Proverb, and comment upon it, *That one pair of legs is worth two pair of hands*; That to fly is better than to die, commending *Falſtaff* in the Play, deriding Sir *Henry Blunt* that was ſlain; there lies grinning Honour, *&c.* In ſhort, let ſafety and ſecurity be above all things applauded.

Whereas on the other ſide, he that hath to do with a bold, reſolute and confident Perſon, who never enters into a conſideration of any thing that may repreſent Fear and Danger, muſt ſeem courageous and ſtout, though he be not ſo, by pretending promptneſs to proſecute his hazardous deſigns; and that he may not be ſuſpected, all his actions, which are the fore-runners to any deſperate

ſperate deſign, muſt be accompanied with a cheerful and joyful countenance, as if he was more forward than the other, to enterprize any deſign whatever, though attended with all the danger imaginable, yet may he uſe an hundred Stratagems to divert him from putting any thing in Execution which may prove prejudicial to them both.

If this perſon doth any thing, though never ſo inconſiderable, the action muſt be prais'd above meaſure, whatſoere it be, though bad, it muſt not want applauſe, but if others will not forbear ſpeaking of it opprobriouſly, as it deſerves, and coming to his Ear, he ſeems too ſenſible of the ſhame and diſgrace, you muſt then contemn that too great regard that is given to the opinion and cenſure of men, to which thoſe who ſubject themſelves, are Slaves, that none but Fools regard what the World ſaith of them; that there is no heed to be taken of the giddy multitude, who will be talking, though they talk nothing; and therefore perſwades him not to be regulated by the meaſure of cenſuring ſeverity. Here by the way obſerve to praiſe, reſpect, and ſeemingly love whoſoever is beloved by him, in whom you intend to gain an Intereſt; and thoſe he hates, you muſt hate too, and let him know you do it, by aggravating all their Offices, rejoycing at any bad, and grieving at any good ſhall befall them.

If you would accommodate your ſelf to ingrateful Perſons, (which are a ſort of Cattle I may call without offence, Hells firſt Inhabitants) you muſt then leſſen whatſoever kindneſſes he receives from others, and magnifie whatſoever he beſtows; always inculcating into his Ear, that ſuch a thing was done out of deſign, or that he could do no leſs than to repay one favour,

ſince,

ſince there was ſo many due upon ſundry occaſions.

The Envious muſt be dealt with after another manner, and that is, when you find him tranſported with Indignation and Envy, for the good which happens to any one; then muſt the worth of this perſon be vilified, that there is nothing in him which deſerves ſuch *Boons* from the hand of Fortune, but hang't, ſhe is blind and inconſtant, and knows not how to reward Merit and Deſert.

And to gratifie the more this Diabolical humour, there is nothing does it more effectually, than to parallel him who is thus Envious, with him that is Envied, exalting the firſt, and debaſing the laſt; magnifying the leaſt good quality diſcernable in the one, and leſſening that which is perſpicuouſly good in the other; and that the bad actions in his life may ſmother and ſtifle his better qualifications, and virtuous inclinations, all the ſtains or blots of his whole Life and Converſation, muſt be ſtrictly lookt into, and numbered, to be ready for Repetition when the Envious ſhall maliciouſly exclaim againſt this Perſon.

Laſtly, though the *Wheedle* knows the Temperament of men, with their Inclinations and Paſſions, yet he is to underſtand this, that a man is not always in one humour; he may be Sour, Croſs, and Moroſe in a Morning upon an hungry Stomach, yet may be Pleaſant and Courteous after Dinner, when he hath cram'd his Crib; and for the benefit of Concoction, hath warm'd his Stomach with half a dozen glaſſes of brisk Claret; and therefore ſome have that Policy or inſight into Mens diſpoſitions, that they will not Negotiate or treat about any important affair with any Merchant, till he hath laid the Baſis of his Deſign

on

on a good Breakfaſt, or a plentiful Mornings draught.

Moreover, as a man may be out of humour, by reaſon of that acid humour within, which proves a *Canibal* oftentimes, and feeds upon the Stomach, for want of other ſuſtenance, ſo gain and loſs, good and bad News, ſucceſs or croſſes in any deſign, *&c.* will ſuddenly and ſtrangely alter a mans humour from Joy to Sorrow, and ſo *vice verſa.* Sometimes a mans countenance (like the Sun in *April*) ſhall look for a while pleaſant and chearful, and in an inſtant, ſome cloudy diſcontent obſcures its Face, and then it falls a Raining.

Now, ſince Joy and Sorrow govern differently, Joy being never willing with *Venus* to admit Sorrow into her Society, (*Non ſolet in lecto triſte venire Venus*) there muſt be therefore a ſpecial care had, how the preſent mirth of others be diſcompoſed or diverted, by ſome unſeaſonable ſorrowful action or expreſſion; with the Joyful and Merry there muſt be a correſponding jollity. On the other ſide, if one in the depth of another mans ſorrowful condition ſhould be exerciſing his Buffoonry; by this means he would render himſelf diſagreeable and importunate; but he muſt accommodate himſelf to the parties grief, and ſuffer with him for a while; and at length by ſliding by degrees out of that dumpiſh humour, you draw him after you, leaving the ſorrow to come limping after. Mans nature is more inclined to pleaſure, than to any other thing, and therefore is the more willing to embrace it; but then it muſt be done with a ſweet inſinuation, and he that hath that excellent faculty, what may not that man effect according to the humour he is to work upon. The Man that is Melancholy,

lancholy, or any ways diſturb'd in mind, needeth no other Phyſician, which he knows; and therefore no mans company more acceptable than his; *O for Mr.*——*ſuch a one* (cries the ſorrowful) *where is he? ſend for him. Were he here, his pleaſant diſcourſe would aſſwage my ſorrow, his company is the Antidote for an afflicted perſon*: and being come, who ſo welcome as he, what thing too good for him; whilſt they both live, by this means he is like to have his loving look, and ten to one after Death his large Legacies.

In ſhort the *Wheedle* concludes whilſt there is a man living on the Earth, there is a neceſſity for him to imitate the Vices, and Debauches, as well as the Virtues of thoſe with whom we converſe. *Alcibiades*, who was both an Orator and Philoſopher, being at *Athens*, when he was amongſt the *Lacedemonians*, his converſation was crabbed and auſtere; when amongſt the *Thratians* a very ſpruce Gallant, and would play the *Bacchanalian* ſtoutly. Amongſt the *Ionians*, he addicted himſelf to all thoſe pleaſures they moſt delighted themſelves in, being very jovial, and as they were phantaſtick ſo was he: When he was among the *Perſians*, he imitated them in their Gallantry of Apparel, with other Sumptuous and Splendid habits and accoutrements, according to the humour of that (then) luxurious Nation.

A man qualified with ſuch a Spirit cannot fail to reap his advantages whereever he comes, but eſpecially at Court, or Princes Palaces, where men muſt comply, and render themſelves eaſie to conform to all ſorts of Humours and Manners, as if it proceeded from a Natural inclination, and not from any fawning imitation.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Some general Observations tending to a further discovery of Mens Inclinations.

IN the preceding Chapters it is indifferently proved that the Temperaments are the most general and most eminent causes of the Inclinations of both Sexes, Men being inclined to such and such Passions, according to the quality of the Humours which are predominant in the Body; thus the Melancholick person, as he is sad and serious, so he is commonly Politick and Ingenious; the Cholerick active, angry, and inconstant: the Sanguine jovial and affable the Phlegmatick stupid, yet faithful.

Besides these Internal Characters, there are also many that are External, which are as Letters by which man is read and understood; for largeness of the Breast (according to common experience) denotes nimbleness, and strength of the junctures: openness of the Nostrils, and wideness of the Mouth, are marks of courage and gluttony: a thick Neck, the flesh hard and musculous, and the extremities large, are signs of bodily strength and strong judgment: the Square Fore-head, Nose somewhat big, Lips thin, and the Chin of an indifferent largeness, declare magnanimity and greatness of courage: the Stature tall and streight, the Eye-brows elevated, a Majestick gate, and sprightly Eyes, signifie ambition and desire of honour: the Fore-head and Face

of

of a ſquare figure, and the Head of a convenient bigneſs, are marks of Wiſdom, Conſtancy and Juſtice. If you will be further acquainted with theſe and other external ſigns belonging to mens Bodies, and would know their ſignification according to experience, conſult that excellent and elaborate Piece of Mr. *Sanders*, treating at large of *Phiſiognomy* and *Chiromancy*; where you will find, and whence it may be affirmed, that of all the parts belonging to Man or Woman, there is not one, but which denotes ſome particular Vice or Virtue.

Now, though theſe aforementioned ſigns, with theſe which follow, are admirable diſcoverers of intricate Man, *viz.* motion of the Body, Gate, Geſture, and carriage of it, Beauty and Deformity, Colour, Air of the Countenance, quality of the Skin, Voice, fleſhineſs of the Body, figure and largeneſs of the Parts, all which proceed from External or Internal Cauſes, yet ſome ſay, that theſe ſigns are not certain, but may fail in ſundry reſpects: firſt as to the external; a man may become crooked, or crump Shouldered by a fluxion, or by a fall; a man may ſquint by imitating another (when he was young) who lookt obliquely; ſecondly, as to the internal, a man may go ſlowly, through weakneſs by ſickneſs; thus the air of the Countenance, the Voice, Skin, and fleſhineſs of the Parts, may receive alteration upon the ſame account; an hundred inſtances I could here inſert to the like purpoſe; which will not much avail my preſent purpoſe in hand; there is no rule ſo general, but it will admit of ſome exception; yet let me adviſe the Reader, to take ſpecial notice of this caution, *Caveto ab iis, quos Deus notavit*; beware of them, whom God hath markt, I believe it is meant *in Utero*, ſuch as come ſo

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markt into the World, who are like Parſons Sons, moſt commonly upon the extreams, *either very good, or very bad*; ſome natural marks I have taken ſpecial notice of, as mens Eyes of different colours, ſometimes one bigger than the other; a tuft of hair white, and the reſt black, &c. whoſoever deals with ſuch men, ought to have much circumſpection; for they are generally Craſcy and Knaviſh; whereever you ſee a black or brown hair'd man with a reddiſh Beard, conclude him no Woman-hater, but a hater of honeſt Women.

To conclude, he that hath attained to the diſcovery of the Inclinations, Manners, and deſigns of other men, we cannot then but acknowledge, that he hath gotten the ſureſt Guide that can be taken for a man's conduct in the whole courſe of his life, and ſhall in the right uſe thereof, not only avoid a thouſand dangers, and inconveniences, into which, from time to time he runs the hazard of falling into; but likewiſe ſupports himſelf hereby, though in the moſt tottering condition. For it ſhows the opportunities, and favourable conjunctures of time, wherein a man ought to ſpeak or act any thing to the beſt advantage, and teacheth him the manner how to do it, and if it be requiſite to ſuggeſt an advice, to inſpire a Paſſion, or a deſign, it knows all the Paſſages through which it is to be derived into the Soul.

In the compleating the ſtudy of this Art, there is nothing more requiſite, than the right knowledge of *Phyſiognomy*, which diſcovers the diſpoſition and inclination of men, as much as any thing; now he that hath got a good underſtanding therein, need not complain againſt Nature, for not putting a window before mens hearts, that their thoughts, and ſecret deſigns might be

ſeen;

ſeen; for thoſe things fall not under the ſenſes; for though the eyes ſaw the very bottom, and all the windings, and turnings of the heart, yet could they not obſerve any thing therein, from whence they might derive the knowledge of it: Nature hath made other proviſion for this diſcovery; to wit, not only voice and tongue (the Interpreters of the thoughts) but alſo leſt (out of a diſtruſt) man ſhould abuſe them, Nature hath contrived a language in his forehead and eyes, to give the other the lye, in caſe they ſhould not prove faithful. In ſhort, ſhe hath expoſed his Soul to be obſerved on the outſide, ſo that there is no neceſſity of any window to ſee his motions, inclinations, and paſſions, ſince they are apparent in his face, and are there written in ſuch viſible, and manifeſt characters; yet for all this, few have the Art of reading them, for want of humane obſervation: let us then paſs to things that are more legible, and thoſe are the Paſſions.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Passions in General, by which we come to know, and win upon men.

AS the depths of the Earth are obscure places, which are not penetrated by the radiant light of the Sun, where Night and Horror seem to sojourn, and there have their dwelling; so is the heart of man environed with darkness, which is not to be dissipated, and whatsoever it conceiveth is so hidden, as we can guess thereat but by conjecture, and all the rules, and observations we have, or may lay down are not so infallible, but that they lye liable to mistakes. For words are not always faithful representations of the hearts conceptions; neither are actions always to be credited. Humane wisdom (which vaunts it self to see far into what is to come) is much troubled to discover mans intentions; and the greatest work a Statesman can undertake, is, when by his dexterity he endeavours to expound a dissembling Hypocritical heart, and there to observe such thoughts, and designs, as are endeavoured to be kept concealed.

Thus our *Wheedle* by policy arrives to this knowledge, which gives him rules how to sound these depths, which seem to have no bottom. He judges of mens Meanings, by their Humours and Actions, and reads in the eyes and face, the most secret motions of the Soul, and its inclinations.

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He obſerves their nature by their deſigns, and ſtudies man ſo well, that he can give a ſhrewd gueſs at their very thoughts, and by one piece of ſubtilty and cunning, diſcover that, which they by another ſeek to conceal. But of all theſe ways I find none more eaſie, and more certain than that of the Paſſions; for they eſcape us againſt our will, and betray us by their Promptneſs, and likeneſs, as *Seneca* ſaith, *nulla vehementior intra cogitatio eſt quæ nihil moveat in vultu.* Daily experience tels us this, that it is much more hard to withhold a man's Choler, than his hand, and to impoſe ſilence to his ſufferings, than to his mouth. They mutiny without our leave, and by an impreſſion which they make in our countenance, they teach our enemies all that lies within our hearts, and invite the *Wheedle* to come, and banquet on our follies. *Horace* terms the Paſſions Tortures; *Vino Tortus & Ira*; and rightly too; for as they torture us through their rigour, ſo by Violence they force us to confeſs the truth. A man muſt be very faithful to himſelf, if he do not declare himſelf, either by hatred, or vanity, and he muſt have great power, and keep them under, when our Skilful *Artiſt* undertakes to move them upon ſome *Wheedling* account. The wiſeſt men frequently forget their prudent reſolutions, and oftentimes a Praiſe, or a Reproach draws a truth from them, which wiſdom had a long time kept concealed.

Tiberius, the Emperour is judg'd by the Learned to be the greateſt Diſſembler that ever ſway'd a Scepter, and therefore the *Senate* trembled as oft as they were to treat with a Prince ſo cloſe, and ſo cunning; for all his words were *Ænigma's*, and his actions ſo obſcure, as that none could diſcover his intentions; notwithſtanding one word of *Agrippina*'s ſo incenſed him, as to make him ſay

a thing which ſo agitated him, that doubtleſs he would have concealed it, had he continued in his ordinary Temper; thus was the moſt concealed man in the world betray'd by the heat of Paſſion, and by an indiſcreet anſwer diſcover'd the bottom of his heart. Our *Wheedle* hath a ſpecial care of this; for as he is reſerved in his ſpeeches, ſo he is Maſter of his affections in ſuch ſort, as that they appear not in his viſage, nor ſparkle out in his words, nor actions; all the doors of his Soul are ſhut up, but one ſmall Poſtern for *Flattery* to iſſue out at, by which means no man ſhall fathom his depth, and thoſe that will take the pains to know him, muſt conſult Report; which way is very uncertain; for Fame is fickle, Enemies are Lyars, and Friends are Flatterers.

Whilſt he is thus reſerved to himſelf he neglects not to inquire into other mens Inclinations, and reads in thoſe faithful Glaſſes the moſt ſecret motions of their hearts. He diligently examins what Paſſion is out of order; for if any one be, it is impoſſible to conceal it, and when it hath diſcover'd its ſelf, he preſently makes uſe thereof to his own benefit, but their certain prejudice. If women did not diſcover how much they are delighted with idle diſcourſe, they would not run ſuch danger in their honour; for when this *Wheedle* hath diſcovered their Weakneſs, and ſhall obſerve, that they are pleas'd in being prais'd, he inſinuates himſelf into their likings by Flattery, and makes himſelf beloved by them, by approving of what they love. The ambitious man hath no ſence againſt him, when he hath diſcover'd his Paſſions; as he eſteems of nothing more than Vain-glory, he foregoes any thing he hath to acquire it, and thinks to be a greater gainer by the Exchange, wherein he parts with real goods for

empty

empty words; and to be brief, the whole World muſt confeſs, that our Paſſions are chains which make us Slaves to all ſuch as know how to manage them well.

When the Parricide, *Cataline*, had vowed the ruine of his Country, and had reſolved to change the *Roman* Commonwealth into a cruel Tyranny, he corrupted all the young men by accommodating himſelf to their deſires, he appeaſed Conſiderates by flattering their humour; he won their good wills, by following their inclinations; and by promiſing Preferment to ſuch as were ambitious; women to ſuch as were laſcivious; and riches to the avaritious.

Thus muſt the *Wheedle* act if he intends his deſign ſhall prove proſperous; and herein he exactly imitates the Devil, who hath great lights (though he be Prince of darkneſs;) and as he knows all mens tempers, he fits all his ſuggeſtions to their deſires, and propounds nothing to them which is not conformable to their inclinations. To the proud he proffers Honour, he awakens the Paſſion which poſſeſſeth them, and engageth them in unlawful ways to compaſs pernicious deſigns, and endeavours to perſwade them, that whatſoever they commit (though never ſo bad, if reputation may be gotten thereby) is glorious and praiſe worthy. He ſolicits the voluptuous by infamous pleaſures; if he cannot commend their Villanies, he ſeeks out names to excuſe them. He terms that Natural, which is Irrational, and as if Nature and Reaſon were at Enmity, he counſels them to follow the former, and forſake the latter. He encourageth the Furious to Revenge; he gives gallant Titles to ſhameful Paſſions; he endeavours to make the reſentment of an injury paſs for an act of Juſtice and Gallantry,

try, and contradicting all Maxims of Christianity, he establisheth the greatness of courage in hatred and Murder. He perswades the avaritious that there is nothing more generally sought after than Riches: that our Ancestors have reverenced it; that our Successors will honour it; that people who differ in other opinions, agree in the reputation they put hereupon; that Poverty is infamous, that it is the contempt of Rich men, and indeed the scorn of most men.

Non habet infœlix Paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit——

There's nought in Poverty so bad as this,
Applauditts ne'r attend it, but an Hiss.

In fine, these two colloguing Enemies, the *Wheedle*, and the Devil, undo alike by flattering men; they gain upon their understandings by their affections, so beat them with their own Weapons, and by a dangerous piece of cunning employ their Passions to corrupt their wills. In what manner the *Wheedle* works upon the Passions to his advantage, shall be discoursed in some following Chapters.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

What uſe and advantages the Wheedle makes by working on Mens Paſſions.

DIvers are the Opinions of men about the Paſſions; ſome will have them placed in the neathermoſt parts of the Soul; ſome imagine they are framed in the Body; and thus they differ too about their numbers; ſome will acknowledge but two, as *Ariſtotle*, &c. The *Academicks* admit of four principal Paſſions, *Deſire* and *Fear*, *Joy* and *Sorrow*, and that all others are comprehended by them; thus *Hope*, *Audacity*, and *Choler*, are ranked under *Deſire*; *Deſpair*, and *Averſion* under *Fear*, and that all of them together do determine in *Joy* or *Sorrow*. The *Peripateticks* did multiply them, and grounded their Number upon the divers motions of the Soul; for the Soul (ſay they) hath either an inclination or averſion to the Objects with which ſhe is either pleaſed or diſpleaſed; and this is *Love* or *Hatred*; or elſe ſhe ſhuns them, and this is *Eſchewing*; or ſhe draws near unto them, and this is *Deſire*; or ſhe promiſeth to her ſelf the fruition of what ſhe wiſheth, and this is *Hope*; or ſhe cannot defend her ſelf from the Evil which ſhe apprehends, and this is *Deſpair*; or ſhe endeavours to withſtand it, and this is *Audacity*; or ſhe cheats her ſelf up to overcome it, and this is *Choler*: Laſtly, ſhe either poſſeſſeth the good, and this is *Joy*, or ſuffereth the evil, and this is *Sorrow*.

Others

Others will have the Paſſions to be in number juſt Eleven, *Love*, *Deſire*, *Delight*, *Hatred*, *Abomination*, *Sorrow*, *Hope*, *Deſpair*, *Fear*, *Ire*, and *Audacity*:

To give you a particular Account of all the Paſſions, with their Characters at large, deſcribing all the good and bad uſes that are to be made of them, will be a task too remote from my preſent ſubject; however I ſhall acquaint you how the *Wheedle* ſingles out ſome of them, and what large advantages he makes of them, thriving like a *Toad*, by feeding on what is bad or venemous

CHAP. XI.

The Paſſions are the ſeeds of Vice, from whence the Wheedle *receives frequently a plentiful Harveſt.*

WE muſt in the firſt place preſuppoſe that the ſenſual Appetite is divided into two parts, Concupiſcible and Iraſcible, one coveting, the other Invading, yet are not two Faculties, or powers of the Soul, but one only power and faculty, which hath two inclinations; for, as there is but one power of hearing, and ſeeing, though with two Ears, and two Eyes; ſo we have one ſenſual Appetite with a double Inclination, one coveting, and deſiring, and the other invading, and oppugning; by the former it purſues good, and ſhuns evil; by the latter, it either complies with, or oppoſes the difficulties which preſent themſelves. For, as the

Univerſe conſiſts, and is full of things contrary, and oppoſite one to the other; ſo there is not any thing can continue in it without meeting with Enemies, which aſſault and endeavour to deſtroy it. Wherefore, it was the work of the Providence of Nature to beſtow on every individual thing, not only the virtues which were neceſſary for the Execution of its ordinary, and as it were of its Domeſtick Functions, but alſo thoſe, which ſhould ſecure it againſt the attempts of others, and prevent the violences which it might be expoſed to abroad.

Upon this account it is, that all things have ſome qualities conducive to the preſervation of their being, and others enabling them to oppoſe what is contrary thereunto. Man above all the Creatures of the Creation might boaſt of, and rejoyce in the ſafety and ſecurity, continually guarded by Reaſon, were it not for the Paſſions, which (ſince our ejectment out of the State of Innocency) have revolted from Reaſon, whence they had their Orders, and are become diſloyal, no longer acknowledging the voice of their Soveraign, but obey what firſt commands them, and take part with a Tyrant, as with their Legitimate Prince. This is nothing to be wondered at, ſince the Paſſions are no farther diſtant from Vices, than they are from Virtue; as in the confuſion of the Chaos, Fire and Water were mingled together, ſo is evil with good in the affections of the Soul, and from thoſe fatal Mines, Iron is as well drawn out as Gold; Man ought therefore to keep himſelf alwaies on his Guard, and knowing that he carrieth about him in his Boſom both Life and Death, it behoveth him to be as circumſpect in his comportments, as thoſe, who walk upon the edge of a Precipice.

Theſe Paſſions, as they are highly prejudicial, nay, ſometimes deſtructive to every particular perſon in whom they are diſordered; ſo are the greateſt miſchiefs in general hatcht, or occaſioned by theſe inſolent Affections; if *Love* and *Hatred* could be exiled from the Earth, Murder, and Adultery, could not there be found. Men may accuſe Poets for Fictions, but theſe Paſſions have committed more Errors than the others have invented.

An unlawful Love put all *Greece* into Arms, and the flames thereof reduced the goodlieſt City of all *Aſia* to Aſhes. How infinite is the number of private Families, which have been utterly ruin'd by this Paſſion, inſtigated by Villanous men, expecting from their fall a riſe conſiderable.

Jealouſie between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, was the loſs of the lives of more than a Million of Men; the world was divided in their quarrel, their Ambition put Arms into the hands of all people, and the world doth yet bemoan this Diſaſter, the ſpoils of this Shipwrack are yet ſeen, and the States of *Europe* are but ſo many pieces, which did compoſe the Body of that Puiſſant Common-wealth.

Thus *Jealouſie*, when irritated and heightned, becomes deſtructive to private perſons; how many horrid Murders are committed yearly upon that account alone in *Italy*: where is there a place, wherein men are not ſtrangely agitated by this Paſſion, in ſuch ſort, that at laſt they prove the fatal Inſtruments of their own ruin.

What advantage our *Wheedle* can make of this Paſſion, I know not, unleſs perſwaded by luſt to make a ſeparation between Man and Wife, he hopes thereby to gain the enjoyment and poſſeſſion of her. The jealous or ſuperſtitious man of all men is the unfitteſt perſon for him to deal with,

being given so much to mistrust, that it is impossible for one to make him believe any thing above a quarter of an hour, and if any thing intervene in that time, which seems to contradict that Report, he takes you for his Enemy, and he becomes yours mplacable without a cause. No man need to plot mischief against him, for he is one that watches it himself, with a learing eye for fear it should escape him. Much circumspection and caution must be had when you are in his company, how you speak; for most words he takes in a wrong sense, and thinks whatever ill is spoken of another, reflects upon him; and not a jest can be thrown, but he will make it hit him; and herein you will find his humour insupportable, he shall stamp, swear, sweat, and chafe, that he is abused; and at last fretting, fling out of the room with a quarrel to every man, stung and gald, and no men know less the occasion, than they that have given it.

Have a care how you laugh in his Company, it is of a dangerous consequence, for he imagins it can be at nothing, but at him; and should you whisper, it is absolute Conspiracy. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so far; they are continually wronging others, because they think they wrong them, and as they continually accuse others, when they are not guilty, so they are alwaies defending themselves when they are not accused: finally the Wheedle were best let them alone, for let him behave himself how he will, it shall go hard, but that he must abuse them whether he will or no, and not one Bodle for his labour.

Lets now inspect particularly every Passion, and endeavour to find out what bad use is made of them by the *Wheedle* or *Insinuator*; and first let us begin with *Love*. It is pity the holiest Passion of the

the Soul, that it ſhould meet with ſo many impious Perſons which corrupt it, and, contrary to sts own inclinations, make it ſerve their deſigns, by turning natural Love into ſelf-Love, making the Spring head of good, the Original of all our Evil: For before *Adams* fall, man had no love ſave only for good, but ſince his diſobedience, his love changed Nature; he, who looked on another mans advantage, and his own with the ſame eye, began to ſeparate them, and forgetting what he ow'd to God, he made a God of himſelf, ruling his affections by his own intereſts, and reſolving to Love no longer any thing, but what was profitable and pleaſing unto him.

This miſchief, like Poyſon, diſperſt it ſelf through the whole Fabrick of Nature, and who is there now (nay amongſt the Religious, and Severe Profeſſors) who is not a *Philautiſt*, who is ſo much a ſelf-lover, that he makes moſt of his deſigns *Pimping Procurers* to his benefit and delight. For ſelf-love (which leans always towards the fleſh) will have the Slave to govern the Maſter, and that the Body command over the Soul. Self-love commands us to follow our own inclinations, and to govern our deſires only according to our vanity; flatters our ambition, and to inſinuate it ſelf into us, give us leave to do what we pleaſe; it makes a man labour only for his own pleaſure, or glory; it makes this the end of all his actions, and doth ſo bind man up within himſelf, as that it ſuffereth him not to conſider any other intereſt than his own, if he does his Countrey, or any particular Perſon any good, it is to do himſelf a kindneſs. Certainly this man muſt be ingrateful and unfaithful, who is ſo much in Love with himſelf.

From this Spring-head of Miſchief flow three Rivers, which deluge the whole Univerſe. The firſt is Venereal Love, or a Love of Women, for Face, and Features, and this is called *Incontinency.* The Second is the Love of Wealth, and a large Revenue, and this is called *Covetouſneſs*; The third, and laſt, is the Love of Titles of Honour, and Splendid preferments, and this is termed *Ambition:* all theſe pleaſing Enemies of mankind are hardly to be overcome by Reaſon; for beſides their natural Forces, they have Auxiliaries, which they collect from our inclinations and habits: Now the *Wheedle* that knows the operations of theſe three Paſſions in himſelf, and how much they tickle him who is poſſeſt with them, underſtands how to conform to any of them ſo long, till thereby he hath gratified his own deſigns.

The next Paſſion that falls in our way is *Deſire.* One would think (ſince in all Creatures, as well as men, there is a certain inſtinct for ſelf-preſervation) man could not harm himſelf by having his Deſires changed into effects; for, it is the ordinary wiſh which our Friends, and neareſt Relations beſtow upon us, and undoubtedly were they well regulated, nothing would be more grateful, and uſeful in their accompliſhment; and we ſhould eſteem our ſelves (from thence) the happieſt of men, if after a long purſuance; we ſhould arrive to the complement of our deſires; but, as theſe wiſhes are almoſt always unjuſt, ſo their ſucceſs is frequently injurious. And, here I cannot omit inſerting a moſt incomparable ſaying of *Seneca, Bonæ animæ male precantur, & ſi vis fœlix eſſe, Deum ora, ne quid tibi ex his quos optantur, eveniat.* We muſt pray to the Omnipotent that nothing may befal us, which is wiſhed to us, and in this,

this, it is not improbable that our beſt friends may innocently wiſh us ill, when they make vows in our behalf: but the Wheedle wilfully and abſolutely does it by feeding and fomenting that Self-love he diſcovers in any Perſon, by indulging (if poſſible) all his wiſhes, and deſires working upon the imagination the more to irritate them, which probable might be quiet enough, did not this embroiling Power put them in diſorder.

Nature (of her Self) is contented with a very little, and that mean too: ſhe only makes head, to oppoſe what either doth moleſt, or would deſtroy; ſhe covets not ſtately ſtructures, and, ſo, that ſhe be but preſerved from the injury of the Weather, ſhe values not their Ornaments; ſhe minds not gaudy habiliments, and cares not how plain her garments are, ſo that they hide her nakedneſs, and fence her body from the rigour of the cold; ſhe hunts not after delights, which are exceſsful in meat, and drink, ſo that they quench Thirſt, and ſatisfy Hunger: but Imagination, which ſeems to have no other employment ſince the Fall, continually is buſied in inventing new delights, and adds diſſoluteneſs to our deſires, and makes our wiſhes altogether irregular; tis ſhe that makes the whole Nature labour to ſatisfie our *Pride* and *Luxury*; ſhe dives into the Bowels of the Earth, and into the depths of the Sea, to find out Pearls, and pretious Stones, with what other Ornaments they afford to deck the body.

In fine, ſhe inquiſitively ſeeks after curioſity of delicate Food, and admits of none, but what is exquiſite; ſhe confounds the Seaſons to afford man pleaſure, and in ſpight of a ſultry Summer, preſerves Snow and Ice to cool the Wine, that it may pleaſe the better. Theſe things the ſenſual *Wheedle* ſuggeſts to him by the ſtrength of imagi-

nation (to fatten his own carkaſs) and having poſſeſt him with an Opinion of the excellency of their enjoyment, impatient of delay; and wing'd with deſires, he takes his flight, and never deſiſts till he hath ſeiz'd the Quarry; and at length, by greedineſs, is either gorg'd, or ſurfeited into an Hoſpital, having not ſo much mony left, as will procure him one ſingle Purgation.

How cunningly will this *Wheedle* inſinuate himſelf into the Society of young Men, and knowing how prone they are to proſecute pleaſure of all ſorts, he hath an Inventory of all places of *Pleaſure* and *Paſtimes*; then he tells them of ſuch an excellent *New-Spring-Garden*; ſuch a Match at Bowls, where ſo much Mony will be laid; ſuch a Race; ſuch a Match at Hunting, *&c.* if none of theſe will take, he hath twenty more, ſome of which will hit; after this a Glaſs of Wine, over which he diſcourſes of ſeveral excellent Beauties, he hath had the honour to be acquainted with, ſuch who were never blown upon by the infectious Air of the City or Suburbs, but freſher than *Flora* in all her ſweet ſmelling Gaity; theſe are the Traps he lays, when he hath warm'd their Bloods with Liquors, and poiſons them with Wine and Women, as men do Rats with Sponge and ſweet Malage.

The third Paſſion that the Wheedle makes uſe of for his advantage, is *Hope*, abuſing it by an employment contrary to the intent of *Nature*, and making it ſerve an unworthy Maſter, and by *Cunning* or *Violence* turns it out of the pure Stream, wherein *Virtue* ſmoothly glides, and diverts her from her legitimate Object, he propoſing others unto her incongruous to her Nature. For, according to the Opinion of the Learned, this Paſſion ought

ought to reſpect good that is abſent, difficult, yet poſſible; wherefore *Honours*, *Profits*, and *Pleaſures*, cannot be true Objects; for they have only the appearance of good; it is *Opinion* (that knows not rightly how to name things) hath given them Titles they deſerve not; for, to ſay the Truth, *Riches* and ſwelling *Titles* have no other valuation, than what *Ignorance* or *Falſhood* have beſtow'd upon them. *Honour* depends ſo ſtrongly upon *Opinion*, as it is her meer *Workmanſhip*. The pleaſures of this life are too pernicious to man to be numbered among his good things; for *Shame* and *Sorrow* always attend them, making them bear the puniſhment of all their extravagances they have committed; which the *Wheedle* takes care to conceal from mens knowledge, leſt knowing the ſad effects, they ſhould repent, and deſiſt from proſecuting them: he repreſents them otherwiſe to the deceived eye of his *Bubble*, ſhowing him Pictures, which are in effect nothing leſs than what they appear to his Senſes; and thus the poor ignorant *Gull*, judging of the deceitful workmanſhip of thoſe Pictures only by the Eye, thinks he ſees Birds hovering in the Air; and, ſtanding at a diſtance, imagins by the crafty Landskip, that he ſees *Hills*, *Plains*: and *Woods* of a vaſt extent, but drawing nearer, finds only ſome few ſtroaks of a Pencil, drawn on Canvaſs, which deceived his Senſes, and made him ſee what was not; or had they been real repreſentations, and not painted appearances, he hath a thouſand pretences to keep them out of his Clutches, and yet buoy up his *Hope* ſtill with empty promiſes.

All men are apt to flatter themſelves with vain hopes. and therefore it is a matter of no great difficulty, to infuſe hopes into the credulous Priſoner for Debt; thou[illegible]e be under never ſo many

Executions of mercileſs Creditors, yet he promiſeth himſelf Liberty, which the *Wheedle* underſtanding, cheriſheth in him thoſe groundleſs hopes by telling him there is nothing impoſſible; that he hath effected more difficult things of the like Nature; further inſiſting on the great Authority he hath over ſuch, and ſuch of his Creditors, and that he queſtions not, but by his perſwaſion, he ſhall work them to a good agreement: this extracts part of the remaining money out of his pocket, which ſhould have bought him bread, and leaving him, adds more miſery to his deplorable condition.

A Criminal condemn'd (though under the *Hangmans* hands) by hope perſwades himſelf he ſhall eſcape the *Gallows*, which his *Wheedle* aſſures him of, and receives from him the remainder of his ill gotten money, but leaves him in his greateſt extremity, and thus the *Rope* puts a period to his *Hope*. Sometimes the Wheedle is more guilty than the Criminal of his acquaintance, who ſtands indicted, yet is at Liberty, and ſuffers not thoſe Torments of that *Earthly Hell*, called a Priſon; but fearing he ſhould fall into them, and lye under the ſame condemnation of his *Brother in Iniquity*; whilſt under confinement he viſits him oft, feaſts, and ſupplys him with Moneys, luls him into a ſenſleſs ſecurity, aſſures him all ſhall be well; but adviſes him with all, that he make no confeſſion at his Tryal; this counſel he follows, the *Jury* finding him guilty of *Felony*, *Burglary*, *&c.* Sentence of Death is pronounced, and then being dead in Law, his Evidence is invalid; and by theſe means the *Wheedle* preſerves a little longer his own Life by the Deſtruction of anothers. This is certain, that there is none ſo miſerable, who do not (indirectly) feed themſelves

ſelves with ſome imaginary happineſs; thinking that the *Stars* will club their influences to do *Miracles* for their ſakes, and that the order of the Univerſe ſhall be chang'd to fulfill their deſires; theſe are the men whoſe Company he dearly loves, for they are one main Pillar which ſupports his houſe, which was built out of the ruins of many others; he leads them by the Noſe (as the *Bear-heard* does *Tom-Dove* up and down the Town) to this Lords houſe, aud that Noblemans, pretending to help them to Preferments, or what elſe he can gather from them, they either hope for, or deſire, but to leſs purpoſe for them, than the *pennyleſs Pilgrimage to Scotland*; for theſe deluded *Fops* ſee none of theſe Great men, on whom their hopes depend by his perſwaſion, nor do I ſee, how they can by his means; for, he knows them not, and if he hath heard of their Names and abode, that is all; now whilſt their gaping hopes gaze on ſomething, they know not what, and never ſhall attain to, he dives into their pockets, and ſends them home pluckt as (*Widgeons* and *Wood-cocks*) founder'd and tired with the Travel, and trouble of waiting upon nothing. Nor ſhall the old man eſcape him, who hopes to live a little longer, a man to be pityed more than any other; for though in a *Glaſs*, (if he hath any glimmering ſight left) he may ſee *Death* lively Pourtray'd in his countenance, doth yet promiſe himſelf longævity; they are ſenſible, that every day they loſe the uſe of ſome part of their body; they ſee not but by art; they hear not without difficulty; they walk not without pain; and in every thing that they do, they have new proofs of their weakneſs, yet they hope to live, and, to confirm him in that believe, our *Wheedling Sophiſter* tells him how our fore-fathers liv'd many ages,

and

and why may not he, one half Century of years beyond the common cuſtom; it is not long ago ſince old *Parr* lived with many more that lived nigh ſo long: it is but having **a care** of themſelves, and they may fence **their old** carkaſſes from Death, and ſo taſte a favour that hath not been granted, excepting to ſuch as had not as yet loſt all *Innocence*. He will run up and down the whole Town to find out Women old and leacherous, (too frequently to be found, to their ſhame be it ſpoken) and ſoon ingratiates himſelf into their Society, by telling them they look younger and younger, (which they believe before he told them ſo) then perſwades them to go in Habits more youthful; if *Teeth* are wanting, he ſupplies them; if the *Head* be bald, he hath *Tours* in ſtore of all ſorts; if the *Face* be pale and wrinkled, he hath Paint to plaiſter up the chaps, or fill thoſe deep Furrows Age hath plow'd up; if the *Breath* ſtink, and the (ſcarce moving) *Carkaſs* be fœtid, he hath *Paſtils* to perfume the one, and *Eſſences* to ſweeten the other; by theſe Artifices he aſſuredly helps her to an *Husband* or a *Stallion*, and is well ſatisfied for dealing with ſuch *rotten Commodities*.

By theſe ridiculous perſwaſions he wins the heart of theſe *Old Datards* to give him a preſent *Boon*, knowing, or gueſſing at leaſt, that they hardly have ſo much time left, as might be taken up in writing up their laſt *Wills* and *Teſtaments*.

Fourthly, Mr. *Wheedle* pretends to an intimate acquaintance with the Paſſion cal'd *Audacity*, but he miſtakes it, by calling or nick-naming it *Convenient Boldneſs*, as he terms it, which in plain Engliſh is *Impudence*; he will thruſt himſelf into any ſtrange Company without enquiring who they are; for

for the better benefit of exerciſing his *Pride*, that he may be thought ſome *Great Man*, or at leaſt a man of ſome Authority; haply he may by his *Wheedling* and Inſinuation, get into ſome beneficial employment, and then he ſtraight changeth his face upon this preferment, becauſe his own was not bred to it. His actions and countenance ſeem to ſtrive which ſhould beſpeak how much he is; now, if you chance not to mind him, 'tis ten to one he will mind you, and give you to underſtand how remiſs you are in your non-obſervance, and will take pains to do it, that all the company may take notice of it, and concludes every peri d with his *Place*; much like a *Conſtable* that was in *Office* upon his *Sacred Majeſties Reſtauration*, who, for ſome years after, ſeldom miſt in his Diſcourſe, frequently to repeat what he had ſeen at ſuch a time, *he being then Conſtable*, but miſtook moſt abominably at laſt, ſaying, *When his Majeſtie had the honour to come thorough the City, I was Conſtable at that time.*

Whilſt you have any thing to uſe him in, take notice you are his *Vaſſal* for that time, and muſt give him the patience of any injury, which he does to ſhow what he may do. In this condition, whilſt you are neceſſitated for his help, he will ſnap you up moſt imperiouſly, not for any reaſon, but becauſe he will be offended, and tells you, that you are ſawcy and troubleſom, and ſometimes takes your mony in that language. In ſhort, he is a man of little merit, and makes out in *Pride* and *Impudence*, what he wants in *Worth*, fencing himſelf with a ſtately kind of Behaviour, from that contempt would purſue him.

This is a Fellow, whom I may call more *Fool* than *Wheedle*, for he that endeavours to raiſe himſelf higher and higher in worldly eſtimation, muſt

must wrap up *Ambition* and *Pride* in the Mantle of Pretended *Humility* by seeming to adore *Superiours*, condescending to *Equals*, and by an even deportment to *Inferiours*.

If Mr. *Wheedle* come from Sea, or pretends to have been there; (where note he is *Jack* of *all Trades*, and free of most Mysteries, Professions, and Occupations) I say, if he would have the World believe that he is a Stout man, there is no man truly Valiant will say, he is half so much indued with *Fortitude* and *Audacity* as himself, and since he knows not how to give any other proof thereof than words, he proclaims himself the invincible Sir *Frederick Fight-all*, *Captain At-Man-Sir*,————*By your leave friend* H. C. *One Paragraph of your Coffee-house Character is so proper to this purpose, and so Satyrical, sharp, and witty, that at first I thought to have turn'd Paper-Pad, and rob'd you, but upon second thoughts I look't upon that course ignoble to a Friend, when he may have the liberty to borrow.*

I say, this *Wheedling Huff*, that needs would be Captain,————I know not what, *Is the Man of Mouth, with a Face as blustring as that of* Eolus, *and his four Sons in Painting, and a voice louder than the speaking-Trumpet; he begins you the Story of a Sea-Fight; and though he were never by water farther than the* Bear-Garden, *or* Cuckolds-Point, *yet having pyrated the Names of Ships and Captains, he perswades you himself was present, and performed Miracles; that he waded Knee-deep in blood on the upper Deck, and never thought* Serenade *to his Mistress so pleasant, as the Bullets whistling; how he stopt a Vice-Admiral of the Enemies under full Sail, till she was boarded, with his single Arm instead of Grapling-Irons, and puft out with his breath a Fire-ship that fell foul on them. All this he relates sitting in a Cloud of Smoak, and belching so many Cannon-Oaths to vouch it, you can scarce*

guess

gueſs whether the real Engagement, or his Romancing account of it be the more dreadful. However, he concludes with railing at the Conduct of ſome eminent Officers, (that perhaps he never ſaw) and proteſts, had they taken his advice at a Council of War, not a Sail had eſcaped us.

How ridiculouſly doth this *Fool* miſtake himſelf, thinking by his bouncing, to leap into the reputation of a valiant Man, whereas on the contrary, the wiſe will look on him no more than a *Lyar*, and conſequently a *Coward*: True Valour never ſpeaks much of it ſelf. He muſt then have ſome other deſign in the venting of his *Rhodomontado*'s, which this way cannot be great, but creeping on all four like his fortune: it may be the relation of what dreadful things he hath ſeen, may ſqueeze a dinner or a drunken bout out of ſome, who have ſpent moſt of their time in reading Books of Chivalry, and therefore love to hear of bloody exploits; *dulce bellum inexpertis*: it may be another upon the ſuppoſition of his being a deſperate man may be threatned, or frightned out of the loan of a Crown, but uſing it too often, the other is forced to be rid of him at laſt by trying his valour, and in the conteſt finds him what he is made of, *a meer man to look on.*

I like his ſubtlety well in following Natures dictates, making uſe of whatever tends to ſelf-preſervation, knowing what dangers men are cal'd to, who are the true Profeſſors of *Fortitude* and *Audacity*; fighting is her ordinary exerciſe, and ſhe often times bathes her ſelf in tears of Blood; ſhe is always incompaſſed with dangers, and on what ſide ſoever ſhe turns, ſhe ſees nothing but ghaſtly images, fearful apparitions; theſe are ſights his timerous Soul will not permit him once to look on. To conclude. he looks on the actions of the

Valiant

Valiant to be little leſs than the effects of Madneſs, and will never venture farther than his ſafety will permit him.

The fifth *Paſſion* is *Anger*, that the Wheedle operates upon to his advantage. In the beneficial uſe of this Paſſion he conſiders that there are few errors which men commit, but have their excuſes attending them, and perſiſt in the diſorders, not only for the eſteem they place upon them, but likewiſe for the Rationality which ſeems to back, and juſtifie them: thus the *Angry*, or *Cholerick* proſecutes his revenge, becauſe it is ſweet in the execution, though bitter afterwards, and he thinks it both *Reaſon* and *Juſtice* to right himſelf when wrong'd: the *Incontinent* excuſe themſelves upon their weakneſs, and call their continual active *Leachery*, an *Infirmity*. *Detractors* have their pretences too, for what opprobriums, and calumnies they utter againſt others: now *Revenge* and *Choler*, believing themſelves to be grounded upon *Reaſon*, demean themſelves inſolently, and would perſwade us that all their excurſions are as juſt, as couragious and valiant: This he confidently believes, and he cannot be his friend that diſſwades him out of that opinion; he hugs himſelf in it, and our *Wheedle* comes, and embraceth them both therein; there is no way for him to bring about his end, but floating with him in that Torrent, which is to no boot to oppoſe; for it bears down all before it. He ſubtlely inſinuates into his Ear, the gallantry, and legality of this unjuſt Paſſion: becauſe it is uſed, and too too much practiſed, among *Great Ones*: he tells him further, that it cannot but be noble and generous; becauſe it frequently dwells in the Breaſts of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Kings*, and *Emperours*; and then ſlily commends

Alex-

Alexander, for being ſo Paſſionate, and revengeful, as not to ſpare his deareſt friends when in his wrath, and imputes all his Victories to that raſh Paſſion; inferring further, that though ſome condemn him for raſhneſs, yet none can deny, but that he was fortunate in it: theſe things ſo tickle that humour, which he can't but follow, that no man pleaſeth him more than he that ſuggeſts them.

Such like flatteries, and inſinuations with great Men make them require from their Inferiours ſuch ſhameful obſequiouſneſs to their inordinate deſires, that they become offended with a juſt liberty among their Equals. They take good advice for neglect, and rational Counſels for an undermining of their Authority. Fortune hath made them ſo tender, as Suſpitions ſerve them for proofs to condemn the Innocent. O what excellent work doth the *Wheedle* make with ſuch a Perſon; he knows that the truth is odious to him, and he cannot bear with fidelity in his Domeſticks; he will not ſwallow down a Truth unleſs corrupted, which the *Wheedle* prepares according to his fancy; and the temper of his mind is ſo low, and weak, that ſincerity in a ſervant is able to offend him; for he thinks there is ſome deſign againſt his Honour, when his faults are reprehended, and though it be done in the moſt circumſpect and mildeſt manner imaginable, yet it is always taken by him for an injury, or affront, To pleaſe him in the removal of theſe faithful *Tel-troths*, and to ſerve himſelf in his future deſigns, the *Wheedle* Inveighs againſt them, accuſeth them of ſaucineſs, ambition, indiſcretion, and what not, till he hath rooted them out of the family, in whoſe places he introduceth flattering inſinuating *Raſcals*, who will ſay, and ſwear any thing, and are more his

Crea-

Creatures, than their *Maſters*: thus working on that *Choler*, which tranſports him, he makes him know (it may be when it is too late) that his *Greatneſs*, is meer *Weakneſs*, and that at length, *the Man's the Maſter.*

Much more might be ſpoken of ſuch like intrigues, which I relate not, as I approve, or would have any imitate the *Wheedles* endeavours, but condemn their deſigns; for if he that commits a fault is not innocent, he that provokes one to it, muſt be faulty; the one commences the Crime, and the other finiſhes it, and both are alike guilty: the one makes a *Challenge* (as in this caſe) and the other *Accepts* it; the ſecond is not more juſt, than the firſt, ſave that the injury he hath received ſerves for a pretence to another.

Sixthly, *Delight* and *Pleaſure* is a Paſſion which the *Wheedle* makes infinite advantage in the uſe thereof, or rather Knaviſh abuſe. Doubtleſs *Epicurus* innocently, and with a good intent propoſed to men the enjoyment of pleaſure which his Debauched Diſciples could not, or would not underſtand; whoſe Example our *Wheedle* imitates.

The *Sect of the Epicureans* taking notice of the difficulty which attended *Virtue*, which made her hated, and condemned by vulgar, lazy, terrene Souls, and that the labour that went to the acquiſition thereof, made them loſe the longing after her, they ſtrove to perſwade them, that ſhe was pleaſant, and delightſom; upon their word, ſome began to court her, and thinking to find all manner of delight, and pleaſure in her Retinue, they made their amorous addreſſes to *Madam Virtue*; but, finding nothing ab ut her which made any impreſſion upon the ſenſes, they chang'd their de-

deſign, and made Love to *Voluptuouſneſs*. Of which *Sect* our *Wheedle* is *Maſter of Art*; not that he was ever a true *Diſciple* of *Epicurus*, who would never have propoſed *Voluptuouſneſs* to men, but to make them in love with *Virtue*; yet, becauſe his deſign was unhappy, and met not with deſired ſucceſs, he could not avoid calumny; and the Zeal of his *Adverſaries* confounded his *Opinion* with his *Diſciples Errour*.

This *voluptuous Wheedle* hath his *Diſciples* too, and are rankt under ſeveral *Claſſes*; The *Whoremaſter*, *Drunkard*, *Glutton*, *Gameſter*, *Pimp*, *Bawd*, *Whore*, *Cuff* and *Kick*, *Bully*, *Huff*, *Bully Ruffin*; likewiſe the *Sloathful*, the *Ambitious*, the *Conceited*, the *Affected*, the *Coward*, the *Impudent*, the *Ignorant*, the *Inſolent*, with many more.

For the Inſtructions of his *Diſciples*, he hath many *Schools*, or *Academies*, viz. *Taverns*, *Bawdy-houſes*, or *Coffee-houſes*, *Inns*, *Ale-houſes*, *Garden-houſes*, *Ordinaries*, *Tennis-Courts*. &c. and his Desks to write upon are a *Pair of Tables*, *Shuffle-boards*, or *Billiard-tables*, &c.

When he had a mind to inſtruct his *Scholars* abroad, he then turns *Peripatetick*, and walks them to *Bowling-greens*, *Bowling-allies*, nay *Pidgeon-holes*, *Nine-pin-alleys*, or for further exerciſe to *Whetſtones-park*; but the *Does* being there almoſt quite deſtroy'd, for want of care, and good-looking after in *Fence-moneth*; he hath other *Parks*, *Chaſes*, and *Purlieus*, wherein are plenty of *Deer* for their *Delight* and *Recreation*.

When he intends to take the freſh air, *Hide-park* is no ſmall advantage to him; on a fair May-day he repairs thither, as to a *Mart*, where he picks up more *Baubles*, than at *Bartholomew-Fair*, or our *Ladies* in *Southwark*; and the *Lodge* is his grand *Shop*, where he takes up all ſorts of *Commo-*

dities

dities upon truſt; the *Coaches* are his *Moving-Hands*, where he furniſheth ſome of his *Cuſtomers* with plenty of *Linnen*, only for taking up; others pay ſo dearly for it, that it proves their *Shrowds*, or *Winding-ſheets*. Here he picks out and culls the Men on Horſe-back, and by ſlight of hand with wonderful celerity, diſmounts their *Georgies*; or ſhuffles in among the duſty, ſweaty, *Rabble*, and will venture the defiling of his cloaths, to guild his pockets: not an *Apple-woman* ſhall eſcape him, but he will reap ſome *Fruit* of her. In this promiſcuous *Rendez-vouz* of different people, he indifferently lays his baits for all, and if he tickle not a *Trout*, he will infallibly catch ſome *Gudgeon*.

His greateſt *Mart*, and longeſt of continuance, is *Epſom*, or *Tunbridge Wells*, where (blind-fold) he cannot miſs of *Miſſes* enough to miſlead, and of *Males* to unman for his profit. The firſt he picks up for his amorous *Diſciples*; both pay him *Cuſtom* for *Procuration*; he rarely uſes them himſelf, yet no *Woman hater*, but hates the Woman, that with her *Milk* will not give down her *Mony*. On the latter he exerciſes himſelf by diving into their humours, and that he may not be lookt upon as unſociable, he ſhews himſelf conformable unto them. He comes not there only to drink *Phyſical Waters*, but inflaming intoxicating Wine; not but that he drinks them too, for faſhion ſake, and to pick up company; and having delug'd their guts with that cold inſipid ſtuff, aud dung'd the neighbouring land with *yellow Marle*, vulgarly called *Excrement*; he tells them of that imminent danger of a *Quartan*, which attends them, if they warm not ſpeedily their chil'd, and benum'd body with a glaſs of wine, briskly going round.

They agree, and by a general conſent the glaſs doth freely paſs about, and none ſo ſeemingly free

to

to drink as Mr *Wheedle*, but by shifting his Wine, he keeps his head less annoy'd with fumes, whilst the others, inspired with extravagant fancies, betray their humours to his observation, and so become a prey to his Stratagems. The *Proverb* saith, *When the Wine is in, the Wit is out*, which they find next Morning by woful experience; having nothing left them, but their Ears standing. For when the blood is heated by the over-flowing wine, which the *Wheedle* observes by the face, or discourse, a game at Tables is then proposed; if that dislike, then *Cards* are produced; or for monies quick dispatch, *Box* and *Dice Nicks* infallibly.

For variety, a Game at *Nine-pins* must not be despised, wherein the *Wheedle* is so dexterous, and so skilful at it, that he will not fail once in five times to knock down a single pin, throwing the Bowl over an house, and, though on horse-back, tip down all Nine so certain, and so often, as to make the Loser swear; the *Wheedle hath put false Nine-pins on him.*

On

On Tunbridge-Wells.

At five this Morn, when Phœbus *rais'd his head,*
From Thetis *Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,*
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendez-vouz *of feign'd, or sickly* Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, *their* Wives *and* Daughters.
My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose *it was prescrib'd;*
But turning head, a sudden noisom view
(That Innocent provision outr-threw)
And without drinking, made me Puke and Spew.
Looking on t' other side a thing I saw,
Who (some men said) could handle Sword and Law.
It stalk't, it star'd, and up and down did strut,
And seem'd as furious, as a Stag at Rut.
As wise as Calf it look't, as big, as Bully,
But handled prov'd a meer Sir Nich'las Cully.
A Bawling Fop; *a* natural Noaks; *and yet,*
He dar'd to censure as if he had Wit.
In short, no malice need on him be thrown,
Nature has done the business of Lampoon,
And in his looks, his Character hath shown
Endeavouring this irksome sight to baulk,
And a more irksome noise his silly talk,
I silently slunk down to th' Lower Walk.
But often, when one would Charybdis *shun,*
Down upon Scylla *'tis ones fate to run:*
So here it was my cursed Fate to find
As great a Fop, though of another kind;

A tall

A tall ſtiff Fool, *who walkt in* Spaniſh-guiſe;
The Buckram Poppet *never ſtir'd its eyes,*
But grave as Owl *it lookt, as* Woodcock *wiſe.*
He ſcorn'd the empty talking of this Age,
And ſpoke all Proverb, Sentence, *and* Adage,
A man of Parts, and yet he can diſpenſe
With the formality of ſpeaking ſenſe.
From hence unto the upper end I ran,
Where a new Scene of foppery began,
Amongſt the ſerious, and Phanatick Elves:
(Fit Company for none, beſides themſelves.)
Aſſembled thus, each his Diſtemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Stranguery: *Some were ſo bold*
To charge the Spleen *to be their Miſery,*
And on the wiſe Diſeaſe *bring infamy.*
But none were half ſo Modeſt to complain,
Their want of Learning, Honeſty, *and* Brain,
The general Diſeaſes of that Train.
Theſe call themſelves Embaſſadors *of Heav'n,*
And ſaucily pretend Commiſſions *giv'n,*
But ſhould an Indian King, *whoſe ſmall command,*
Seldom extends above ten miles of Land,
Send forth ſuch wretched Fools *in an* Embaſſage,
He'd find but ſmall effects of ſuch a Meſſage.
Next after theſe a fooliſh whining Crew
Of Siſters *frail were offer'd to my view.*
The things did talk, but th' hearing what they ſaid,
I did my ſelf the kindneſs to evade.
Looking about, I ſaw ſome Gypſies *too,*
(Faith Brethren they can Cant as well as you.)
Amidſt the crowd, next I my ſelf convay'd,
For now were come (White-waſh, & paint being laid)
Mother *and* Daughters, Miſtreſs, *and the* Maid,
And Squire *with* Wigg *and* Pantaloons *diſplay'd,*
But ne're could Conventicle, Play *or* Fair
For a true Medley with this Herd compare.

Here

Here Squires, Ladies, (*and some say*) Countesses,
Chandlers, Egg-Bacon-Women, *and* Semstresses
Were mixt together, nor did they agree
More in their humours, than their quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, *young* Damsel *stood,*
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in hood.
The Would-be-wit, *whose business was to woo,*
With that remov'd, and solemn scrape of shoo
Advanceth bowing, then gentilely shrugs,
And ruffled Foretop into order Tugs.
And thus accosts her, Madam, methinks the weather
Is grown much more serene, since you came hither.
You influence the Heavn's, and should the Sun
With-draw himself to see his rays out-done,
Your brighter Eyes could then supply the Morn,
And make a Day, *before a* Day *be born.*
With mouth screw'd up, conceited winking eyes,
And breasts thrust forward, Lord, Sir, she replyes,
It is your goodness, and not my deserts,
Which makes you show this Learning, Wit, *and* Parts.
He Puzl'd, bites his nail, both to display
The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say.
And thus breaks forth afresh; Madam, I Gad,
Your luck at Cards last night was very bad.
At Cribidge fifty nine, and the next show
To make the Game, and yet to want those two.
Gad Damme, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my life I saw the like before.
Tir'd with this dismal stuff, away I ran
Where were two Wives with Girls just fit for Man,
Short Breath'd, with pallid Lips, and Visage wan.
Some Court'sies past, and the old Complement
Of being glad to see each other, spent,
With hand in hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the talk.
I pray (Good Madam) if it may be thought
No Rudeness, what cause was it hither brought

Your

Your Ladyship? She soon replying smil'd,
We have a good Estate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd these Wells *will make a barren*
Woman, as fruitful as a Coney-warren.
The first return'd, for this cause I am come,
For I can have no quietness at home:
My Husband grumbles, though we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son.
Is't so (quoth t' other) 'troth I pity then
Your Husband much, and all such sapless Men.
Poor foolish Fribbles, *who by subtlety*
Of Midwife *(truest Friend to Lechery)*
Perswaded are to be at pains and charge,
To give their Wives occasion to enlarge
Their silly heads; for here walk Cuff *and* Kick,
Who wait for Women, or lay wait to Nick.
From these the Waters *got the Reputation,*
Of good Assistants *unto Generation.*
Now warlike men were got into the throng,
With hair ty'd back, singing a Bawdy Song.
Not much afraid, I got a nearer view,
And 'twas my chance to know the dreadful Crew;
Who are (though gaudily they thus appear,
Damn'd to the stint of Thirty pound a year.
With Hawk *on fist, or* Greyhound *led in hand,*
The Dogs *and* Foot-boys *sometimes they command.*
And having trim'd a cast off Spavind-horse,
With three hard pincht for Guinnys *in the Purse,*
Two rusty Pistols, *Scarf about the Arse*
Coat *lin'd with* Red, *they here presume to swell;*
This goes for Captain, *that for* Colonel.
So the Bear-Garden-Ape *on his Steed mounted,*
No longer is a Jackanapes *accounted,*
But is by virtue of his Trumpery, then
Call'd by the Name of the Young Gentleman.
Bless me thought I, what thing is man that thus
In all his Shapes he is ridiculous?

Our ſelves with noiſe of Reaſon *we do pleaſe,*
In vain, Humanity *is our worſt diſeaſe.*
Thrice happy Beaſts *are, who becauſe they be*
Of Reaſon *void, are ſo of* Foppery.
Troth I was ſo aſham'd, that with remorſe,
I us'd the Inſolence *to mount my Horſe;*
For He *doing only things fit for his Nature,*
Did ſeem to me (by much) the Wiſer Creature.

Let us now take into conſideration the Paſſions that are oppoſite to the former, and firſt I ſhall begin with *Hatred*, unto which *Love* ſtands in oppoſition.

If the *Wheedle* were an univerſal good, he would love every particular good, and were he endued with all the perfections that are found in all men, he would find none that would contrary him; but he is unjuſt, becauſe he is poor, and his averſion takes its original from his Poverty. Hatred then, as it is a weakneſs in his Nature, ſo it is a proof of his indigence, and a Paſſion, which he cannot with Reaſon employ againſt any of his Fellow-Creatures, nor irritate, or provoke one againſt the other, for any ſelfiſh deſign.

Self-love is a conſiderable Propagator of this diſorder; for were he more regulate in his affections, he would be more moderate in his averſions, and not conſulting his own intereſts he would hate nothing, but what is truly odious; but he is ſo unjuſt, as to judge of things only by the credit he bears them, condemning them when they diſpleaſe, and approving them when they like; he would have them change qualities too, according to his ſeveral humours, that, like *Chamelions* they ſhould aſſume his Colours, and accommodate themſelves to his deſires; nay he would be (if it were poſſible) the Center of the World, and that

all

all Creatures ſhould have no other inclinations than what he poſſeſſeth. Whatſoever is moſt fair ſeems ugly to him, if it likes him not; the bright beams of Virtue dazle his eyes, becauſe that Virtue condemns his faults; and Truth becomes the object of his Hatred, becauſe ſhe cenſures his Lyings, Flatteries and abominations.

To conclude he loves none, but whom he may gain by, and hates all that any way impede, or obſtruct his crafty deſigns; yet he carries his hatred to all ſo cloſely, that Revenge ſhall be executed before any diſcovery can be made, and knows how to excuſe it too to the offended, and by throwing the fault on ſome other of his ſuppoſed Foes, obtains the benefit of a double Revenge. In ſhort he loves himſelf ſo well that he can be a real friend to none; and the beſt way to ſecure your ſelf from him, is to have no correſpondence with him; but if you needs muſt, let him never enter into a familiarity with you, and then like the *Adder*, loſing his forked Sting, his Love, and Hatred will be uſeleſs, and ineffectual:

The ſecond Paſſion is *Eſchewing* or *Shunning*, whoſe contrary is *Deſire*: Now ſince puniſhment is more ſenſible than vice, it is eſchewed with the greater care and fear, and there are few People who do not rather love to be faulty, than unfortunate. We run from an infected City in ſuch Droves, as if we were going to defend the Frontiers from ſome Forreign Invaſion, and a *Lord have mercy on us*, writ on a door, will make us go a mile about to ſhun the infection, and yet we draw near to all ſorts of bad and infectious Company, ſo long, till the *Lord knows what will become of us*. Peſtilential infections may work an alteration in our health, but evil Society will rob us of

our innocency. Good natures by compliance to company are frequently depraved, and though they have a natural love to good things, yet the *Wheedle* by contrary ſuggeſtions choaks thoſe honeſt deſires, for he never gets by *Virtue*; it is *Vice* that is the *Jackawl* which finds him out his ſuſtenance, and to this end he defends Vice, who to enlarge the Empire thereof, endeavours to make it appear lovely and glorious; but he hath a ſpecial care not to ſhow her by day-light, he hides her in dark and obſcure places, and none but complices are witneſſes of her beauty. Sometimes the *Wheedle* with his other Partakers, will raiſe her on a Throne, and uſe their utmoſt craft to win her Glory; they cover her with the Mantle of Virtue, and if ſhe have any thing of affinity with her Enemy, by changing Names, they make one paſs for the other; thus *Revenge* they call greatneſs of courage; *Incontinency*, Natures irreſiſtible commands, *&c.* and no wonder if the ignorant are deluded with theſe falſe Titles, when the beſt *Wits* ſuffer themſelves to be perſwaded, and led away by their looſe and lewd Reaſons.

In a word all that the *Wheedle* can act as to this Paſſion is to hinder men from loving Virtue, and to ſtop their deſires in ſeeking after her, and by his evil Counſel lead them a quite different way, teaching them to lay traps for Chaſtity; prompting them to pleaſure, exciting to Choler, and at laſt loſing all ſhame and fear, they give freedom to all their Paſſions, to their utter ruine and deſtruction.

The third Paſſion is *Deſpair*, many are the advantages which men make of *Hope*, buoying it up in others, for their own particular advantage: but as to the contrary Paſſion, *Deſpair*, I know not what uſe

uſe the *Wheedle* can make of it, unleſs it be to perſwade ſome of his Rich Relations to hang themſelves, as a Father, or an elder Brother, or a perverſe peeviſh Wife, whom he would have to quit the ſtage of the world, that another (whom he hath already unlawfully choſen) may act her part with him in her ſtead.

But now if we rightly conſider the nature of Deſpair, we ſhall find it doth as well prompt us to conſult our preſervation, as precipitate us into deſtruction; Let others, when threatned with ſome great diſaſter, or involved amongſt a thouſand intolerable Evils, lay violent hands on themſelves, this *Wheedle* will make another uſe of this Paſſion; for he prudently obſerves that as this Paſſion takes men off from the purſuit of a difficult good, which ſurpaſſeth their power, ſo are there a thouſand occaſions met withal in mans life, wherein ſhe may be advantagiouſly made uſe of, and there is no condition how great ſoever in this world, which needs not her aſſiſtance. For mens powers are limited, and the greater part of their deſigns are very difficult, or impoſſible; *Hope* and *Audacity* which animate them, have more of heat than Government; Led on by theſe blind *Guides* they would throw themſelves headlong into precipices, did not *Deſpair* withhold them, and by knowing their weakneſſes, divert them from their raſh enterprizes: *Hope* engageth us too eaſily in a danger, but then we muſt praiſe *Deſpair* which finds a means to free us from it.

Our *Wheedle* always implores the aſſiſtance of *Deſpair* before things are gone too far, and reduced to an extremity. If Princes took this courſe, and ſo meaſure their Forces before they undertake a War, they would not be enforced to make a diſhonourable peace. If they know their Forces

inferiour to those of their Enemies, whereby the advantage lyes not on their side, *Despair*, wisely managed, causeth them to retreat, and this Passion repairing the faults of *Hope* and *Audacity*, makes them keep their Souldiers till another time, when they may assuredly promise themselves the Victory; for Despair is more cautious than courageous, and aims more at the safety than glory of a Nation.

In short, these are the two Principal uses are to be made of this Passion. First, *Despair* in its birth is fearful, and hath no other design than to divert the Soul from the vain seeking after an impossible good; this is a great piece of prudence and policy, to keep aloof from a difficult good, which we think we cannot compass. Secondly, when the mischief is extream, and the danger is so great, as it cannot be evaded, then must we make a Virtue of necessity, and give Battail to an Enemy, which *Hope* it self durst not assail; it often plucks the Lawrel from the Conquerors head, and performs actions which may pass for Miracles.

The Fourth *Passion* to be considered is *Fear*, and thus regard it. Nature seems to have given us two Passions (*Hope* and *Fear*) for our Counsellours in the divers adventures of our Life; the first is without doubt more pleasing, but *Fear*, the second, is more faithful; *Hope* flatters, to deceive us; *Fear* frightens, to secure us. For Fear is natural wisdom, which frequently frees us from danger by making us apprehensive thereof; thence we grow shye, and affrighted with the evils she discovers; She studies not what is past, save only to know what is to come, and she governs the present time, only to assure her self of the future,

which

which draws along with it a prodigious train of adventures, which cause a thousand alterations in all sorts of men; so as futurity is the chief object of wisdom, which considers the other differences of time, only that she may the better judge of this. The time to come is as doubtful, as conceal'd, and therefore it behoves every man to look out sharply to foresee a danger approaching, and to avoid it; to discern a little Cloud, but a hands breadth, which brings a storm with it next akin to an *Hurricane*.

Much may be said of this prudent, and provident Passion, but I shall refer you to those, who have writ largely upon that subject, and pass to another sort of Fear, which some call Cowardise, of which the *Wheedle* must have a special care he seem not guilty, or tainted therewith: if he be, farewel all all plots, and crafty projects, for he will be the contempt of all men, and be like a Foot-ball kickt from Parish to Parish, till they have lost him.

To prevent this insufferable mischief, the *Wheedle* (though the rankest Coward living) must indeavour by all means imaginable to seem Stout and Couragious; he must look big, and his Speech must be conformable; he must continually make the Coward the subject of his raillery, and yet have a care of provoking the man that will fight: Amongst innocent harmless things he may *thunder* where he is, there is no danger or mischief will ensue, and *Lighten* the reckoning on them in conclusion; this way of huffing (with the dreadful appearance of a *Toledo* blade) hath made many a tame *Fop* go home without ever a penny in his pocket, well contented, and glad he came off so;

though they made him ſwallow ſo many falſe Dice, as had like to have choakt him, and not ſatisfied with this, gave him the *Box to Boot.*

The Policy of the Paſſions briefly ſum'd up.

SInce Men by Nature are addicted to Converſation, and one dependeth upon another, therefore it is a buſineſs of importance for a man to know how to ſecond or croſs other mens affections, how we may pleaſe, or diſpleaſe them; making them our Friends, or Enemies: but ſince the Subject is infinite, I will only ſet down ſome general Rules, whereby the *Wheedle* makes his advantage in all Societies whatever.

Firſt all men (commonly) are pleas'd with them, whom they ſee affected with thoſe Paſſions whereunto they are ſubject and inclined. The reaſon of this Rule is this; all likelineſs cauſeth love; it follows therefore, that he who would advantagiouſly pleaſe muſt apparel himſelf with the affections of them he converſeth withal; love, where they love, and hate, where they hate, no matter whether real or pretended; ſoothing of other mens humours (ſo that it be not diſcovered to be Flattery) is the path that leads men into an univerſal friendſhip, and how advantagious a general friendſhip is, I will leave it to any one to judge; out of this Rule may be deduced this.

Second, which ought no leſs to be obſerved in con-

converſation than the former; that men uſually hate thoſe, who they know to be of contrary Paſſions; hence comes that Proverb, *He that hateth whom I love, how can he love me?* Fire and Fire may, but Fire and Water will never agree.

Thirdly credulity muſt be avoided, having danger continually for its attendant, and yet there muſt be a ſeeming belief; as we muſt not believe every thing, ſo we muſt have a care of believing nothing that is ſaid; there is a mediocrity to be obſerved, you may hear and ſay (in a thing that is very doubtful) *it may be ſo*, but never conclude any thing *to be ſo*, till you have evident demonſtrations thereof before your eyes; a crafty propoſal (well backt) may make a man believe things contrary to ſenſe, and reaſon; wherefore it behoves every man to ſtand upon his guard, when an overture of advantage is made: every man is for himſelf, and he that hath attain'd to the greateſt height in the *Art of Perſwaſion*, is capable of *Out-Wheedling* all the reſt.

Fourthly, Let judgment be ſuſpended where a queſtion is demanded, or evaded, and put off upon ſome other, by whoſe arguments you may find his weakneſs, and means to ſtrengthen your own.

Fifthly, There is no oppoſing any vehement Paſſion by reprehenſion, or indignation; the *Wheedle* alwaies complies with it, or ſays nothing, or wiſely withdraws the matter of anger out of ſight.

Sixthly, No man ought to be employ'd to any Office, nor put upon any deſign, act, or exerciſe contrary to his humour, paſſion, and inclination. This obſervation very much concerns all ſorts of Perſons, in all Profeſſions, and Occupations; Maſters in the employment of Servants; Parents in the education of their Children; School-Maſters

in the inſtruction of their Scholars; *Vide Examen d' los Ingenios*; *the Trial of Wits*, rendred out of the *Spaniſh* into the *Engliſh Tongue* by an Ingenious hand. *&c.* and every one knows a Play muſt be rightly caſt, or it cannot be ſo well acted, as to Merit an Applauſe.

Seventhly, and this Rule hath a reſpect to great Perſons, who ſeldom reſiſt their Paſſions, therefore if a man once underſtand their inordinate affections, he may be very well aſſured to have gained much ground in prevailing with them. Whoſoever then intends to work upon ſuch a perſon addicted to this, or that affection, to win upon him, he muſt foſter up ſuch fancies in him; if delighted in Muſick, he muſt furniſh him with Voices, or Inſtruments; if Venereally inclined, Pimp for him, and proſtitute his Wife, rather than loſe an opportunity for preferment; if he delights in riding, he muſt play the Jockey, and ſhow him Horſes well ſhaped, *far Fetcht*, *and dear Bought*; if in hunting, he muſt procure him Dogs; If he diſeſteems his own Countrey-breed, he muſt preſent to his view ſuch as are really ſo, yet muſt ſwear that they were ſtoln from ſeveral Noblemen in *France*, brought hither with great labour and expence, and for no other intent, than his Recreation. If his deligh conſiſt in Books, he muſt bring him the *Annual Catalogues* of *Frankfort Mart*, or what are printed elſewhere, that out of them all, he may pick what is moſt agreeable to his ſtudy; and if he have ſo much ingenie to play the part of a cunning *Bookſeller*, he may recommend waſt paper for commendable pieces, and with a ittle prejudice to the Buyers time, he ſhall not only have the large thanks of the Seller, for vending his bad commodities, but reap ſome more ſubſtantial benefit to himſelf.

To

To these general Rules let me add these cautions, which ought to be imprinted in all mens memories.

Before the *Ingenious*, and *Judicious*, beware of showing either *Extravagancy* or *Stupidity*.

Before the *Wise*, or *Considerate*, seem not *Heedless* or *Sottish*.

Before the *Prudent*, and well advised, seem neither *Simple* nor *Crafty*.

Before the *Diligent*, be neither *Slothful*, nor *over-hasty*.

Before *Just* and *Honest* men, be not *Mischievous*.

Before the *Modest*, be not *Bold*, or *Impudent*.

Before the *Temperate*, be not *Immoderate*.

Before the *Religious*, be not *Profain*, or *Impious*.

Before the *Faithful*, and the down-right man, avoid *Flattery*.

Before the *Affable*, and the *Civil*, show no *Rusticity*.

Before the *Continent*, be not *Petulant*.

Before the *Liberal* be not *Avaritious*, or *Covetous*.

Before the *Compassionate*, show no symptoms of *Cruelty*.

Before the *Frugal*, be not *Prodigal*.

Before the *Moderate*, be not *Voluptuous*.

Before the *Humble*, or *Ambitious*, be not *Proud*, or *Lofty*.

Before the *Magnanimous*, be not *Presumptuous*, or *Pusillanimous*.

Before the *Cheerful*, be not *Sowr*, or *Austere*.

Before the *Serious*, play not the *Mimick*, or *Buffoon*.

Some Centuries of such like Sentences might be here inserted, which I must omit for brevity sake, being so numerous, hastning to the discovery;

ry of the practices of the ſeveral *Wheedles* of the times, according to each Sex and Profeſſion; but before I enter upon it, I ſhall conclude the preceding Theory with a ſhort account of *Converſation.*

CHAP. XII.

Of Acquaintance and Converſation.

SOciety is that which is coveted, and deſired by all Creatures, nothing in the Creation is averſe to it, but the Melancholick; the malignity of whoſe humour, and ſolitary inclination renders him unfit to live, being ſo incongruous to the ſociable Inhabitants of the Univerſe, rather than be abſolutely alone. *Ovid* ſaid it was ſomething to live with ſharp, and cruel winds.

Scilicet eſt aliquid, cum Sævis vivere ventis.

But how dangerous a thing it is to venture into a general acquaintance, every one knows that hath been accounted a Company-keeper. It is not the Multitude of Acquaintance, but the goodneſs thereof ſhould be coveted, and it is impoſſible but he muſt be ſoil'd with Vice, who runs into all Companies: this was it which made *Seneca* thus complain; *Avarior redeo, ambitioſior, imo crudelior, & inhumanior quia inter homines fui.*

But what cares our *Wheedle* with whom he aſſociates; they cannot be worſe than himſelf, he cares not what their Vices are, ſo that he can extract the beſt benefit from them; and the larger his acquaintance is, the better for him; having

more

more variety of ſubjects to work upon, and his comfort is, he cannot want them, ſince there is nothing eaſier than to create them; for to be once in Company does it, and this ſhall be reaſon ſufficient for him, if he meet the Perſon ſome years after, to ſhake him by the hand, and with a counterfeit countenance of joy embracing him, invite him to the Tavern, where ten to one he makes him pay the reckoning, for this unexpected ſalutation: if he will be borrowing money of him, there is no better way for that perſon that would be rid of him, than to lend him ſome; for, this ſhall keep him at a greater diſtance with his Creditor, than if his conſtant Companions were *Pox*, *Peſtilential Bubo's*, and a thouſand *Carbuncles*: not but that he will borrow money ſometimes for no other end, than to pay it exactly according to time prefixt, that by his honeſt punctuality he may have a better opportunity of borrowing a greater Sum, of which he never intends to pay a farthing.

Acquaintance is the firſt draught of thoſe, whom he deſigns to make his friends, and lays them down often before him, as the foul Copy before he can write perfect and true; from hence, as from a Probation, he takes his degree in Mens reſpects, till at laſt he wholly poſſeſs them: by theſe means he impropriates, and encloſes to himſelf, what before lay in common to others. The ordinary uſe of acquaintance is but ſomewhat a more boldneſs in Society, a Co-partnerſhip in diſcourſe, *News*, *Mirth*, *Meat*, and *Recreation*; but our *Wheedle* makes a further advantage by making all theſe ſubſervient to ſome deſign, according to the nature of them. For, as to diſcourſe, the gingling words of others don't delight him ſo much as their giddy brains; and no talk ſo plea-

ſant,

ſant, as that which detects the intrigues of other men; he is then all Ear, and if he ſpeak, it is but to provoke others to talk on, for further diſcovery: if he talk himſelf, it is with ſubmiſſion to the company, and concludes that condeſcenſion with *Your faithful friend, and Servant*; and being gone, never thinks of any of them, but when he muſt uſe them, or ſtands in need of their aſſiſtance. Next as to News, he finds it more beneficial to him, than an *Office of Intelligence* to others, and picks thence more beneficial matter, than if he had pickt up in the Street, *Rings, Watches*, &c. ſo often mentioned in the *Gazette* to have been caſually dropt, and loſt: as to *meat, drink, mirth* and *recreation*, he makes them not only ſatisfie Nature, and pleaſe the Senſes, but he makes them alſo inſtrumental in cloathing the body, and that not meanly, as occaſion ſhall require; and this is a thing ſo eaſily to be done, that in this caſe, I judg it needleſs to demonſtrate it in what manner.

Friendſhip, like Children, is engendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together; wherefore when the *Wheedle* intends an invaſion on the Secrets of other mens hearts, he firſt diſcovers ſome of his own (of no great conſequence) with a thouſand injunctions, and engagements not to diſcover the leaſt tittle thereof to any ſoul living; by this he engages the other to a bold diſcovery of his own Faults, Paſſions, and Vicious Inclinations, his fear, ſhame, and, it may be, ſomething that may tend to the ruin of the Relator; if it be diſcovered, which the *Wheedle* vows ſhall never be ſo done by him till death, nor then neither; yet, for this unadviſed folly he will be ſure to make him his ſlave all the days of his life, and fear ſhall ſo ſhackle him, that he muſt neither diſpleaſe, nor deny him any thing

that

that lyes within the Verge of his Eſtates ability. A Secret, when diſcover'd, no longer is our own, but his, that hears it, and is no longer his than there is a compliance with the humour of that Perſon: at length being proſtituted by tw many owners, it becomes the ſhame, and infamy of the firſt imprudent Guardian.

Much more might be ſaid of Acquaintance, the ſubject being very large; now to avoid prolixity, I ſhall skip from this, and fall upon the next branch of this Chapter. *viz.* Converſation, which renders men ſociable, and makes up the greateſt commerce of our lives, and therefore we cannot take too much care to render our diſcourſe pleaſing and profitable.

It is not my intent to diſcover the means conducible to make every man (*juſtly*) ſucceſsful in converſation, but I will only declare (as briefly, as I may) what courſe the *Wheedle* undertakes to make his deſigns hit, according to the nature of thoſe Perſons with whom he hath converſe. He hath (or ought to have) a Memory inricht with variety of matter, in conjunction with ſuch a Judgment, that may both regulate his ſpeech, and engage him to view with circumſpection what he is obliged to obſerve: for Example ſake; would it not be ridiculous inſtead of amorous courtſhip to entertain a young Lady with School-boy queſtions, as *What is Latin for a Dripping-pan*, and *Greek for a pair of Tongs*? or to talk of nothing for an hour together to a *Quaker*, but what rare ſport there was the other day at the *Bear-Garden*; or, to tell him what excellent Scenes there are in *Machbeth*, and the late rectified inimitable *Tempeſt*, or *Pſyche* in Pageantry? Things as incongruous to ſome Company I have ſeen brought in by head and ſhoulders in diſcourſe;

but

but the *Wheedle* taking notice what great offence it gave, and how tedious, and intolerable ſuch talk was to thoſe whoſe humours were at enmity with ſuch Converſation, keeps aloof from this dangerous way of ſpeaking, and takes a courſe not to diſpleaſe, by talking well upon that ſubject he underſtands, and likewiſe by taking ſpecial notice of the Time, and Place wherein he doth diſcourſe, and in that, as all men ought to have a regard to Truth, he does not, yet loves it well in others: he holds this as one principal *Article* in his *Creed, that none can thrive apace, and proſper without a continual diſſimulation, and profeſſion of never ſpeaking his thoughts aright*; ſo far he may be excuſed, that if he is about ſome good Employ, or ſome advantagious deſign by Bargain or Sale, *&c.* I hold it not requiſite, nay ridiculous, if he proclaim his pretentions, or diſcover the means he intends to uſe for advantage; for ſhould he be ſo indiſcreet, he would then give light to others to anticipate, and prejudice his projections. A prudent diſſimulation is allowable, eſpecially of ſome dangerous truth, when the effects of it will be only an unſeaſonable exaſperation, and perhaps draw upon our ſelves, *Envy*, *Hate*, or *Contempt*. It is the continual lying and diſſimulation that muſt be condemn'd, and hated, if for no other Reaſon, than that in proceſs of time no man will believe its conſtant Practiſer; for though he careſs well, promiſe much, be civil, and obliging; yet, by his frequent lying, he will at length be found out; then will all his actions be narrowly ſcan'd, and by them found to be as an *Hireling* in a *Play-houſe, who ſays what he thinks not*; whoſe only care is to acquit himſelf well of that part, he hath undertaken to Act, knowing he ſhall not (when the Play is ended) go without his Reward, with future encouragement.

As

As he can in other diſcourſe lye, reſerve, and equivocate for his own benefit, ſo by the help of Nature, and his own Labours, he hath treaſured up in his Memory, a great number of choice things which make him reſtitution, when he hath occaſion to make uſe of them, which is a great and neceſſary ſuccour to him when he intends to delight, and win upon the company by his Railery, which by its deſigned delicacy and fineneſs, heightens converſation when it is flagging, and infinitely obliges in Society. When he jeſts himſelf, he ſpeaks ſo indifferently, and is ſo ſeemingly unconcern'd, that one would think he underſtood not what he ſaid; but this is his cunning, that thereby he may the more pleaſingly ſurprize, and by his ſilence make room for others laughter; but when others jeſt, there ſhall be nothing wanting in his face which may not expreſs a more than common ſatisfaction. He ſtudies *Jokes*, *Repartees*, *&c.* to no other end than to pleaſe in Converſation; for, nothing contributes more to delightful diverſion, than returns which are facetiouſly ſurprizing; wherefore he takes ſpecial care to muzzle all his biting jeſts, and never lets them ſhow their Teeth, till he is too Satyrically overwitted, and then, to the reſcue of his reputation, he freely lets them run without conſtraint.

Sometimes the *Wheedle* (perſwaded by his good cloaths, and puſht forward by his confidence) gets admittance into the Society of ſuch as are much above him, where if he hear any vain effeminate, and impertinent perſon, eagerly diſcourſing the conduct of ſome amorous Female Conqueſts, as the Wife of Mr. *Fribble*, my *Ladies Woman*, or an *Actoreſs*, I ſay, if it be his chance, or deſign, that caſt him into that Company, he will give all attention imaginable, and with as much

much aſtoniſhment, as at the deſcription of ſome bloody Siege, if in the Relation, the Amoriſt borrows Metaphors from War to illuſtrate the Infamy of that Victory.

To pleaſe this *Lump of Brutality* the more by his words and behaviour, he makes him believe, that in ſuch an adventure he ought to eſteem himſelf the happieſt of Lovers, by magnifying his Victory, not depending on Chance, or the weakneſs of the Sex vanquiſht; but to his irreſiſtible Perſon, Wit, and Eloquence, adding other commendations which may make his Maſculine Vigour and Courage look big in his own Eye, ſo that he may believe himſelf to be in no capacity of fear for any Competitor, and an abſolute Conquerour when e'er he intends to attaque any *Maiden Fortreſs*, or well fortified *Old Garriſon*.

Having poſſeſt him with ſo good an Opinion of his own excellencies in general, he then ſingles him out, and for further proof of his prodigious Valour, whiſpers him in the Ear, where lies the perfect pattern of all Beauty, and its concomitants, inſinuating with all the greatneſs of her Virtue and ſevere Continence; that this admired piece deſerves his Tryal, having tyred all her Aſſailants by the long continued Siege, and none could ever yet make a breach in her Walls; that if he could (*coming laſt*) ſtorm, or enter this Cittadel by a voluntary ſurrender, he might then conclude the total conqueſts of all other *Worlds of Women*, and ſit down at length with *Alexander*, and weep there are no more to conquer.

The Gallant thus *prickt* on, and animated to make this bold attempt, is impatient, till he enter the Liſts; the *Wheedle* ſhows him then where this *Inchanted Caſtle* lies: what *Avenues* there are to it; what ineſtimable *Treaſures* it contains; how guarded

ded and defended by two mighty *Gyants*, *Chastity* and *Temperance*; two *Angels*, her constant *Centinels*; how deeply *Moated* and *Intrenched*; two *Ivory Pillars* standing at the *Entrance* of the *Gate*, &c. all these do rather encourage than dishearten the bold *Knight*, who without any help (nay, not so much as his *Squires*) boldly makes an *Onset*, and in the attempt, surprizeth the *Centinels*, destroys the *Gyants*, dams up the *Moat*, enters the *Trenches*, and with his single hand makes himself *Commander* of the place, but endeavouring to find out where the *Treasure* lay hid, was blown up by a *Mine* of *White-Gun-Powder*, which though it made no Report, yet did Execution to his great dammage and dishonour.

But to return to our purpose; let the *VVheedle* be where he will, and in what company soever, he is very cautious how he speaks to the disadvantage of another, but to the advantage; and though some impute this way of speaking to flattery, since it is advantagious, he holds it excusable; thus some are of opinion, *That if a lye bring dammage to none, and is of profit to some, it may be dispenced with, if the nature of the Subject forbid it not.*

Superiours, and those from whom he expects some kindness, he seldom or never contradicts, fearing to offend, and so lose them; and the truth of it is, contradictions are seldom grateful and acceptable to any. The opinions of others, though in themselves very extravagant, he glibly swallows as approved Maxims in appearance, and the little follies, indiscretions and levities, which are committed in his company, he is so far from reproving, that he reproves himself thereby, by approving seemingly of them, and by considering wherein they may be profitable to him, whether

ther for the preſent entertainment, or future accompliſhment of any other deſign.

There is no remedy, but that there muſt be ſome indulgence to flattery, but not in all its kinds: for great flatteries ſometimes ſucceed worſe, than if there were uſed none at all; becauſe, he who is ſo flatter'd, is apt to enter into an opinion, that there is an intention of deceiving.

To ſum up all, as well *Princes*, as other men are compoſed of the four Humours, and are thereby inclined in their Affections, according to the degree of the Humour, which is moſt predominant in them, regarding their change by *Age*, *Affairs*, and *Converſation*; ſo the manner of the *VVheedles* procedure changeth too, and anſwers the inclinations of both Sexes, which are various, and almoſt infinite. To the *Voluptuous*, he is a *Pimp*, to ſerve his pleaſures; with the *Drunkard* he will drink, ſo that he may advance himſelf thereby, as a mean *Scab* was prefer'd before many Noblemen of *Rome* to the *Queſture*, becauſe he had pledg'd *Tiberius* a whole *Amphora* of Wine; with the ſalacious *Nero*, he will be *Tigilinus*; or a *Petronius* to be *Arbiter* of the elegance of his Luxury. I need not produce more inſtances how he inſinuates into all humours, but conclude, that he, who will (like the *VVheedle*) gain the favour of all men, and make advantages of them in all reſpects, muſt comply with, or ſecond their Inclinations and Paſſions.

Give me leave to add ſome few Obſervations concerning the Age, and Fortune of Men, and I ſhall conclude the Theorical part of the *Art of VVheedling*.

He that intends to be skilful in this *Art*, muſt well obſerve the exterior conditions of Perſons, which

which are ſubſervient to the judging of the interior, and whence they proceed, *viz.* from *Age*, or from their *Fortune*; the *Age* of Man, in which the difference of manners are principally to be obſerved, are *Youth*, *Man-hood*, and *Old Age*.

The *Young Man* is ſoon led away, ready to execute his deſires, ardent in the proſecution, and not eaſily ſatisfied in the enjoyment of Pleaſures Inconſtant, ſoon Cholerick, Profuſe, or Prodigal, as having never tryed the want of money, *Having never had the Black Ox tread on his Toe*, he is ſimple, for want of *Obſervation* and *Experience*, which were enough to lay him too open to the ſubtlety of the ſelfiſh Inſinuator, if the foregoing qualities were left out.

Moreover young men having never been deceived, nor cheated any way by the *VVheedling Crafts-Maſters* of the Town, knows not what it means, and being puft up with Hope, they promiſe to themſelves Mountains, and are buoyed up by the fair promiſing pretences of theſe *Townſhifts*, till they have an opportunity to effect their ends. Theſe young mens hopes are great, and being Cholerick to boot, they readily enterpriſe any thing, and the hopes they have of effecting what they propoſe to themſelves, makes them afraid of nothing, and do eaſily enter into a confidence of themſelves and others: *Danger is never nearer than when ſecurity lies at the door*: and following rather ſplendid Vanities, than what is profitable, they either by the ſubtle inſtigations of the *VVheedle*, diſable their Flight, by ſinging their wings at the flame of a (*glittering*) Candle, or being ſuffocated with Sweets, lie Buried in a Hony-pot.

Love and *Friendſhip* is more ſtrong in youth than any other Age, and both of them (without great

great caution) prove equally deſtructive.

Old men are of a quite different humour; for by their long aboad in the world, and converſe with men of divers ſorts, they have been frequently cheated and deceived, and therefore are ſuſpicious and diſtruſtful; the effects of that fear which freezes their hearts, and the experience they have of the infidelity of men, makes them love none, and are jealous of all; wherefore the premiſes conſidered, I know not what advantages can be made of him (if he be covetous too, which is natural to all aged people) unleſs, like the *Hog*, after deceaſe to feed his *Relations*, whom in his life time he half *ſtarved* by his *boundleſs Avarice*.

From theſe two Extremities it is eaſie to deſcribe the Age of Manhood, who is at an equal diſtance from the preſumption of the Young, and timerouſneſs of the Ancient; and if there be adjoyn'd unto it all the advantages which are ſeparate from young and old Age, and the defects and exceſſes of Ages more moderate, ſo that Age becomes leſs lyable to the prejudices the *Wheedle* doth deſign againſt it.

From the Ages of man I ſhould proceed to their different Fortunes and conditions, but that is a work I deſign for the following Section, where I ſhall endeavour to give you a faithful account of ſeveral private, and publick Practicers of this myſterious *Art* and *Science*.

Protens

Proteus Redivivus,

OR THE

SECOND PART

Of the ART of

WHEEDLING.

Containing a true Account of ſeveral private and publick Practicers of this Myſterious Science.

CHAP. I.

Of the variety of Wheedles or Inſinuators.

FRom the ſignification of the word *VVheedle*, which (as I have already ſaid) imports a crafty Inſinuation into the affections of one another, by conſulting, and ſtudying the Tempe-

raments,

peraments, Inclinations, and Paſſions of each other, whereby he that can beſt comply and ſuit with them, reaps the moſt certain advantage to himſelf, if alſo he takes his meaſure from their ſeveral Ages, and Profeſſions; I ſay, from this Interpretation of the word *VVheedle.* we may be bold to ſay, that there are as many ſeveral *VVheedles* as there are Profeſſions and Occupations amongſt both Sexes, which are weaker or ſtronger, leſs happy or more ſucceſsful in the conduct of their projects and contrivances, according to the Sex, Age, and ſubtle Ingenuity that governs them.

It is impoſſible for me to enumerate the hundred thouſand part of all thoſe crafty ways, and ſtratagems Men and Women uſe to bring about their own deſigns; nay Children muſt not be exempted out of their number, ſince they no ſooner begin to prattle and run about, but they ſtudy their little plots, and uſe their fallacies to delude their School-fellows of their *play things*; and being abuſed, find out ways for ſatisfaction and revenge; nay, in this tender Age, they will adventure to ſet upon *Father*, *Mother*, *Uncle*, *Aunt*, or any whom they know do love them, and having dexterouſly, and ingeniouſly cheated, or perſwaded them out of what they had a mind to have, go away rejoycing in their childiſh conqueſts, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of their too indulgent Relations, to ſee their young kindred ſo forward to live in the World by *VVit*, *Circumvention*, *Inſin[illegible]tion*, &c.

As all *VVheedles* whatever muſt, if they intend to thrive by it, ſtudy the nature of men, and know their Inclinations and Paſſions by Converſation, ſo from the very breaſt the Infant begins to tread in thoſe ſteps by ſtudying the Mothers diſpoſition, and as he grows more intelligible, he exa-

mins

mins his Fathers; if the child have any promiſing natural parts he will ſoon ſhow them, by diſcovering his knowledge of the Father and Mothers humour, what will pleaſe, what diſpleaſe; how to abſcond his juvenile errors from their ſight, and be acting ſtill before them, what he finds they moſt delight in; and every day produceth ſome little invention which more and more rivets him in their affections, till by his continued pleaſing Inſinuation, from rewards getting into their hearts, he at laſt takes poſſeſſion of their whole Eſtate. It is not ſo much natural affection, as ſubtle inſinuation that moſt commonly ſo engageth the hearts of Parents towards their Children; do not we daily ſee that (like *Jacob* and *Eſau*) brethren rob one another of their birthright only by their deportment: Elder Brothers have been diſinherited for not complying with the inſufferable humours of a croſs Father, whilſt the colloguing younger Son hath run away with all; how often have we obſerved a *VVitty VVanton*, whom natural heat has prompted to play at *Leap-Frog* with her cold Phlegmatick *Elder Siſter*, nimbly skipping over her head into the *Marriage-Bed*, and has carried with her ſuch a round ſum of Money, that the other Daughters have been forced to wait patiently for a Husband, till that hole the younger made in the Fathers Eſtate he fild up again. I might give you an hundred inſtances of the like nature, which for brevity ſake I ſhall omit.

If we look into the City, and number the ſeveral Trades and Profeſſions contain'd therein, we ſhall find, that as we know not how to manage any one Trade (ſcarcely) to which we ſerved no time to learn that *Art* or *Myſtery*; ſo, did we know and underſtand their manual operations, yet we

ſhould never underſtand every mans particular *VVheedling-way* in procuring Cuſtomers at firſt by ſeveral indirect courſes from Maſter, Neighbours, nay from his neareſt Relations, and by what ſubtle means he binds his Chapmen to him not to be taken from him. If his commodity be good, he knows it needs none of his applauſe, for it will praiſe its ſelf, in this caſe he ſtudies only how to ſtretch the price according to the largneſs of his conſcience by ſolemnly, proteſting (though he know it to be a groſs lye) that there is not the like commodity in the three Kingdoms, and that it coſt him ſo much, though he might have well afforded it for one third leſs, and been notwithſtanding a ſufficient Gainer. Sometimes it may happen that he hath lying by him a parcel of bad Commodities, and cannot vend them, though aſſiſted by his Wives bewitching Countenance, and inſinuating Rhetorick, yet he hath ſeveral other ways to put them off, as by Truck or Truſting thoſe who have not money to lay down.

If he have but a ſmall ſtock, yet ingenious and induſtrious; 'tis pleaſant to obſerve how he gets credit at firſt; how he keeps it when thus gotten; how he ſupports it when tottering; and finally how many tricks he hath to ſecure ſomething after *Cracking*. Now ſince we cannot give an account of all, yet we will lay open as many as come within the verge of our knowledge, diſcovered by a ſevere and ſtrickt indagation: in order thereunto we will begin with the moſt general *Wheedle* called the *Town-ſhift*.

CHAP. II.

The Gentile Town-ſhift.

THE *Town-Gallant*, as ſome too gloriouſly would have him cald, but *Town-ſhift* is his proper Name, as he changeth his Lodgings often, ſo he goes by divers names of his own invention, beſides thoſe which his actions beſtow on him; and though thoſe names ſeem to belong to ſeveral Perſons of different Profeſſions, yet in the winding up, we ſhall find, that there is but one ſoul in one b dy, which animates it in divers actions.

This *Town-ſhift* is ſometimes called *Wheedle*, *Bully*, *Huff*, *Rook*, *Pad*, *Pimponio*, *Guarde-lupanie*, *Philo-Putciniſt*, *Ruffin Shabbaroon*, *Subtler*, with many more I cannot well remember, which titles diſtinguiſh the diverſity of his employs, which he faſhions himſelf to, according to the opportunity offer'd him to make uſe there f.

There are two ſorts of them eminently taken n tice of in this City; whoſe original extraction are as different in Splendor, as the two *Poles*, cr *Zenith*, and *Nadir* are diſtant, and remote each from the other.

The one is a younger Brother, and him I call the Gentile *Town-ſhift*, whom his Father dealt withal, as *Pharaoh* with the Children of *Iſrael*, that expected they ſhould make brick, and gave them no ſtraw; ſo he makes him live at h me as a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it; he hates with the *Iriſh-man*, that his Son ſhould be a Tradeſman, for fear of murdering his

gentility, and yet never thinks, that after his deceaſe the Gentleman muſt be converted into a Serving-man, and it is well if it be no worſe; ſo that the Pride of his houſe hath und ne him.

What w uld you have this poor Bentleman do; the Father being dead, his Crothers (ld ſuits and he are much alike in requeſt, and caſt off both together with a little m ney in his p cket, that the ſight and memory of him, and his Father, may periſh together.

To *London* he comes, (and having ſpent or been bubbled out of all was given him, for want of the knowledge of the Humours of the Town, if he eſcape the Road, or do not thr ugh Poverty fling himſelf upon ſome deſperate quarrel, for no other end than to dye honourably, to prevent his living miſerably. I ſay then F rtune may be ſo kind as to puſh him into the Acquaintance of ſome young Gentleman that is reſolved to ſpend ſome years in Travel, with whom he firſt goes into *France*, where he firſt labours to learn the Language of theſe *inconſtant Times*, their *Alamode Shrugs*, Cringes, and ridiculouſly Antick faſhions) I ſay, coming thither, his Birth and bringing up will not ſuffer him t deſcend to the means to get wealth, and ſo is forced to ſtand to the Mercy of the World; but Nature foreſeeing what into extremities the imprudence and improvidence of his Father muſt reduce him, Compaſſion furniſht him with a greater ſtock of Wit than his Brother, having no other Revenue to ſubſiſt up n.

Having gain'd a general Experience by Obſervation in Company with men, and ſoft Converſation of the ſmooth and milder Sex both abr ad and at home, (n t without ſeveral brisk ran-counters with the *Jacobin* and *Holbornian Furioſo*'s, he then ſets up for himſelf, and makes all the *Places* of

of publick reſort, in or about the City, his *Exchange*, leaving his other Brother *Wheedles* of meaner, or Dung-hil extraction to act by themſelves apart; who acc rding to the baſeneſs of their birth and breeding, perpetrate vild and unworthy things, and if by chance any of them have the courage to mount (*comme les Gens des Armes*) and dare boldly bid a man ſtand, it is not long before either their own imprudence, or the treachery of their Aſſociates pulls off their *Vizard Mask*, by which they are diſcover'd to *Juſtice*, and ſo their bl oming extravagancies make their untimely *Exits* at *Tyborn*.

As others trim up their ſhops by ornaments of paint and other things, ſo he fur'biſheth his body after travel with a Suit *Alamode*; if he hath not money, the firſt Tryal of his wit is, by procuring them ſome other way, either by a Letter to this Perſon of Quality, or to the other (for we muſt allow him the knowledge of Perſons of worth by reaſon of his gentile family) in which miſſives muſt be repreſented, *the meaneſs of his condition, occaſioned by Travel; and the unkindneſs of relations; that he is aſhamed to be ſeen till better garb'd, &c.* If this produce no good effects, a *Poetical Panegyrick* on ſ me proud Lady, or conceited Gentlewoman may d , it, with a whiſper in the ear by the Meſſenger; *that the Author would have preſented them with his own hands, but that newly coming from ſome foreign Country, and not furni hed with habiliments proper for a viſit to a perſon of ſo much worth, he muſt be patient till he hear out of the Countrey*; if this will not do, the poor Gentleman hath hard fortune, and muſt apply himſelf to his wonted, and laſt r fuge, his unconſcionable Taylor, who with a ſhrug, where it doth not bite, and ſome feigned ſcruples, he becomes ſo good natur'd, as to compaſ-

ſionate the Gentleman, by making him a ſuit for Twenty pound which might have been bought for Seven with ready money.

The firſt thing he does, is to wind himſelf into the Society of men, eminent for their dignity, ane fortune, and hath learn'd, that nothing gains upon them more than Complaiſance, and reſpect, which they take the more kindly and cordially from him, as knowing or hearing that he is well born, and better educated; better I ſay, for birth without breeding is not much to be valued, and an extraordinary breeding (though meanly born is to be prefer'd before ſome eminent births that have little or no good Education.

Towards theſe he behaves himſelf with all humility and ſubmiſſion, and in his words and actions expreſſeth nothing more than reverence, knowing, there is nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſom addreſs with graceful Language, nay, his manner of behaviour is not only full of humility and ſubmiſſion, but of ſuch a degree, as therein he abaſeth himſelf very much; no matter ſo that this his lowly deportment raiſe him high in their eſteems, and finally, by their own means at firſt, be placed little inferiour to themſelves.

In all his actions and motions he is ſo careful (whether walking, ſtanding, eating, or ſitting) to cloath them with ſuch a mean and grace, as may evince, that he not only reverenceth his Superiours, but adores them. This he hath learn'd as a Maxim, *That no man ever miſcarried through exceſs of reſpect, nor was diſgraced for retaining a conſtant and proportionate ſenſe of the quality or merit of his Superiour:* Not but that he knows how to be intimate enough with ſome, though of an honourable quality, but then he knows their humours,

mours, with whom he uſeth this familiarity, who will commend, rather than condemn his blunt freedom, and recompence his boldneſs.

His general practice is to proportion his reſpects according to the quality, and Wealth of thoſe to whom he doth addreſs them, by which means he often times gets into ſome good employ under them, or if there be no vacancy, they give him a turn over to ſome other perſon in Authority by a Letter recommendatory, and that may prove every whit as profitable; if he aims not that way, yet, by theſe gentile deportments and ſubmiſſions, he may ſo far ingratiate himſelf with the whole Family, that he may have his admiſſion when he deſires it, either publickly or privately, and having Madam and her Womans good Opinion and Eſtimation, I know not what may be ſecured in the whole houſe from his handling, and to make them amends at laſt for all their favours, it may be ſteals the *Heireſs*, orſome *Neice* belonging to that he Family.

This laſt inſtance (before I was aware) runs me upon the gentile *Town-ſhifts* converſation with Gentlewomen, who by his frequent attendance on Ladies, and Perſons of Quality, hath acquired that air of the World, and that politeneſs which no Lecture, from the beſt Maſter of Gentileneſs could give him.

In his diſcourſe with that tender-hearted merciful Sex, he avoids all rough, and briſtly language of War, and is not guilty of the incorrigible folly of ſome, whoſe head being full of *Fire*, and *Sword*, *Aſſaults*, and *Batteries*, ſpeak of nothing but *Sieges*, or *Sea-fights*; *what a great ſlaughter of men there was at the taking of* Maeſtricht; *how the Turks in one City did put* 10000 *Souls, Men, Women, and Children to the Sword*; *or how in*

the laſt Engagement *the fight was ſo bloody, that the Decks of each Ship ſeemed like a Shambles of mans fleſh to be ſold by the piece, or Mammock*; this way of entertaining the Ladies would rather make them afraid, than give them any deſire to ſeek his Converſation. He takes another courſe, and is very curious that nothing may be offenſive in his language, or in his Countenance, but ſtudies all manner of ways to pleaſe, and accommodate himſelf to their manner of behaviour.

He entertains them with a *new Song, a ſmart Epigram, witty ſayings cul'd out of* Plays, and if he finds them in a brisk jolly humour, *he reads them ſome Lampoon lately made on ſome great* Perſon, *and cunningly skips over the Bawdry.* Inſtead of ſpeaking in the form of Syllogiſms, and Pedantry, like things newly flutter'd out of the *Univerſity*, and being not throughly fledg'd come hopping to Town, I ſay, he endeavours not to puzzle them that way, but divert them with what they underſtand, *by telling them of Balls; where ſuch and ſuch Ladies are bravely entertain'd this night, and to morrow what excellent new Play is to be acted*; if he perceive them Melancholy, he propoſes to them *Muſick*; if they are reſolv'd to be ſerious, he can be ſo too; if he ſee any wantonly inclin'd, he knows how to ſingle her out (not to give offence to the reſt) and can give her *her belly full of toying*: from whom he quickly retires for fear of cloying, for it is not to his benefit to dwell too long in one Chamber; he hath variety, and makes his viſits accordingly, and his fain'd deportment (with his good cloaths, gives him frequent admittance into the company of thoſe he was never in before. For his prudent expence in habits bears him through all; it opens all doors to him, and always procures him an obliging reception: as the exteri-

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our part, ſtriking firſt the ſight, is that which makes the firſt impreſſion in our Spirits. ſo he takes a very great care to render that impreſſion favourable.

As the furniture of his body very much captivates the eye and heart of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſo his pregnant Wit renders him as capable to pleaſe the Ear, being able to raiſe diverſion out of every ſmall occurrence: When in one Scene he hath given a Lady all the delights he can, he ſhifts into another, never continuing in one humour ſo long, till it become diſguſtful; choiceſt delights do ſooneſt ſurfeit, and feeding always on one diſh, (though ever ſo good) will nauſeate the Stomach; he varies therefore his diverſions conformable to the humour of that Sex, which makes his viſits always acceptable, long'd for, and his departure is never without regret.

This amorous *Town-Gallant* hath always leiſure enough to wait on this Sex (unleſs when his attendance on ſome great man is required, in the expectation of ſome boon for himſelf, or the advantagious ſoliciting for another) and, if they have a mind to be treated, he doth it with much generoſity and gallantry, and knows how to pay himſelf in the concluſion.

Out of this unincloſed *Seraglio* he plays the *Grand Signior*, and picks out one of the crowd, waits upon her at a *Play*, to a *Ball*, or to the *Park*, each of which doth infinitely pleaſe, giving her the opportunity of making oſtentation of her Beauty and Gallantry, and whilſt ſhe is endeavouring by all her Arts and Subtleties, to ſet her ſelf off for ſale, ſhe little thinks how near her *Chapman* ſets, who will without ſcruple take her *Commodity* on truſt: and that he may not *tickle* his *Trout* too long, and ſo loſe her, an Aſſignation (with ſome few doubts and difficulties) is made, and Land and

ſeal binds her in a Bond of perpetual friendſhip and affection.

As he does by one, ſo he deals with all, but by different means; for there is much variety of humours, inclinations, and Paſſions in Women, as there are in men, and muſt be wrought upon accordingly by a due conformity for advantage. It lies not within the reach of my knowledge to diſcover all the *ſtratagems*, *Plots*, *Snares*, *Whims*, *Contrivances*, *Projects*, *Inſinuations* and *Flatteries* he uſeth himſelf, and by *Proxy Procureſs*, to riggle himſelf firſt into *Gentlewomens* Affections, and having made himſelf *Secretary* to their Honour, he diſpoſes of their Reputation and Eſtate, according to his own diſcretion.

He now begins to look upon his *Elder Brother* with ſcorn, who not long ſince beheld him with a countenance of ſtern awe, and checkt him oftner than his *Liveries*. He treads the ſtreets boldly, triumphing over his former mean fortune, and looks another way, when he meets his *quondam Taylor*, though he owe him nothing.

His garb and attendance differ him in nothing from a *Perſon of Honour*, which now capacitate him for few, but ſuch Company, and can diſpence in ſome meaſure with the largeneſs of their expence; will now and then throw away a hundred Guinneys on a *Horſe-hoof*, knowing ſo well how to take the length of a *Womans foot*; at a *Cock-pit* he will lay ten to one, and win the *Battle*; for by inſtinct he knows the *beſt Cocks*, being himſelf of a *Game-blood*; but here is the miſchief of it, he is now and then addicted to play with the great *Ones* with *Box* and *Dice*, by whom he is *Nickt* out of all he got by *Minutes in a Nights time*. He recruits his pockets again, it may be, but not being able to recruit his bodily ſtrength, and rally his routed

Spi-

Spirits, he becomes a greater object of the Female ſcorn, than he was formerly of their love, and untimely growing old, and infeebled *per nimiam Venerem*, they more indeavour to avoid his company, than before they deſired it; which he timely obſerving tacks about and ſteers another courſe.

His crazy, leaky Veſſel *(for there is as many holes near his Keel as there are in a Cullender)* he now thinks fit to lay up in a ſafe Harbour, not daring to venture to Sea any more, having by induſtry, great labour and pains got a conſiderable *Cargo* of *Guinney-Gold*, *Silks*, *Stuffs*, *Hats*, *Linnen*, *Perriwigs*, *Ivory*, *(i. e. artificial Teeth)* *Perfumes*, *Ribbons*, and *Looking-glaſſes cum mille aliis.*

Applying himſelf to his former *Art of Wheedling* (being an excellent *Tongue-pad*) he in a little time, with ſome pains, finds a Cuſtomer that will take all his Commodities of him by the lump; and Mort-gage an Eſtate to him for ſecurity, and to make him what ſatisfaction he pleaſes; to ſay the truth, the *Merchant* may not be lookt upon ſo contemptible, but that he deſerves a good price for his *Ware*; he is a man proper enough, and hath a good face, but that it looks ſomewhat pale, and thin by a late fit of ſickneſs: as for the *Nodes* in his head, and front, gotten by a deſperate ſurfeit, thoſe his thirty pound flaxen Wigg abſconds; what *Puſtulæ* circumvolve his body, the goodneſs of his cloaths both hide, and grace; it is pity thoſe Stilts on which this ſeemingly fine Fabrick ſtands, had not a covering too; but what needs that, now I think on't, ſince his ſtockings are bolſter'd, to make his Calves look the bigger. Let all theſe things paſs, it is enough that he is gentilely born, and from thence derives his Art of making a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baits ſome rich

Wi-

Widow, that is hungry after his blood; beſides this, he wants not various guilded pretences to ſet himſelf off ſo advantagiouſly, yet deluſively, that at length he involves this wealthy *Veterane* in the *Labyrinth of Wedlock*, that he may the better cheat her by Authority. In the end, finding out each others imperfections and corruptions; ſhe his pocky Diſtempers; he her old halting leacherous Humours. They both conſent to a voluntary divorce, ſhe living upon what he pleaſes to give her (who might have liv'd as ſhe pleas'd but for her dotage) whilſt he can hardly live himſelf by the vaſt expence he is at on *Doctors*, *Chirurgeons*, and *Apothecaries* to ſupport the tottering Fabrick of decayed Nature.

There is another ſort of a Town-Gallant who lives not as this do's by his Wits, but having Money enough in all manner of *Vanity*, *Folly*, *Debauchery*, and *Profaneneſs*, a ſilly *Huffing Thing* that deſerves not a Character; having little elſe than Fop and Bounce to make up his compoſition; however I ſhall lay him open as brief as I can.

He is a *Bundle of Vanity*, or a kind of *Walking Exchange* made up of variety of Faſhions moſt (newly) ridiculous, and according to the price of his cloaths, you muſt value him. He is a *Spawn of Gentility* that inherits only the vices of his Anceſtors, and is likely to entail nothing but Infamy and Diſeaſes on Poſterity. His Myſtery or Trade is making of *Love*, yet knows not the difference between that and *Luſt*, and tell him of a Virgin at Thirteen, he ſhall then boldly ſwear *that Miracles are not ceaſed*. He is ſo bitter an Enemy to Marriage, that one would ſuſpect him born out of Lawful Wedlock. Never did Beauty more delight the Amorous, than an *Invective directed to that inconſiderable Animal called an Husband*, pleaſe and

and tickle him, and oftner repeats ſome Lines therein contained, then he do's his Prayers, lines which if poſſible; are more irrational and brutiſh than himſelf, of which I leave the Reader to judge by theſe which follow.

Let no enobled Soul himſelf debaſe
By Lawful ways to daſtardize his Race.
But if he muſt pay Natures Debt in kind,
(To check the growing danger) let him find
Some willing Female out, what though ſhe be
The very Scumm and Dregs of Infamy?
Though ſhe be Lincy Wolſy, Bawd, and Whore,
Cloſe Stool to Venus; *Natures Common-ſhore.*
Impudence, Folly, Brandy, and Diſeaſe
The Sunday Crack for Suburb Prentices:
What then, ſhe's better than a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt ſtill unmarry'd, ſtill thou'rt ſafe.
With Whores thou can'ſt but venture, &c.

If he be a *Mercenary Scribler* who writ theſe wicked Lines, it may be queſtion'd whether he would not have ſold his claim to Heaven for the other *half Crown*; never was there ſuch a *Pimp* to ſo great a *Debauch*, and may his name be no where regiſtred, but in *Bawdy-houſes*, ſince he is ſo much their profeſt Champion.

Theſe, and ſuch other Invectives againſt an honeſt married Life, makes this Gallant loath the very thought on't, whilſt he hugs his Leachery, and every thing with him is an Incentive to it, and every Woman Devil enough to tempt him. The Splendid *Silk-Gowns* of the Suburbs and *Wapping Waſtcoateers* are equally his Game; for he watches *Wenches* juſt as *Tumblers* do *Rabbets*, and plays with Women as he do's at *Cards*, not caring what ſuit he turns up *Trumps*.

All

All his talk is ſtuft with horrid new coin'd *Oaths*, and if he utter any thing elſe, it is little elſe than *Bounce* and *Rhodomantado*. Whatever he doe's, he cries is like a *Gentleman*, but thoſe that ſhall inſpect him throughly, ſhall find that the beſt of his actions are but the groſs imitation on the *Low Rope* what a *Gentleman* that is *truly* ſo, does neatly on the *Higher*.

He creates Titles of Honour on all his *Shabby Companions* to create himſelf the greater eſteem with his *Land-Lady*, who adores him as a more accompliſht *Knight* than ſhe ever met with in *Don Bellianis* of *Greece*, or *Palmerin* of *England*; and when he is going to take a run with a *Common Crack* either in a Tavern, or elſewhere ſwears he has an *Aſſignation* from a *Lady of Extraordinary Quality*. His *Hangers* on call him Man of *Blood*, and by his own report, he is as ſtout as a *Turky-Cock*, yet he never was in any *Service*, but building *Sconces*, breaking without a cauſe a *Drawers* head, who durſt not ſtrike again, drawing on a feeble half blind *Watchman*, or Duelling his *Foot-Boy*; for he is ſo *prudent* as not to exerciſe his courage againſt any that durſt *turn again*, and has got more *Baſtards* than ever he made Fatherleſs Children; yet perhaps at firſt he will *huff and ding*, be ſaucy with his *Betters*, and bluſter like the four *Cardinal Winds* in *Painting*; but if you begin to be as high as he, ſtrait the Bubble breaks, and then with an ill-ſhaped fawning cringe he ſwears——*I Gad Sir, I ever honoured you, but you are a paſſionate Gentleman, and will not underſtand a jeſt.* He placeth his very *Eſſence* in his *Outſide*, and his only *Prayers* are, that his *Father* may go to the *Devil expeditiouſly*, and his *Eſtate* hold out to keep his *Miſs*, and himſelf in good *Equipage*. He thinks it the rankeſt *Hereſie* in the whole World to believe any Man

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can be *Wiſe* or *Noble* that is in plain cloaths, and therefore looks down with contempt on every body, whoſe Wigg is not right *Flaxen*, and calls the whole *Tribe of Levi* dull Fellows, becauſe they go in black, and wear little *Collar-Bands* inſtead of rich laced Cravats, and wonder that people ſhould be ſo fooliſh as to believe they can ſpeak *ſenſe* without wearing *Pantaloons*.

To trace him *ab Origine*. His breeding was under the Wing of a too indulgent *Mother*, who took a World of pains to make him a *Fool*, and attained her end at the *Age of Diſcretion*. At School he only learned how to rob Orchards, and the generoſity of *bribing* other Boys to make his *Exerciſes*, and ſtaid at the Univerſity juſt long enough to *commence* Drunkard, and get by heart the Name of his Colledge to vapour with; from thence he poſted to one of the *Inns of Court*, but in four years time never read ſix lines in *Littleton*, for he loved the Glaſs and a Laſs better than a Moat-Caſe, and was more in the *Shop-keepers Books* than in *Cooks*, *Rolls*, or *Plowdens*. For *Learning* he ſays is *Pedantry* unbecoming a Gentleman, and *Law* a thing only fit for *Daggle-tail'd Gown-men* that have no way of raiſing a Fortune, but by ſetting (two civil Gentlemen) *John-a-Nokes*, and *John-a-Stiles* together by the Ears.

He talks nothing but *Intrigues*, *Guſtos*, *Garnitures*, *Repartees*, and ſuch modiſh *Fuſtian* which he hedges on all occaſions, and indeed without any, and barr but forty words, and you ſtrike him *Dumb*. Till Noon he lyes abed to digeſt his over-Nights Debauchery, and having dreſt himſelf, he firſt trails along the ſtreet, obſerving who *obſerves* him, and from his up-riſing, gets juſt time enough to the *French Ordinary*, to ſup *Le Potage*, eat *Beuf-a-la-mode*, and drink briskly of *Burgundy*. After this

a Coach is called for to rattle his more *rattled-head* to the *Play-horſe*, where he advances into the middle of the Pit, ſtrouts about a while to render his good parts more conſpicuous, puls out his *Comb*, *Careens* his *Wigg*, Hums the *Orange Wench* to give her her own unreaſonable rates for a little fruit; for alas how can ſhe live elſe, giving at leaſt forty pound *per Annum* to have Liberty to tread and foul thoſe ſeats the *ſilken Petty-coats*, and *gaudy Pantaloons* do ſit on, immediately after this needleſs expence, he ſacrifices the beſt of his purchaſe to the Shrine of next *Vizor Mask*. Then gravely ſits down, and falls half aſleep, unleſs ſome petulant (pruriting) Wench hard by, keep him awake by treading on his *Toe*, or ſqueez him by the hand in her removal to ſome other more convenient ſitting: yet all on a ſudden, to ſhew his *Judgment*, and prove himſelf at once a *Wit*, and a *Critick*, he ſtarts up, and with a *Tragical* Face dams the *Play*, though he have not heard, at leaſt, not underſtood two lines of it. When the Play is ended, he picks up a Crack, which is eaſily found, ſince they ſwarm ſo much every where, and pinching her Fingers, in a ſoft tone whiſpers, *Dam me Madam, if you were but ſenſible, and all that, of the Paſſions I have for you, and the flames which your irreſiſtible charms, and all that have kindled in my Breaſt, you would be merciful, and all that, and honour me with your Angelical Company to take a draught, and all that of Loves Poſſet at next Tavern.* If he be miſtaken, and to the wonder of this Age faſten upon an honeſt Woman, and cannot prevail, then he cries ſomewhat loudly, *Dam ye for a Phanatick Whore, what make you here, and in the Pit too? Could you not have ſlunk into the upper Gallery among Chamblet Cloaks and Foot-boys, company too good for ſuch a*———and ſo raiſes his ſiege, and leaves her.

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Whither he goes next, I dare not follow him, for 'tis certainly a Bawdy-houſe, by what Name or Title it may be dignified or diſtinguiſhed; Here he meets with near a Regiment of taring Gallants (a Squadron whereof or two do quarter in that very place for the ſafeguard of the *Amazonian Garriſon*) and having heightned each others Spirits with mad jollity and damn'd Wine; they are fit for any miſchief, and will be any thing but civil; they are clearly then for a morning Ramble, and in it they proclaim the dreadful *Sa ſa* with a greater noiſe, than if there were proportionable in number to the Men, ſo many Drums and Trumpets. In theſe Heroick Humours hath many an aged *Watchman* had his *Horns* battered about his Ears, and the trembling *Conſtable* been put beſides the *gravity* of his *Interrogatories*, and forced to meaſure his length upon the Ground. The firſt man they meet, they ſwear to kill, (and ſometimes are as good as their words) and ſet all the Women on their heads; and ſo they proceed, till the rattling of broken Glaſs Windows, the Schreeks, and the cryes of Women and Children, and the Thunder of their own Oaths and Execrations fill all the Neighbourhood with horrour, and make them verily conclude, that the *Devil*, and all his *Life-Guard* are going a *Proceſſioning*.

To return to our *Gallant* ſingly, I may truly ſay this in ſhort, that the *Iliads* of his brave accompliſhments and valiant atchievements may be *cram'd* into a Nut-ſhell: his three *Cardinal Virtues* being only *Swearing*, *Drinking*, and *Wenching*; and if other mens Lives may be compared to a *Play*, his is certainly but a *Farce* which is acted only on three Scenes, The *Ordinary*, *Play-Houſe*, and the *Tavern*.

That

That he may be compleatly in the fashion of the times, he professeth himself both in word and deed an absolute Atheist, smiles at the Name of *Devil*, and is ready to burst with laughter, when he hears of *Spirits* and their *Apparitions*; and maintains with nothing else but horrid *Oaths* that there are no Angels but those in *Petticoats*, *staircased with Laces* to lead his fancy up as high as *Loves pretty Dimple*, and therefore denies any *Heaven* but what is here of his *own making*, and imagins *Hell* only a *Hot-house* to *Flux* in for a *Clap*. He denies there is any Essential difference between *Good* and *Evil*; deems *Conscience* a thing only fit for Children, and thinks all men so who are affrighted at the *Devil*, whom in derision he calls the *Parsons Bug-bear*, or the *Civil old Gentleman in Black*, and ascribes all *Honesty* to *Simplicity*, and ignorance in the *Ways*, and *Humours of the Town*.

By these Extravagancies does he signalize himself above common Mortals, and counts all other Dunghil Spirited Fops that are not as madly *wild* and wicked as himself. Thus is *Civility*, *Virtue*, and *Religion*, hooted out of the World, and *Folly*, *Atheisme*, and *Profaneness* exalted and promoted: for this is the *Bel-Weather* of Gallantry, whom our younger Fry of Gentlemen admire for a Hero: and by these Arts doe's a Man now a days come to be a person accounted *well bred*, and fit for a generous *Conversation*, though in truth 'tis only his Estate that guilds his Vanity, and his Purse that can compound for his Follies; for of himself he is a painted *Butterflie*, a *Golden Watch* with an irregular *Movement*, a Baboon usurping Humane Shapes, whose Debauched Actions in the end will make him no fitter an Inhabitant than the *Kings-Bench*, or an *Hospital*, where I leave him to the mercy of the *Almighty* for *Conviction* and *Conversion*, and pass on

on to the third and baſer ſort of *Gallant*, whoſe extraction and education have rendred him incapable of being cal'd Gentleman, and therefore by that, and his baſe actions, we muſt name him the *Vulgar*, or *Ordinary Town-ſhift*.

CHAP. III.

The Ordinary Town-ſhift.

THere are ſeveral ſorts of ordinary *Town-ſhifts*, but ſince it will be too tedious to particularize them, I ſhall include them all under this general head; the Vulgar or Ordinary *Town-ſhift*. It is a fellow that pretends to greatneſs of birth, and to back the reputation he would force from thence, gives a large account of his rich Relations, who ſhall live too remote for any one to inquire into them. Yet if any one is deſirous to know his extraction, he need not trouble himſelf any farther, than to examine his *Name*, and he ſhall know the *Pariſh* wherein the *cruel Whore*, his Mother left him, by his bearing the ſame *Name* of the *Patron* of that *Church*.

Some of theſe ordinary *Town-ſhifts* come out of the Countrey, who not daring to live there longer, (their Rogueries being ſo generally known) *hoof* it to *London*, who by the way, for food ſake, are any ones Servants that will imploy them, and for want of that, muſt go ſupperleſs to their bed of ſtraw, and glad they lye ſo well. Coming to *London*, their happy ſtars (it may be) directs them to an *Inn*, where immediately, for ſome emi-

eminent parts, they commence *Boot-Ketchers*; from they they proceed gradually to under *Hoſtlers*, whilſt in that employ, ſome one may be obſerved by his Miſtreſs to have good features, and well limb'd, who (out of pity to the ſtripling, whom for the kindling love ſhe bears him, thinks him better born than he is) removes him from the *Stable* to be a *Chamberlain*, and intruſting him with the ſheets, hath a months mind to lye in a *Bed* of his *making*. By ſo unexpected a favour, and not able to manage this fortune, he grows *Proud*, *Inſolent*, and *Talkative*, for which he is kickt out of doors, and meeting with a debaucht City *Rambler*, (a *Renegado* from his *Trade* and one who is reſolv'd to be wicked, maugre all the good counſel of Maſter and Relations) he finds him a fit Inſtrument of Miſchief to joyn with, and ſo they become both ſworn *Brethren* in *Iniquity*, and joyning with others of the ſame ſtamp, make up a Corporation of *Deviliſme*, and act according to the Helliſh Precepts which their *Grand Maſter* dictates to them. To add to the number of theſe Miſcreants ſome broken credit-crackt-fellow ſteps in among them, whom all other means hath failed, and now reſolves to live by his ſhifts; a needy fellow caſhir'd out of all civil company; for the World hath flung him off, and he would willingly be reconciled unto it, but wants ſome wealthy *Arbitrators* to decide the controverſie between them. He may be fitly compared to one drowning, who faſtens upon any thing that is next at hand, and if he muſt ſink, whatever he lays hold on ſhall down with him. Amongſt other of his Shipwracks, he hath haply loſt Shame, and this want ſupplies him; for by his confidence, or impudence rather, he will ſhuffle himſelf into any company, and what he cannot do by fair means, he will effect (if he can)

can) by foul; if his *Wheedling* perſwaſions, and crafty Inſinuations produce not their deſired effects, he then applies himſelf to threats and violence; by the one he frightens ſome *Fops* into an humour to do him a kindneſs, by the other he compels them. That little wit he hath, he imploys to the utmoſt advantage; for as his Life is a dayly invention, ſo his Meat, Drink, Lodging, Cloaths, and all that belongs to him, are the Products of his Stratagems. When he wants money, his borrowing are like *Subſidies*, and deſires the loan of mony, according to the quality of the perſon, or what he hath about him, and rather than be totally denied, he will accept of the loan of a ſhilling, though his requeſt be twenty; he borrows ſo often, that few of his acquaintance but are his Creditors, and they fear, and ſhun him in the concluſion, as much as if they were indebted to him. They know his *Wheedling* tricks ſo well, that they dare not ſhew him any countenance, for fear of renewing acquaintance; at firſt, finding him a good fellow, and *Complaiſant Company*, they never lookt further till experience taught them what he drove at, intereſt, which (though never ſo ſmall) ſhould not eſcape him; if towards dinner time he find but a good look, which promiſes his welcome, he becomes their half-boarder, and haunts the threſhold ſo long, till he forces good natures to a quarrel, and yet know not how to be rid of him, like the poor *Scholars thred-bare Cloak, a long hanger-on*, and being willing to be rid on't, walking in *More-fields* dropt it in one of the Quarters, and then ran from it as faſt as he could; but the people at ſight hereof cry'd out to him, *d' ye hear Sir, d' ye hear, Sir, you have left your Cloak behind*: which made him with regret return, and taking it up, ſpoke like

like a Friend; *well, ſince our acquaintance hath been of ſo long a ſtanding, it is pity yet to part; we'l e'ne ſee whether we can take the t'other nap together.*

Much more might be ſaid of his character in general, but deſigning brevity, I ſhall ſupply in ſome meaſure what is deficient, in his particular *Wheedles* following.

CHAP. IV.

Wheedles between the Town-ſhift, Vintner, and Drawers.

MOney with the *Town-ſhift* Ebbs and Flows, ſometimes it over-flows the banks of his Pockets, and at other times they lye dry. *Borrowing*, *Pimping*, *Padding*, *Filing*, *Gilting*, *Budging*, *&c.* are his *Exchequer*, whence he is continually ſupplyed with money, till *Tyburn* ſhuts it up, and his *Pay-offices*, or Houſes of Diſburſements are *Taverns*, *Bawdy-Houſes*, *Inns*, and *Coffee-houſes*, *&c.* of which I ſhall treat in their due places.

Having money he ſcorns an Ale-houſe, but he is all for the Tavern, which is three Stories higher than that *parterly*-houſe as he calls it, and there he may be drunk ſooner, and with greater credit, and then the thoughts of a Coffee-houſe ſhall not come within his noddle, but to make him more ſober to be drunk again.

Firſt, It is his great care to find out a Vintner that hath not only good credit with the Merchant, but a very handſom Wife alſo, and having acquainted

ted half a dozen of his com-rogues with his deſign of being merry, and to have Money and Wine to boot, a Foot-boy is diſpatcht to the place deſign'd, with a Guinny to be delivered to the Maſter of the houſe, ordering him to provide ſuch and ſuch diſhes for the next days Dinner; if the Boy be demanded his Maſters Name, he readily tells him (with a ſubmiſſive bow) — *Squire &c.*— at the time appointed they come all, as well apparel'd, as their *Roguery's* can furniſh them, and being ſeated, behave themſelves with more civility than they commonly uſe; Wine paſſes about freely, but not extravagantly, and Dinner being ready, the Maſter or Miſtreſs is invited up, and with much importunity the latter is placed at the Table; each obſerves on whom oftneſt *Madam de la Friz*, or *Dutcheſs de la Bar* doth caſt her Eyes; he that from thence concludes himſelf a man more happy than the reſt of his Companions in her reſpects; firſt begins her Health, with a graceful bow, and as he drinks, faſtens his Eyes all the while on her Face, and having finiſht the Glaſs, by ſome winning geſture or other, he diſcovers his Affection; ſhe on the other ſide, either to ingage him to the Houſe for her Husbands profit, or her own pleaſure, inſtantly retaliates his amorous glances by a ſeeming languiſhing look, and having rendred him thanks, begins his Health moſt obligingly. According as it was deſigned before, their ordinary diſcourſe is interlin'd with their pretended great concerns in the Country, and each takes a ſeeming modeſt liberty to praiſe one anothers eſtates, leſſning their own, and magnifying the others, but dwell not long upon this ſubject to avoid ſuſpition; and to add to the happineſs of their conditions, they all go for *Bachelors.*

The

The Cloath being remov'd, the good Gentlewoman of the houſe, well warm'd with Wine, withdraws, to make room for her Husband, and in this they are much like two *Buckets* in a *Well*; when one deſcends, the other mounts up, who (with the common ſaying, *d'ye call, Sir.*) invites himſelf to ſponge, and ſo anticipates their deſires, for that is the thing they would have.

My Gentlemen now fall to Repetition, ſaying before him, what they ſaid before his Wife, to the ſame effect, though in different terms; and having drank very briskly, a reckoning is cal'd for, a Bill is brought, the total only lookt upon, without examining the *Items*, and the money paid to a farthing, with ſomething to the *Drawer*. Hereupon my *Landlords* Bottle (and that really a flower) rides poſt up the ſtairs, to the breaking of the *Drawers* ſhins for haſte.

This is ſo high an obligation, that they all ſwear they will make this their Houſe, and will ingage their Friends likewiſe, and to ſeal the bargain, they muſt drink one Bottle of the ſame Wine with their *Lanlady* at the *Bar*: where all the diſcourſe is about their kind uſage; the goodneſs of the Wine; the well-ordering of their Meat, and the civility of the Houſe; the Bottle being almoſt out, a young *Gentlewoman* is eſpied, peeping behind the *Bar*, and ſhe muſt be known who ſhe is by all means; being inform'd ſhe is the Daughter of the Houſe, with a *Con Licencia* they enter the *Kitchin*, where they paſs ſuch complements, and devoirs, as become men of better quality; and having drank a Bottle, or two more (dropping a ſhilling into the *Cook-maids* hand) they take their leave.

The Houſe being clear'd, and the Maſter and Miſtreſs having liberty, and leiſure to talk of that days proceedings, they particularly diſcourſe on this,

this, thanking their kind ſtars, for ſending them ſuch good Cuſtomers, concluding them perſons of no mean quality.

The next day, ſome of the *Gang* (eſpecially the *Contriver*) comes, and asks for the reſt, who, though they find them not there, yet will have the civility to dine there, before they go in queſt of them. This repetition of the firſt kindneſs, it may be obliges the Vintner to give them the civility of his Cellar, and the rather, that he may ſhow them how well ſtockt he is of all ſorts.

To be ſhort, they viſit him ſo long, till they are not only intimately acquainted with the good *Man*, but *inwardly* with his *Wife*, and *Daughter*; and now it is high time for them to think of picking up their expences.

The *Ale-draper* uſes to ſay, *That the Tap is a great Thief, if not well lookt after*; but many *Vintners* to their great grief, may ſay, the *Bar* is a greater, which had it been carefully eyed, *Dublin* and other places would not have been ſo peopled with *Drawers, quondam Vintners* of *London*.

To inlarge their credit in the houſe, they ſum up what money they can together, and pretend to play; one ſeemingly loſing all, ſees how much he can borrow in the houſe, and obſerves with what willingneſs it is lent, that he may know how to ſteer his courſe for the future: what ever is borrow'd, is thankfully paid the next day, and whatſoever Wine is ſent home. as they call it (not truſting any body with it, but a Porter, a Creature of their own) is paid for in like manner: ſo that ſuſpition cannot faſten on ſuch honeſt dealing: but to wind up all, they borrow money of the Husband, without the knowledge of his Wife; of the Wife, without his knowledge; and of the Daughter, without the knowledge of either; but

the Bar pays for all; the Wife dares not acquaint the Husband of what ſhe hath done, leſt the loan of the money ſhould confirm the growing jealouſy of her diſloyalty; the Daughter dares not ſpeak a word of her deed's of darkneſs; for, ſhould ſhe do it, ſhe knows ſhe ſhould receive a double puniſhment for a double offence, in picking her Mothers pockets, and robbing her of her pleaſure.

Theſe generous Gueſts not coming to the houſe as they were wont, makes the poor Vintner run hornmad, ſwearing for the loſs of his money, and vowing revenge by an a reſt, this frightens his Wife out of her wits, fearing the action might provoke them to a diſcovery of their paſt amorous intrigues. The *Town-ſhift*, foreſeeing what would be the effects of this ſtratagem, ſends a Spy into the houſe, to ask for him of the Miſtreſs, who, glad to hear of her errant Lover, enquires more after him, than the Meſſenger, who whiſpers her in the ear, ſays, he is not far off, but dares not come, by reaſon of a debt due to her Husband; ſhe overjoy'd that ſhe has ſo happy an opportunity of ſeeing him, puts the money into her pocket, and is convey'd where he is; who, after ſome dalliance receives the money of her, and with it pays the poor *Cuckold* in his own Coin, which he would not have done, but that otherwiſe he muſt loſe a friend, that will continually ſupply him.

If ſhe be Rich and handſom, on my life,
No better Friend, than is a Vintners Wife.

There are ſeveral ſorts of *Tavern Wheedles*, and ſo numerous, that it is an impoſſible thing to give an account of them all, wherefore I ſhall conclude this Chapter with ſome obſervations ending thereunto.

There

There is a baſe, ſenſual, ſneaking Fellow, who to ſave his money, and to gorge himſelf with Wine, makes it his buſineſs to be acquainted with as many *Drawers* as he can (whoſe Maſters live not too near the *Compters*) a ſmall expence informs him of their names, then he dives into their Inclinations; whether they fancy *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Gaming*, *Wenching*, with other paſtimes, which Youth takes moſt delight in, and as their deſires tend, he fits them moſt agreeably; this ſo infinitely engages the young *Daſh* to gratifie his Palate, that if there be any one *Faucet*, that can betray neat Wine to the *Bar*, it ſhall be arraigned before him, ſooner than before a Perſon of Quality.

He is not long in making himſelf acquainted; the ſecond ſight ſhall be ſufficient to call him honeſt *Jack*, or *Tom*, and making him (*Sans Ceremonie*) ſit down, obliges him to drink a full Glaſs, and is a *Pledge* for his ſafety, whilſt he drinks, by carefully peeping through the jarring door, to ſee whether *Maſter*, or any elſe, are coming to diſturb them in the interim. This action makes honeſt *Jack* grow confident, inſomuch that his *Pint* is offer'd at his *Maſters coſt*, and another being ſacrificed on the ſame account, *John's Brains* begin to crow, and though his *Head* be *full*, and Belly too, yet not content, he will have his *Breeches* as *full*, as they.

The *Wheedle* by this means, hath ſtruck his Fiſh, not eaſily to get looſe again, yet gives him Line enough to play up and down, till by a ſudden jerk, he is thrown out of a deep River of plenty, into a contrary Element, that proves his Ruin and Deſtruction.

Whilſt humour'd by this *Wheedle*, the Drawer ſtudies to pleaſe him, by undoing his Maſter, and

himſelf too; for *Canary* he cries a Pint of *White*; and for variety a Bottle of *Claret*, whereas 'tis *Sack* coated with *Red-wine*; or he will bring a Bottle in his Codpiece, ſaying, jocoſely and roguiſhly, *Sir, take this to ſupply the other, when it is out; but let but one be ſeen at a time; my Maſter hath a good Eſtate, but no Children; whereof ſince he is able, as long as I am his Servant, I will make him treat his Friends*; at length by theſe frequent practices he is diſcovered, and turn'd out of doors; and having been *Wheedled* out of all credit, he at length for five ſhillings learns to play upon the *Tongs*, or upon a *Violin*, taught by ſome *Barber* (whoſe chiefeſt Muſick is a *Cittern*) and with theſe accompliſhments is admitted as a Menial into a *Minſtrel-Bawdy-houſe*.

This *Wheedle* hath more ſtrings to his Bow than one, two, or half a ſcore, ſo that as he breaks one, he faſtens on another, whom, when he hath once corrupted, he makes him his perpetual Slave to ſerve his unlawful deſires, by threatning a diſcovery of all, without a preſent compliance to his propoſitions.

Some Drawers are ſo crafty they will not be *Wheedled* by any *Cunningham* of them all, pretending how much it goes againſt his Conſcience to deceive his Maſter, that he had rather ſpend his own mony, than wrong him of a farthing, yet will *Wheedle* for himſelf ſo cloſely, that none ſhall diſcover him, no not his Maſter, but by his ſenſible decay, by his Servants purloinings, by ſcoring leſs, yet taking the whole reckoning; by ſcoring juſtly, yet taking more; by drawing continually *Flowers*, or the choiceſt Wines for reward; and principally in the *Night*, by conveying whole *Rundlets* away. If his Maſter anger him, he ſhows no diſcontent, but very patiently ſteps into the Cellar, and

and there to be friends with his Maſter, drinks a health to him in a glaſs of Sack, not omitting the remembrance of the leaſt of his Progeny, though there were twenty, and will ſee that his fellow-Servant, honeſt *Ralph*, *ſhall do him Reaſon*; if their Fiſh want Butter, as they think no greater injury can be done them, ſo they will revenge it, by making it (after it is eaten) to ſwim in good Canary; much better Houſewifery in the Miſtreſs, if ſhe had allowed them two pounds of Butter to three Sprats, and ſo have pleas'd them; than to be at that expence.

It is now high time to ſpeak a little of the Vintners *Wheedle* in his Gueſts. In the Morning he ſtands at his door, to ſee who he can ingage, with 3 d. towards a Pint, (but eſpecially one generally acquainted) which often cauſes many a Gallon; and if a Neighbour, a man of much buſineſs, doth chance to leave (in a reckoning) 1 d. 2 d. 3 d. or the like, it is bookt, and to be ſure this ingenious Vintner ſhall work himſelf into his debt, which being demanded, he preſently deſires to reckon. I have been acquainted with one, who having a Bill brought in for Chriſtnings and *Svveets* (*alias Devil*) amounting to 9 l. in his book ſhow'd 15 l. left to pay, and his reaſon to me was, *he that helped him to cheat others, ought to be ſo ſerv'd himſelf.* If he be wiſe, and crafty for his own ends, he muſt be all ſubmiſſion to the *Velvet-Coat*, *Pantaloon*, or ſplendid *Thing*, that is in faſhion, and make a noiſe with his *Bell*, and *Mouth*, as if the houſe were all in *Flames*, the one jangling to alarm the people, and his mouth ſpeaking nothing but *Tom*, *VVill*, *John*, ſhow a Room; which words becauſe they cannot be heard by the inſufferable noiſe of the *jarring Bell*, one would think he call'd out for *Buckets*, and *VVater* to quench the *Fire*. The

noiſe ſomewhat allay'd he begins again with his Feet, and haſty running up, that he may have the firſt honour to ſerve the Gentlemen with bad Wine, having more authority to brazen it out with a lye; his hat is under his Arm, and underſtanding what Wine it is they will drink, he inſtantly ſwears they ſhall not drink better Wine in *London*, though they can not drink worſe elſewhere, and it may be puzzle a good judgment, to know whether it be Wine or no. Their Palats being diſpleas'd, the Maſter in all haſte is called for, whoſe place is ſupply'd by *John*, who cringingly deſires to know their *Worſhips* pleaſure, and underſtanding they diſlike the Wine, he then asks what fault they find with it, to no other intent, than to try their judgments; if they want Vintners terms, and ſay the Wine is *ſweet*, he ſtreight way cries, I will draw you *greener*, Gentlemen; if they ſay it is *ſour*, he then propoſeth *Richer*; but if they ſay it is *foul*, for no benefit to himſelf, and little to his Maſter, he *mortgages* his *Soul* to the *Devil*, by ſwearing damnedly, *there is not a* cleaner *piece of Wine between* Aldgate *and* Weſtminſter; *however he will change it, if they pleaſe*; 'tis done, and ſomewhat better than the former, yet not ſo good, but that the Maſter muſt be call'd up again, who, excuſing himſelf that he is very buſie, doing nothing, at length comes up, and delivering a Key (which never belong'd to any Lock of his knowledge) to his ſervant in their ſight, bids him bring up a Bottle of that Wine, which is to be ſent into his *Grace, the Duke of*—this muſt take, or elſe the *Devils* in't; ſometimes he bids the *Drawer* go to the *Third* next the wall, and though it be a common draught, the *Faucet* ſhown in the mouth muſt ſeem to evince the contrary, and ſo between the Maſter and the Man, it is well if the Gueſt

drinks

drinks one third of Wine that is toll'erable, and if you have a good farewel at laſt, you muſt not thank the kindneſs of the houſe ſo much, as the Drawers expectation of a Six pence, or the evening of the reckoning, if it happen to be bad money.

I ſhall ſay nothing of his large *Bills*, nor his dark working in his *Vaults* and *Cellars*, where he ſo ſubtlely plays the *Brewer*, that *Anniſeed Cleer* had never *Combatants* about her, ne're half ſo crafty in their *Art of compoſition*; the ſending *Mum* to Sea, brew'd at St. *Katherines*, to purge it ſelf, and ſo come in for Mr. *Brumſwick*, is a meer Bauble to this profound myſtery. If he has the fortune to run into a Country Trade, he then takes upon him to play the *Devil* with decayed Whites, which he buys for 15 pound per Tun, with a little *Clary*, and his *ſweet Devil* raiſed to a Fermentation, that is his *Canary* of 6 s. 6 d. *per* Gallon, which does not ſtand him in above 3 s. 6 d. as for his *Claret* he uſes *Red* amongſt his *White*, and if a *Chapman* ſhall deſire a Runlet of *Malligo*, he fits him to an hair; for in a Corner of his Vault he has a Preſs, which with *Mallago* Raiſins being ſteept in water, that is, a Pint of water to a Pound of Raiſins, and four Gallons of *Sweet* to every ſixteen; This he ſwears to be *Barbados Mallago*. This invention has not been long amongſt them. Now, ſince it is impoſſible to detect the *Art* and *Myſtery* of a *Vintner*, (but indifferently) without ſerving a time to the *Profeſſion*, and that thoſe who have ſerved two *Apprentiſhips* are ſtill *Novices* in their own *Trade*, I ſhall leave them amongſt their *Cans*, *Tubs*, *Casks*, *Cranes*, *Bellows*, *Leathers*, *&c.* and being in the dark, groap my way up ſtairs, and creep into the *Bar*, which ſhall be the ſubject of my next obſervation.

The *Daughter*, or *Kinſwoman*, which is handſomeſt of the two, is *Bar-keeper*, which frequently proves more beneficial to the houſe within, than the enticing *Si n* without, and yet both uſe the ſame artifices of *Painting* to allure and delude, yet differ very much in their compoſition and ſubſtance, the one being a gravid heavy body, ſupported by almoſt a riſing *Conſtables* eſtate in Iron work, the other is (it may be) *gravid* too, yet very *light* whom a *Feather* placed in the contrary Scale, will weigh down, and not bluſh at it, and yet her cloaths in her finery, if ſold to the beſt advantage, would amount to a portion fit for a *Country Bride*, and raiſe her *Husband*, if a *Citizen*, to a *large Fortune*.

In the *Bar* ſhe ſits with much accuſtomed Patience, and her good face and cloaths angles for all ſorts of Cuſtomers, whilſt her eyes are groaping for *Trouts*, whom ſhe intends to tickle for her own particular advantage. All in civility lower their *Top-Sail* as they paſs by her, but if with the uſual welcome ſhe beſtows on them a gracious and pleaſant Smile, though under Sail in a ſtiff gale, this is the *Remora* that ſtops the *Veſſel*, and makes it ride *per* force without dropping Anchor.

Where there is a noted *Beauty*, a *Bar-keeper*, ſhe draws cuſtom from all parts of the Town, as cunning Pidgeon Merchants with baits ſtore their own Dove-coats from others mens, and at length engroſs more of that commodity, than they know well what to do with.

In the forenoon ſhe is retired, to be the better attired, and when beſt dreſt, ſhe ſhows her willingneſs to be undreſt, and cares not how ſoon, ſo ſhe may be aſſured her pleaſure and profit may be conſiderable; to that end ſhe leaves her *Honey-pot* ſometimes uncovered, on purpoſe that the *gavv-*

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dy Wasps, and *Humble Bees*, may lick and taſt thereof, till with its glutinous quality, like *Bird-lime*, ſome ſo ſtick therein, that they cannot get out, till they have dearly paid for their ſtoln ſweets. Though ſhe hath broken her Leg, ſhe is ſound enough for a *Drawer*, newly out of his time, who having credit for Wine, his houſe is furniſhed with the money that did ſet his *VVifes broken Leg*, with ſome addition of her Uncles; beſides, we muſt not imagine ſhe was ſo careleſs of her ſelf in the management of the *Bar*, but that ſhe laid by ſomething for a lying in in the Country, if need required: being thus married, and ſet up, either on the Merchants credit, or on Tunnage, they are now more at liberty to *VVheedle* for themſelves than formerly; he is all complaiſance and cringe, and will be ſure to ſcore a Bottle in the reckoning extraordinary, that he may preſent that Company with one upon their going, the more to endear them to the houſe: He is very free of his Fleſh without exception, and is full of invitations, eſpecially to a *Sundays Dinner*; for uſually he hath then ſomething more than ordinary, and then drinks, and ſays, you are heartily welcome, and drinks, and tells you ſo again ſo often, that in the end you will find it cheaper to Dine at a *Crown Ordinary*; and yet ſtill ſtand obliged for theſe eating kindneſſes.

Here note, that in whatſoever Wine you drink to the Miſtreſs of the houſe of your own calling for, ſhe modeſtly refuſes, though ſhe like it better than any other ſort, that, you knowing her diſlike, may call for what ſhe only deſires to augment the reckoning; and to oblige you for that kindneſs, ſhe becomes free in your company, both in ſpeech and behaviour, to enlarge your hopes of a future fruition, which by continual expence, and lying

cloſe *Siege*, may be obtain'd, but when all is ſum med up, the *Beſieger* will find himſelf a great loſe by the *Surrender*. Trading growing bad, (and ſo it muſt be when forc'd) the *Young-man*, and his *Younger-wife* lay their heads together, how they ſhall ſhoar up their falling houſe; ſhe cries, *leave all to me, and all ſhall be well enough*; and then ſhe thinks of leaving him; hereupon ſhe takes all, and payes all, and if any comes to him for money, he ſends them to his Wife, as loth to be troubled in the weighty concern of drinking, and ſponging with every body; if he be ſober, and but few, or no gueſts in the houſe, he treads more ſteps up ſtairs, and down ſtairs in an hour, than a *Porter* in a *Crane* does for half a day; running into this Room, then into that, balling aloud, that he may be heard in the Street, *Harry*, *Tom*, *Will*, *&c.* ſpeak in the *Dolphin*, ſpeak in the *Dolphin*, ſpeak in the *Moon*, *&c.* having before lighted Candles in every Room, as a *lightning* before *Death*; the *Bell* goes inceſſantly all the while, which happily may *Toll* ſome company in, with whom our young Maſter will drink, or it ſhall coſt him a *fall*, at length he gets drunk, or ſeems to be ſo, and going to Bed, ſhows how confident he is of his *Wifes honeſty*, who wrongs him no more in her *Perſon*, than in his *Eſtate*, and at length, ſeeing her Husband ſink, ſhe adds more weight, and then ſhifts for her ſelf; not long after ſhe may be ſeen in a *Bawdy-houſe*, or an *Hoſpital*, whilſt the poor helpleſs man lyes buried alive in ſome *Priſon*, where he receives no other kindneſs from his Friends, and Relations, than what will barely contribute to the ſupport of his life, and by the prolongation thereof, becomes more ſenſibly miſerable.

If the *Daughter* keep the *Bar*, ſhe is more reſerved, and leſs toying in it than the other; not for

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any averſion ſhe hath to petulant expreſſions, (the Parents of wanton thoughts, and looſe actions,) but for fear ſhe diſpleaſe her Rich Father and Mother, who guard their Daughters chaſtity with as much care and vigilancy, as the *Golden-Fleece* of old. All private conferences are forbidden; If ſome Humoriſts will be dialoguing with her, there is, it may be, a retiring room behind the Bar; the Matron then ſupplies the Daughters place, who under the pretence of ſecuring her honour, is more willing to receive the *ſhock* her ſelf, for her deſign is, that her Daughter ſhall be only *ſeen* there and *heard*, not *felt*, and *underſtood*. The pride of the Vintner makes him look on better Matches for his Daughter, than ſhe deſerves, to be too mean; and by reaſon of his money, is ſo long chooſing an Husband for her, that ſhe is almoſt paſt chooſing, and therefore thoſe that make their own indifferent choice, are not much to be condemn'd.

A notable *Wheedling* Story, I have heard of, tending to this purpoſe. A Vintner of eminent note, having a very handſome young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, was Courted by a Country-Gentleman, who had an Eſtate of about Sixſcore Pounds a year, which though conſiderable, appeared ſo contemptible in the eye of this ambitious Vintner, that hearing what propoſals were made, as to Marriage, he was ſo irrationally angry, and highly incenſed, that he not only committed his Daughter cloſe Priſoner to her own Chamber, but forewarn'd the Gentleman the houſe, notwithſtanding he was before this Courtſhip, and ſince, a conſiderable Gueſt to the houſe; the Gentleman, it ſeems, had ſo plyed his buſineſs before he diſcovered his intentions to the old Ones, that the young Gentlewoman was totally at his Devotion by ſolemn promiſe, and other tyes, for a perpetuall union in affection. Some-

Somewhat troubled, the Gentleman retired into the Country, not without contriving a way by the Maid-ſervant, to have Communication with each other at a diſtance by Letter. The young Gentlewoman impatient of her Lovers abſence, and not being able to indure the cruelty of her paſſionate Father, ſent him word, if he would come up to *London* on ſuch a day, ſhe would make an eſcape out, and be married to him, he over-joy'd, obey'd the Summons, and meeting each other were by a Miniſter lawfully Married; and to confirm it the more, went inſtantly to Bed, where lying about two hours, ſhe aroſe, and dreſſing her ſelf, went with the Maid, her Guardian, home again unſuſpected. She taſting thoſe ſweets of Love which before ſhe was unacquainted with, prompted her ingenuity, to find out ways, how to repeat their charming viſits; in which a womans wit is ſeldom unſucceſsful. The Pleaſure ſhe injoy'd, began now to diſcover it ſelf, by too many apparent ſymptoms to the Mother, as *Paleneſs*, *Puking*, *Qualms*, *&c.* who, examining her Daughter very ſtricktly, made her confeſs ſhe was with Child, and gotten by ſuch a Gentleman; the Mother, thinking it was illegitimately begotten, called her *Whore*, *Staine* of their Family, and hitherto untainted Reputation, with ſuch like vilifying expreſſions: having given vent to her immoderate anger, ſhe conſider'd that what was done, could not be undone, and now all her thoughts were imploy'd about the means of concealing this infamy from her Husband, whoſe humour ſhe had been too well acquainted with, and knew his Pride at this affront would make him run raving mad; ſeeing it was impoſſible to do it, ſhe made it known to him, preparing him as well as ſhe could beforehand, but when once he came to underſtand it,

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his rage bare down, what ever reaſon could be alledged to pacifie him. The good Old People having vext themſelves ſick, by raving by themſelves, and ſcolding with the Daughter, they at length conſider'd, what is to be done in a buſineſs of this importance, and it was concluded that a threatning reproachful Letter ſhould be ſent into the Country to this Gentleman, to ſee how he would take it; 'twas done, and he returned them another in like manner, reviling them for abuſing him, taxing them with unkindneſs, and laying the fault on their Daughters *Eaſineſs*, not his Luſtful *Eagerneſs*; that if they would force him to keep the Child, he could not avoid it; but then he hoped, that they would be ſo juſt, as to ſee their Daughter ſeverely puniſht, and the like; This nettled the Old People to the heart, however, they ſent another Letter, but in much milder terms, deſiring him to come up, and diſcourſe with them; he ſent them word again, that he had buſineſs of more importance there where he was; than to neglect it, to look after *Baſtards*, *&c.* The third time they ſent again, with ſo many powerful charms contain'd in that Paper, that yielding to their requeſts, he came to *London*, and was invited by them to a ſumptuous Dinner, at which, you may imagine Wine nor good Cheer was wanting, to expreſs their Gallantry, and his welcome; after Dinner they fell into diſcourſe concerning their Daughter, which he ſeemed to ſlight, alledging that his Eſtate was ſufficient for a very good Match, though they lookt on it contemptibly; beſides, if he had a love for their Daughter heretofore, this wanton act of hers had in a manner extinguiſht his flame, *&c.* To be ſhort, they offer'd him a thouſand pound if he would repair their Daughters honour by marriage, which he refuſed; ſeeing

ing that, they cauſed her to be dreſt in as ſplendid a manner, as the ſhortneſs of the time would permit, and in that manner was uſher'd in to tempt him to an acceptance of their proffer; but this wrought no effects; they ſeeing his obſtinacy offer'd him a thouſand pound more, if he would be inſtantly married; he now thought it time to cloſe, accepting the proffer, provided they would give him five hundred pound more at the birth of the Firſt Child, if it were a boy; which was likewiſe agreed to, and a Miniſter ſent for, which was the ſame who had Married them before; according to inſtruction, whilſt the Parſon was going about to commence the Ceremony, the Gentleman burſt out into aughter, which ſtrangely amazed the Old man, who askt him what he meant? Not to be married now, quoth he; But you ſhall ſaid the other, I have you faſt enough, or I'le make your Land fly into the air; hereupon the Son and Daughter kneeling down gave their former Certificate into their Fathers hand, asking him bleſſing, with ſome pauſe, and with much more aſtoniſhment it was granted, and taking them up in his Arms, he hug'd his new Son-in-Law, ſaying, well ſince thou haſt ſo outwitted me, I will cheat my ſelf voluntarily of one five hundred pounds more, to make up the even ſum of three thouſand; and afterwards this young Married Couple liv'd a long time, not only to their own great contentment, but the general ſatisfaction of their Relations.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Wheedles of a Town-ſhift in a Coffee-houſe, Ordinary, Theatre, Inn, on the Road, with the Watch, and his Lodgings.

THis *Wheedle* in the firſt place takes great care in keeping good cloaths on his back, and he is to be commended for it; for they not only uſher him into better Company than himſelf, but likewiſe procure him eſtimation where ere he goes. By means of ſome ſmall ſcraps of *Learning*, matcht with a far greater ſtock of Confidence, a voluble tongue, and a bold delivery, he hath the luck to be celebrated by the vulgar, for a man of parts, eſpecially if he have a lucky hit at Quibling, and can introduce now and then an odd *Metaphor*, a conceited *Irony*, a wild Fetch, an unexpected Inference, and hath withal a pleaſing knack in humouring a Tale, and is reſolved never to be daſht out of countenance; by theſe arts, dexterouſly managed, he engroſſes a vaſt repute: He can ſpeak *extempore* on all ſubjects, and this emboldens him to venture himſelf in any Company, where he ſtrains himſelf to the utmoſt, to be accounted a notable *Head-piece*, and ſcatters his *Wit* as *Beggars* do *Lice*, or *Muskcats Perfumes*; not that he values popular applauſe on any other account than to enrich his pocket, and makes men pay dearly for the over rate they put upon him.

A *Coffee-houſe* is this *VVheedles Bubbling-Pond*, where he Angles for *Fops*, ſingles out his man, inſinuates an acquaintance, offers the Wine, and at next Tavern ſets upon him with high or low *Ful-*

lams,

lams, Goads, &c. and ſo plucks my *Widgeon*, and ſends him home *featherleſs*.

Full fraught with this ſucceſs, he ſteers his courſe to an *Ordinary* the day following, and will be ſure to be there about eleven, that he may the better take notice of the voluntary uninvited *Gueſts*, who thither do reſort, and walking up and down ſcornfully and careleſly, ſelects ſome particular Perſon to aſſociate with him in his traverſes, ſuch a one, who may ſet him off, and publiſh him better than the *Play-houſe*, with whom he diſcourſes much, no matter to how little purpoſe, ſo that he make but a noiſe, and laugh in faſhion, and changing the *Scene* of his countenance, he cloaths it on a ſuddain with grim looks, to promiſe quarrelling, whether neceſſity, or not require it: and to make himſelf the more obſerved, he urgeth how frequently he hath *Duell'd*, and not a *Dutch fight*, in which he hath not been engaged; that, being Captain, he was forced to ſhift his Ship twice, that *De Reuter* coming up, he made him with a warm reception looſe, and ſtand another way; that then the Prince hearing of his eminent ſervice in the Fleet, here he ſtops, and cries, *but no matter, I ſcorn to trumpet out my own praiſe, though upon this very ground, I was deſired to attend his Grace againſt* Maeſtricht, *that I was the next man that entred after him*, &c. Perceiving the *untravell'd Company* ſwallow down this glibbly, he plies them with more ſtuff of the like nature, how he (*as ſimply as he looks*) interpreted between the *Emperour*, and the *French King*, and this he makes uſe of as an *Herauld* to proclaim his knowledge of *Languages*, if he hath any, which he prodigally flings about the Table, but will hardly be induced to venture upon *Latin*; it is too general, he cries.

Sometimes he will pretend to have great favour

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at *Court*, and then all his Diſcourſe tends to the obtaining of *Suits*, and cunningly ſifts every mans inclinations, who would make uſe of the intereſt of a *Great Man* to the *King*, and having not ſo much *Grace* left in him as to bluſh, he thanks his kind Stars in beſtowing on him ſo great an influence over Powerful men, though he knows in his own Conſcience he dares not (but only upon the priviledge of handſom faſhionable Cloaths) preſume to peep within the *Court-gate*.

Dinner being ended, which is commonly extraordinary, to entice Gueſts to come, and though the Maſter loſes by it, yet he knows he ſhall lick himſelf whole, by the benefit of the *Box*; I ſay after dinner, the general propoſition is *Play*, which Croſſes the Proverb; for though their *Bellies* be full, yet they will not let the *Bones* be at reſt; *Box* and *Dice* are made ready, and *Waiters* to attend.

Here note, that the prudent *Gameſter* will not ſwear at Play, becauſe it argues a violent impatience of parting with his money, and betrays his want and needineſs, and therefore, that none may undervalue him for his ſuppoſed neceſſity, when he hath loſt his money, he ſits down as patiently as a diſarm'd man does, when he is in the hands of unmerciful *Serjeants*.

By day-light he can do little, and therefore patiently waits as an idle *Spectator* till the night approach, at which time *Beaſts of Prey* do rove abroad, and ſo do *Rooks* of all ſorts, as *Huffs*, *Setters*, *Biters*, *Croſsbiters*, &c. the Candles being lighted, he then is buſied in a continual motion from one Table to the other, till he can diſcover ſome unexperienced perſon, and unskill'd in the *Black Art* and *Myſtery* of *Gaming*, whom the *Wheedle* calls a *Lamb*, and like a *Wolf* doth ſeize and prey upon him,

him, by engaging him in ſome advantagious *Bets* at firſt, to draw him on, and having won all his money, the common ſaying is, *the Lamb is bitten.*

He is a careful obſerver of the *Winners*, of whom it ſhall go hard, but he will borrow money by ſome plauſible pretence. If he throws himſelf, he will frequently let the *Box-keeper go with him*, that the Raſcal, by violating his truſt for advantage, may lend him, when he ſees good, a *Tickler*, that ſhall do his buſineſs. If he ſees a Winner dropping off, he preſently cloſes with him, and by wiſhing him joy in his ſucceſs, and commending his prudence in leaving off a gainer, (as he pretendedly hath done) he proffers him a glaſs of Wine, and warming him therewith, makes him repay at the Tavern that kindneſs with the loſs of all he won, with what he had beſides. If any time he thus picks up a ſure *Bubble*, he will purpoſely loſe ſome ſmall matter at firſt, that he may engage him the more freely to bleed, (as they call it) and if he ſuffer him to go off a Winner let him look to himſelf the next meeting, where Wine and good Cheer ſhall be plentiful, but before he goes he ſhall pay for the Roaſt.

When it grows late, and the Table becomes thin, then is the time for the *Wheedle* to uſe his *Hocus Pocus* Tricks, and if there be none left whom he ſuppoſes *bubbleable*, to keep his hand in action, and that it may not cool, he will venture his money among thoſe of his own Profeſſion, and then cheat, that cheat can; theſe of late are called *Rats*, and when they thus engage, and playing for Coats or Cloaks, wanting mony, the winner then according to the Term of Art, ſays, *he hath bit off ſuch a Rats Tail.*

I might enlarge my ſelf very much upon this ſubject,

ſubject, but ſince it hath been treated of already, I ſhall forbear *Cramben bis coctam apponere*, and refer you to a Book called the *Compleat Gameſter*, diſcovering the manner of Playing and Cheating in moſt Games, either originally our own, or forreign invention.

From the Ordinary we will wait upon this *Wheedle* to his Lodging, and obſerve his deportment by the way; and firſt, if he meet with a Drunken-man, he will offer him his aſſiſtance in conducting him home, and pay himſelf for the trouble, either by picking his pocket, or pretend an abuſe offer'd him, then beat him cauſeleſly, and finally *rub off* with an upper Garment; if a wench chance to croſs him (feigning himſelf more than half drunk) he ſwears *dam him, he will give her one Battle*; the ſilly Whore accepts of it, and then he carries her where he is known: Venery is the leaſt of his thoughts, it may be, ſome deeper deſign is on foot, to get mony; for having drank a glaſs or two, he ſuddenly cries out, *his pocket is picket*; the houſe is alarm'd hereupon, and the Maſter being his friend, ſhe is threatned with a Conſtable, who ſcious to her ſelf of former guilt in this nature (though not of this) dares not ſtand the teſt, but parting with what monies ſhe hath about her, is forced likewiſe to leave a petticoat behind in Mortgage for further ſatisfaction.

In his going home, if he fear meeting with the *watch*, he obligeth the *Drawer* to accompany him, and having given him his Leſſon, approaching the *Conſtable*, he falls a railing at his man in a language as lofty as *High-Dutch*, becauſe he hath uſed him ſo like a Raſcal, in not giving him attendance, and vows the next morning to pull his blew Livery over his ears, though he pay but eighteen pence a Week for his Lodging, and that in a *Garret*. If he

he meet with the *Grand Round*, he then orders his *Will-with-a-wiſp* to ſpeak aloud; *Sir* John, *will you turn this way, or down that ſtreet*; if he be alone, to eſcape the danger, he pretends to ſpeak no *Engliſh*, but hath more diſcretion than one had to tell the *Conſtable* ſo in the ſame *Language*.

If he chance to go home ſeaſonably to his new Lodging, (for his *Rogueries* oblige him to change often) he then picks up ſome of his gentiler acquaintance, and drawing near the door, he talks of none but Perſons of Quality, with whom he hath been that day, and play'd a *Game at Cribbidge*; about to enter his Lodging, he ſalutes his Companions by no other Titles than *Squire*, or Sir *William*, though all a pack of pitiful beggarly Raſcals; and to raiſe himſelf a further reputation in the houſe, he tells his Landlady, being more credulous than her Husband, that he and his *Shoal* of *Gallants* ſwam through an *Ocean* of *Canary*; that he danced ſo much money out of his heels; and that in Wild-foul there flew away ſo much; and to confirm them in this belief, he before-hand draws up a large Tavern Bill-of-fare, and dropping it in the houſe, loſeth it on purpoſe to be found, and read to the increaſe of his reputation.

He is very ſolicitous to get acquaintance with ſome of the *Actors*, not out of any reſpect he bears to their Ingenuity, but to gain ſo far an intereſt in them, as to be let into the houſe now and then *gratis*, and upon no other ſcore, than to pick up a *Bubble*, or ſome *unpractiſed* young Female, whom he pinches by the Fingers, and cries, Damme, *Madam, were you but ſenſible of that Paſſion I have for you, you could not but inſtantly ſhow ſome pity to your languiſhing Vaſſal*: this he utters at firſt ſight, and if the firſt ſhow him no countenance, the next he comes at ſhall have the ſame Compliment; having

ing *trim'd* his Wigg, and *careen'd* his Breeches, he *cruſeth* to and fro the Pit, (not minding the Players, who Act their parts ſo well on the Stage, that Ladies ſend for them to act in their Chambers) and never is at quiet till he hath made prize of ſome or other, whom he *tows* off to a *Tavern*, and there *rummages* the *Hold* at pleaſure.

When he intends to go on the *Pad*, then Inns (ſome time before) are the chief places whither he reſorts, to get information of *Hoſtler*, *Tapſter*, or *Chamberlain*, what booties they can inform him of, and by knowing the time of the Travellers ſetting out, and which way he goes, he knows accordingly when, and how to ſurprize him; it is needleſs here to inſert what *Wheedles* the *Pad* uſeth to effect his deſigns, ſince they are at large diſcovered in *Clavels Recantation*, and in the life of the *Engliſh Rogue*, or *Witty Extravagant*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Weedles of a Quacking Aſtrological Doctor.

BEfore I ſhall relate to you how *Doctor-Cunningham Wheedles* with his poor ignorant Patients, it is requiſite I deſcribe him by the way as briefly as I can, acknowledging my ſelf beholding to his Character ingeniouſly written by my very good friend. This fellow is the *fag-end* or *Pug* of a *Conjurer*, who wanting courage, never durſt look his *Grand-Sire* in the face, yet loves dearly to hear of *Him*, and his infernal *Relations*; to that end he hath got *Cornelius Agrippa* by heart, and though he underſtands not *Latin*, yet he reads every day *Trithemius* his *Steganographia*, the better to imprint the names of his Brethren in his memory, and to furniſh his Mouth with ſuch words as may become as dreadful to the *Non-intelligent* as his *exorciſms*, or a *magical Circle* with *Devils* crawling round it. By his ſerious looks he beſpeaks the reputation of a knowing man, and undertakes to tell other mens fortunes meerly to ſupply the pinching neceſſities of his own, and that he may avoid the cenſures of the Vulgar, he by his Bills (which Chequer every piſſing place) proclaims himſelf *Secretary to God and Nature*, and the *Stars Privy-Counſellor*, that it lies in his power to jilt the Cabinet of the Deſtinies, and ſteal thence their greateſt ſecrets, whereas he is nothing but a *meer Hocus, and his whole Art is but a well contriv'd faculty or Legerdemain to bubble inquiſitive and credulous Fools of their money.*

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His natural impudence and a ſtollen Ephemeris *ſet him up, and he begins at once to be a Student and a Profeſſor. No ſooner hath he learn'd the myſtery to erect a Scheme, but he fancies himſelf a whole Sphear above* Tycho Brahe, *&c. and thence forward his cloven tongue is tipt with Prophecy; let the diſcourſe be what it will, he ſtill ſpeaks Aſtrology, and never opens his Mouth, but it is bearded with a Planet.*

Some ſay he took his beginning from a Cunning-woman, and ſtole this Black-art from her, whilſt he made her Sea-coal-fires; whoſe impudence and ignorance ſo ſuted with hers. that ſhe could do no leſs than take him from that drudgery, and employ him in a greater, by marrying him, and making him Co-partner in her ſecrets; if he will not condeſcend to this, ſhe thruſts him out of his warm Neſt half fledg'd, and rambling up and down, he knows not where, hardly eſcaping the Cage, at length he percheth where ſome famed Figure ſlinger liv'd before, and ſo raiſeth himſelf upon his Reputation.

To ſupply his defects in Learning, he will frequently quote, *Ptolomy, Cardan, Eichſtadius, Argol,* and ſeveral others, yet never read his Accidence, however he hath raked together a damnable many hard words, *with which he ſtartles his trembling Querents, who take them for names of his Confederate Devils*; which he conjures not up all at once, but intermixeth his diſcourſe with Tranſition, Direction, Schemes Profectional, Radix Genethliacal, Excentrick, Epicycle, Sextile, Trine, Quartile, Acronick, Helio-centrical, and a thouſand more words as terrifying, I have often wondred why ſo many Knights of the Croſs-leg'd Order have been great Proficients in this deep Art and Myſtery, it may be, ſitting *in a Garret four ſtories high, they have the better opportunity to contemplate the cœleſti-*

al

al bodies, and ſearch out the meaning of their reſpective Twinklings; But that which makes me wonder moſt of all, is that a parcel of pitiful, debaucht, Atheiſtical Fellows, *ſhould ſo frequently look upwards, and perpetually pore on Heaven, buſying themſelves about a place they are never like to come to.*

His groundleſs Gueſſes he calls Reſolves, and compels the Stars (like Knights of the Poſt) to depoſe things they know no more than the Man in the Moon.

Some of them have ſo much practice they ſcorn to meddle with *Theft*, whereas it is nothing but fear that hinders him from picking the *Querents* pockets to help him to his goods again. A poor Servant that hath loſt but a *Silver Bodkin* muſt put a ſhilling to his mouth before ſhe can unskrew his jaws, and when ſhe hath got them open, *Balaams Aſs* ſpoke a thouſand times to more purpoſe. Since *Plate* triumph'd ſo much in every petty *Ale-houſe*, he hath been forced to uſe ſome other means, than his uncertain *Art*, and I commend him, he took an excellent courſe for a more certain diſcovery of goods ſtoln or loſt, either by maintaining a ſtrict correſpondence, with *Budges*, *Gilts* and *Liſters*, as ſome raw young *Phyſical Practicers*, with applauding *Midwives*, and recommending *Nurſes*, or elſe by laying aſide (into what houſe he comes) *Bowl*, *Beaker*, *Spoon*, *Tankard*, or any other thing he can, undiſcover'd, lay his hands upon: by the firſt he keeps up his credit by the ſame Hermetick learning *Mall-cut-purſe* heretofore profeſt; and by the latter means he buoys it up to no leſs admiration; for he tells them how and where it lyes, to the Eaſtward of the houſe, in ſuch an Angle, under ſuch and ſuch rubbiſh. O Wonderful! *but ſurely he that hides, can find.*

At other times laying aſide his Art, he hath recourſe to his never failing way of *ſifting*; if by ſubtle

ſubtle interrogatories, he pumps out any thing from the Querent, he is ſure to remember it ſo, as to make uſe on't; and to avoid the ſuſpition that his *Prediction* proceeds from *Conjecture*, he ſpends ſome time in ſcrawling out a *Scheme*, and plays the part of an *Herald at Arms* in ordering the Planets in their proper places, but goes no further, till he receive his mony, and herein imitates a *Welch Cuſtom*; The *Miniſter* at a funeral, ſtops half way in reading the *Ceremonies* for the Deceaſed, and proceeds not till ſome *Relation* pays him his fees and then goes on; *then he begins to tell him back his own Tale in other language, and he takes that for Divination which is but Repetition, neither regarding antient Rules, or the true poſitions of the Heavens, but follows his own fancy, and ſays what he thinks will pleaſe moſt*; and ſending home ſome brisk young maid, *big* with the hopes of being ſpeedily married, ſhe brings whole *Shoals* with her the next day, to be reſolved of the ſame queſtion.

In his greener practice he meddles much with ſtollen goods, but being arrived to a *Velvet Jacket*, by the ſucceſs of his *Wheedling*, and crafty deluſions, he then ſends his petty *Clients* to the young *fry* of the *Aſtrological Art*, and reſerves the better ſort to himſelf to practiſe upon.

The young *Gallant* bribes him with a Guinny to know when his covetous *Father* will have the civility to go to Heaven, and is ſo pious as to double it, if by *Art* he can expedite his Journey. The old toothleſs, ſtumpleſs, nay ſapleſs *Lady*, cannot be quiet till he hath reſolved her, concerning the ſeventh *Husband*; the Married, that are wearied by length of time, and other ways, inquire, which ſhall dye firſt, Male or Female; the broken *Citizen* (flying confinement as a Contagion) asks him, which way he were beſt ſteer his Courſe for

advantage; a *young Woman* comes to know whether Mr. ſuch a one will marry her her, to *ſawder* up that *crack* he made in her *virginity*; to all theſe he diſpences *Oracles* with a confidence equall'd by nothing but his ignorance, and if any preſume to ſcruple his *judgment*, the room will be too little to hold him and them, and if they go not voluntary out, 'tis ten to one he will be ſo ſaucy as to tell them, their company is troubleſome to his ſtudious retirement.

Hell hath not three ſuch *Miniſters* in all its *Territories* for amorous Intrigues, as the *Midwife Nurſe*, and this *Aſtrological Bill-Doctor*; for he will *Pimp* for a *Stallion*, if he will bring him on his back a Load of *Hay*. He will betray a conſiderable *Fortune* to a *Foot-boy*, and if he may go ſnips in the portion, he knows an hundred ways how to effect his deſign; by furniſhing the young man with good cloaths, as *Bawds* do *Whores*, that they may ply their buſineſs to the better advantage; then *Wheedles* with the *Heireſs*, and tells her, *at ſuch a time a young Man, ſo complexion'd, featur'd, form'd, and in ſuch a habit, ſhe will accidentally ſee, as ſhe is walking home, the Stars have decreed ſhall be her husband, that there is no reſiſtance to be uſed againſt their all-powerful influence, and that if ſhe ſhould be ſo imprudent as to oppoſe their powers, ſhe will never meet with the like opportunity, and die miſerably, and unpitied in a ſingle condition.* If unhappily by his means two are conjoyn'd of different humours and condition, and they condemn him, for being the unlucky inſtrument of their miſery, he excuſes himſelf, and lays the fault on *Heaven*, by ſaying, *it is their deſtiny*. He gives out that he is the only *Love-procurer* in *Europe*, the noiſe hereof attracts to his lodgings every day, whole Flocks of *Turtle-Doves* of both kinds, who, poor ſilly Creatures, buy his powder

of

of *Cuccow pintle* for an excellent *Philtre*, who did they not uſe ſome better means, would never reap enjoyment of their deſired *billing*. He makes young *Bubbles* believe, he knows the Minute, the critical preciſe minute, wherein it is impoſſible for the chaſteſt woman living to hold out, and to that purpoſe, appoints them meetings which ſhall be moſt ſafe, and leaſt liable to diſcovery.

Now as ſome Creatures are Amphibious, living like *Rats* and *Frogs* both on *Land* and *Water*, ſo this cunning *Devil of a Doctor* is equally ſkill'd at *Scheme* and *Urinal*, and fearing he ſhall want mouths to praiſe him (being conſcious to himſelf of his own defects and Inabilities) he opens his own wide, and where ever he comes brags out his own *Eulogies*, in running over a long *Catalogue*, of what dangerous diſtempers he hath cured, and leſt what he tells every one ſhould not leave an impreſſion deep enough in their memories, he *Prints* his *Bills* ſo often upon *Tick*, that he is forced to remove his *Lodgings* as often, if for no other cauſe, than to ſhun the inceſſant clamours of the needy *Ballad Printer*. If by *Wheedling* he can cheat the people into an opinion of his abilities, and make them believe he is a *Scholar*, becauſe now and then he *lards* his *lean* diſcourſe with ſmall *ſlices* of *Latin*, and by this means gets a little money into his pocket, he then hath the impudence of publiſhing a *Book* of anothers *writing*, having neither Wit, nor Judgment ſufficient to do it himſelf, with his *Picture* prefixt, done by an *Engraver*, whom he bribed to make it n t like but handſom, and as ſtock encreaſes, he will have divers of them by him, cut in *Braſs*, not half ſo *brazen* as his *face*, one in a *Perriwig*, another without, one in a *Coat*, and the other in a *Doctors Gown*, and *Cap*, although he was never *dubb'd Doctor*, but by a *Licence* from the *Commons*.

When he is in the company of men, he draws forth ſome of his *Paper-books*, and ſcatters them about, as a *prodigal Gooſe* flutters about her feathers, and then with a loud voice and ſerious countenance, he relates what cures both internal and external he hath effected in ſuch a County, and ſhows you in his book their names printed, beſides ſeveral written Certificates he carries about him, pretending they came too late to be inſerted. Thus he perſwades the ſound man to make himſelf ſick, if for no other reaſon than to experiment his famous Phyſick; and you muſt not refuſe to take a *Box* of his rare, *Univerſal Pill*, with a *Pamphlet* to wait upon it, to keep the *Viper* from doing you any harm; ſure it muſt work wonderful effects in the body of man, ſince the ſuppoſed *Author* at firſt, knew not how to write the name he gave it, but paſt thus from *him*, and the *Printer*, as ignorant as himſelf, *Pillulæ radiis Solis extractum*, and being laught at for it, was conſtrain'd to bribe a Boy of one of the lower *Claſs* to reconcile the difference he had made between the *Subſtantive* and *Adjective*.

If he be in *Female Society* his diſcourſe runs in another Chanel, but fouler and polluted; for if he have not read the learned *Rodericus* a *Caſtro de morbis Mulierum*, or the ſportive Italian *Sinibaldus* his *Gyneanthropeia*; he is ſure to con over and over the *Man-Midwife*, *Culpeppers Midwifry*, &c. to furniſh him with the names of *Womens Diſeaſes*, and their Cures: and having ſifted ſome Servant of the houſe, who is ſick therein, or diſorder'd, according to the Age and Diſtemper of the Perſon, he poſſeſſes the Miſtreſs thereof with a ſtrange opinion of what wonderful feats he can do, as thus, if ſhe hath been married any while, and hath no Children, he then whiſpers her in the ear that her Womb

Womb is foul, and muſt be cleanſed, for which purpoſe he hath incomparable *Pillulæ Fœminiæ* of a purgative cleanſing faculty, opening *Obſtructions* of the *lower Region*, and Veins leading to the *Matrix* and *Privy parts*, by which it takes away the accidental cauſes of *Barrenneſs*, or he hath a *Peſſary*, if ſhe pleaſe to uſe it, *&c.* If he ſee any in the family that are troubled with the *Green Sickneſs*, Suffocations of the Womb, Fits of the Mother, or the like, he hath other *Feminine Pills*, which infallibly carry all offending matter from thoſe parts incident to that Sex, and to forward or perfect the cure, he hath *Reſtaurator Naturæ* (as it is called) being an excellent *Spirit* to reſtore *Nature*, to heal, knit and ſtrengthen, *Reins*, *Loin*, *Womb*, and *Spermatick Parts*, ſtrengthen *Conception*, preventeth *Miſcarriages*, eaſeth after Pains; as for *Weeping* of the *Womb*, *Whites*, or *Running* of the Reins: he hath a never failing *Pill*, whoſe name is not to be remembred without difficulty; in ſhort, there is no diſeaſe, belonging to the body of Mankind, of which he pretends not the perfect cure, and could he do all, or one half of what his Bills contain, we might then truly ſay, that Miracles are not ceaſed yet, and we might allow him to boaſt his knowledge in Medicine as he doth, and ſhould not blame him for ſaying, *that theſe remedies are prepar'd by a ſkilful hand, and rightly adapted from a true and perfect knowledge of Nature, grounded on the ſoundeſt Reaſon and matureſt Judgment, and that, by long Experience, theſe Preparations are far beyond any* Elixir, *whatever, and are not inferiour to the beſt* Arcanums *in the* Univerſe. Admirable Operator! that can skin a Flint, make leaf Gold of the Rays of the Sun, and make ten pounds in Silver from the powder of a Brick-hat.

As in cheating there is a *Bonum vile*, ſo in being

cheated there is a *Bonum jucundum*, the *Wheedling* Quacking Impoſtor, impreſſing an expectation more pleaſant than ordinary on his Patients fancies, which doth not a little tickle their dull Spleen, as rare Cordial Waters for languiſhing People, called by ſtrange names, *viz. Elixir Proprietatis*, *Elixir Salutes*, *&c.* reſtoring Drooping Spirits to life and vigour; curing old and inveterate Conſumptions, Dropſies, Scurvies, and what not, chears the heart, and are Health and Lifes Preſervers, and prolongers. And, as I have heard ſome *Mountebanks* in a *Rhodomontado* humour ſwear, he deſerves not to practiſe Phyſick, that cannot at any time plentifully ſupply his neceſſities with money gotten out of a Brick-bat pulverized, ſo it is generally known how a *Heel-maker* arrived to an eſtate of many thouſands, by ſelling Barley water with a few drops of Spirit of Salt in it. It is ſtrange that Perſons ſhould ſuffer their Purſes to be gelded, and their Bodies Anatomized by an huddle of ſuch *Wheedling* Empericks, as the *Hatbandmaker* once of *Moor-fields*; the *Gunſmith* in *Barbican*, and that old doating piece of Non-ſenſe in *South-wark*.

Since the practices of ſuch Ignoramuſſes are of ſo general and dangerous a conſequence to ſuch as uſe them. I ſhall now open to your ſight the Skulls of ſuch as are commonly intruſted with your Health, where you may behold the Wheels of their Brain framing ſubtle practices to drain your Dropſical Purſes, and play the Knave and Fool with your conſumptive Bodies.

The Knacks and *Wheedles* of this Quacking Practitioner, conſiſts in three Notions. Firſt, that a Patients grievance is either a diſcernable evident diſeaſe, which his own confeſſion makes known what it is; or, Secondly, an inward Pain; or Thirdly and laſtly, Endemick Diſeaſes, as Scurvy, Conſumption,

Conſumption, or Pox, this is his Theory, which is ſo deeply engrafted on his *Dura Mater*, which he either acquires at home by a fourteen years ſtudy, after he hath left making Fires for ſome *Chymical Operator*, or abroad by his money, which he gradually, or by little and little, ſtole from his Maſter, when ſleep and the fumes of Wine had rendred him unſenſible of the *Cheat*; it is no difficult matter for a mans *Coyn* to be dubb'd *Doctor* in *Forreign* places, the formality whereof moſt commonly conſiſts in this, *Accipiamus Pecuniam, & dimittamus Aſinum.*

But now let us conſider how he makes application of the aforeſaid three Notions. The *Doctor* demanding of his *Patient* the cauſe of his complaint, or where his doth lye, he replies, it may be, that he is troubled with *Vomititing*, *Looſneſs*, want of *Appetite*, *Cough*, bad *Digeſture*, *Difficulty* of *Breathing*, *Faintneſs*, *Jaundice*, *Dropſie*, *Gout*, *Palſie*, *Ague*, *Feaver*. *&c.* all theſe are evident; if the Diſeaſe be not evident, the Dr. then concludes, it muſt be either an inward Pain, or an *Endemick* Diſtemper. The *Patient* then complaining of an inward Pain, the *Doctor* then falls to his old trade of gueſſing, enquiring firſt in what part; if in the right ſide under the ſhort ribs, he tells him it is an Obſtruction in the *Liver*; if in the left ſide, then in the *Spleen*, if in the *Belly*, he calls it the *Colick*, if in the *Back*, he perſwades him it is the *Gravel* or *Stone*; if a *Stitch* in the *Breaſt*, he terms it wind, or *Pleuriſie*; and if the Perſon be reduced to a poor and lean *Carcaſs*, then he tell him that he is in a *Conſumption*, but being troubled with ſeveral pains at once, as want of *Stomach*, change of *Complexion*, *Looking Yellowiſh*, *Duskiſh*, or *Greeniſh*, then Mr. *Wheedle* whiſpers him in the ear, that he is troubled with the *Scurvy*, or if he have running

ſores, ſpots, pimples, or botches in the Face, Arms, *&c.* or Nodes in the head, he calls that the *Scurvey* too; if the Perſon have the diſcretion to behave himſelf as a ſober diſcreet man, that can go in, and come out of *Brothels* at ſuch convenient times, and in ſuch various *Diſguiſes*, that, with the help of a *Muffling Cloak*, he paſſes undiſcovered, though he meet his *Wife* at the Threſhold; otherwiſe if the *Patient* be youthful, and inclined to *Venery* by his *Complexion*, then the forementioned *Diſeaſe* muſt be called an inveterate *Clap*, or in down-right *Engliſh*, the *Pox*.

In Diſeaſes of Women, the *Mother*, or *Matrix* he accuſeth: If a Child, within the ſpace of ſix Months, be ſick without the appearance of an evident diſtemper, then he affirms it is troubled with the *Gripes*, which, if not ſpeedily remedied, will turn to a *Convulſion*; but if that happen not according to his Prognoſtication, to prevent the forfeiture of his skill and repute, he then cunningly acquaints the *Mother* it had inward *Fits*, and ſo craftily *Wheedles* with her, that ſhe poor ſilly *Woman* verily believes it: if after ſeven months, the *Child* be diſcompoſed, it is then breeding *Teeth*; having bred all the *Teeth*, if it fall ill, then he avoucheth it is troubled with *Worms*.

Let us a little farther conſider the ſubtlety of his fancy in *groaping* out the cauſe of Diſeaſes, which though cloathed with the darkeſt Clouds, yet by virtue of this following Principle, he aims at this mark immediately, *viz.* that moſt diſeaſes are cauſed by the four Temperaments; Choler, Phlegm, Melancholy, or abundance of Blood; of theſe, two are hot and two cold, and ſo are cauſes of hot and cold diſtempers; now theſe four being reduced to two general *Categories* under the notion of hot and cold, any one, having but the ſenſe of

diſtin-

of diſtinguiſhing *Winter* from *Summer*, may inſtantly appoint a cauſe for almoſt every diſeaſe; hereupon the Patient complaining, Mr. *Wheedle* the *Doctor* hath no more to do, but to take him by the fiſt, to feel whether he be hot or cold; if cold, he ſummons in his cold cauſes, as *Phlegm* and *Melancholy*, which ready pronouncing of the *Cauſe* upon a meer *touch*, ſtupifies the *Patient* through admiration of this *Æſculapian Oracle*, hitting him in the right Vein to an hairs breadth, and upon this the *Patient* confeſſeth, that the *Doctor* undoubtedly underſtands his *Diſtemper*: For every Morning, (quoth he) as ſoon as I wake, I ſpit ſuch a deal of *Phlegm*———; and moreover, I am much inclined to *Melancholly*. This jumping in Opinions betwixt them, makes the *Doctor* ſwell with expectation of a large *Fee*, which the *Patient* moſt freely forces upon him; and ſo the Fool and his Money are ſoon parted: And it is two to one, but both are diſappointed; the one in his Judgement, the other in his Belief: For ſuppoſe the *Diſeaſe* takes its growth from *Choler*, or abundance of *Blood*, there is ſcarce one in an hundred, but is ſubject to ſpit in the Morning; and being reduced to weakneſs by his Sickneſs, and in continual Pain, cannot otherwiſe chuſe but be *Melancholly*; for Mirth and Cheerfulneſs ſeldom lodge in indiſpoſed Bodies.

I doubt I have been ſomewhat too ſerious for my Subject, in this Diſcovery of his Phyſical Knowledge, which is no more than what any ordinary *Perſon* may arrive at in a very little time; only he hath a greater Stock of *Impudence* to puſh him forward, Subtilty to conceal his *Ignorance* in the *Art* and *Myſtery* of *Phyſick*, and Craft to inſinuate himſelf into Families and Acquaintance; whom he makes believe, he can do Wonders; and if he ef-

fect but one *Cure* in an hundred, that *Perſon* ſhall be continually quoted (nay, after Death) for one among ſome thouſands, on whom he hath wrought Miracles, by his Skill in *Phyſick*.

Here I might give you an account how he manageth a *Stage*, to his Advantage, both in City and Country, what *Tools* and *Cattle* he carries with him (for he is not ſo confin'd to a Chamber, but that he will ſometimes mount the Stage, whereon *He*, and *Merry-Andrew*, play the *Fool* to pleaſe a company of gaping *Fools*, and *Pick-Pockets*; but none ſo dexterous at that Art, as the worſhipful *Mr. Doctor*:) I ſay, ſo much might be ſaid concerning his Practices on the *Stage*, that it would afford matter to fill a Volume. How firſt his *Buffoonries* are exhibited in Publick to attract the *People*; and having congregated a great many, *Mr. Doctor*, who is in Ken, comes and aſcends the *Stage*; where having walkt to and fro very ſtately, and filling his hands with Papers, and ſmall Vials, he then begins to *diſgorge* the Names of thoſe Diſeaſes he not long ſince *ſwallow'd*; which, like Vomits, will no longer be contain'd. He then tells you, what excellent *Pills*, *Plaiſters*, *Powders*, *Spirits*, *Ointments*, *Balſams*, *Waters*, and *Elixirs* he hath for all Diſeaſes that ever were, or ſhall be; how he did cut off ſuch a Wen, ſuch a ſore Breaſt, heal'd ſuch an Hare-lip; and, in confirmation hereof, whole Crowds of diſeaſed Perſons, cured by him, aſcend the Stage, and confirm the Truth of his ſaying. To raiſe him further Credit, he openly proclaims he will *Cure the Poor for Gods-ſake*; but thoſe who buy his Ingredients, ſhall in the price pay for ſuch Poor, and Themſelves together. At length, about to depart out of the *Town*, wherein he hath ſojourn'd ſome time; and being on the *Stage*, he in a ſtudied Speech, acknowledges to the People

how

how much he hath been beholding to them; and, to expreſs his Gratitude, if the *Poor* will aſſemble there to Morrow, (for he informs them, he muſt go away that day) as many as come ſhall have twelve Pence apiece: The *People*, with abundance of *Poor*, aſſembled the next day; and thoſe that were able bought ſeveral of his Ingredients, and fearing they ſhould never ſee this worthy *Charitable Doctor* again, ſtored themſelves with ſomething of every thing he expoſed there to ſale. When he had done vending: *Now*, (ſaid He) *I muſt be as good as my Promiſe to the Poor, and ſo I ſhall, in beſtowing upon every one of them a Shilling: Look you then*, (ſaid He) *here is a Powder good for all Wounds, Ulcers, Fiſtula's*, &c. *the price I ſell it for, is two Shillings; I will take but one: here is a rich Cordial Water, the price half a Crown; I will take but eighteen Pence*; and ſo after that rate went on: But when the *Poor* ſaw themſelves deluded by this *Wheedling* knaviſh *Doctor*, they began to handle his *Stage* ſo roughly, that had not he preſently fled for it, and mounting rode in all haſte away, I know not but (like *De Wit* by the *Dutch Rabble*) they would have made him a Sacrifice to their Revenge.

But to proceed; Our *Doctor Wheedles* beſt by *Proxy*, and more ſucceſsfully; for if he make a true ſound on the *Trebble* of the *Females* Fancy, it will produce ſuch a *Harmony*, as ſhall ſound his Praiſe through *City* and *Country*: And indeed, without theſe Female-Inſtruments, or She-Trumpets, it is almoſt impoſſible for our *Doctor* (notwithſtanding his own *Wheedles*) to arrive to a famous Report, who having once by the Muſick of his Tongue enchanted the Women, doth by the ſame *Wheedle* ſubject the Opinions of Men to his Advantage; Women generally uſurping or impropriating the Affair of their Husbands Health to their own manage-

nagement: For if a Man chance to fall ſick, he preſently asks his Wife what *Doctor* he ſhall ſend to? who inſtantly gives her Direction to him that had her by the Ears laſt.

In this piece of Policy, the *Doctor* ſhews himſelf no leſs cunning, than the *Serpent* in *Geneſis*, who to cheat *Adam* thought it expedient firſt to deceive his *Wife*.

There are ſeveral ways, wherein he *Wheedles* with his Female *Patient*. Firſt, (as I have ſaid before) If ſhe hath had no Children, he pretends to put her into the *Way*, how ſhe may have them, than which nothing can oblige her more; moſt of the *Sex* being of *Rachels* Humour, in ſome meaſure; *Give me Children, or I dye*. If ſhe be with Child, he tells her *Ways* how to ſtrengthen the *Womb*, facilitate *Labour*, &c. If at any time ſhe ſeems to be diſorder'd, he knows ſhe loves to be told that ſhe is Melancholly, though of never ſo merry a Compoſure; and in that part of the *Litany*, this *Doctor* is a perfect *Reader*. If ſhe complain of *Drowſineſs*, want of *Stomach*, *Cough*, &c. he preſently tells her, that ſhe is in an ill ſtate, attended with many dangerous *Diſeaſes*, which all proceed from *Melancholly*; or probably, quoth he, from the unkindneſs of *Husband*, or *Relations*, which inſtantly makes the *Poor Heart* put Finger in Eye, force a deep Sigh; and all this for being denied, what ſhe requeſted of him. This certainly aſſures her the Impreſſion of that Melancholly to be the Original of her Diſtemper, ſince her *Phyſician* diſcourſes to her as much, though ſome Months or Years paſt, and for ſo doing admires him; withal intending to give an ample Teſtimony to the World of her *Doctors* profound Skill. But this is not all; he purſues his Buſineſs, peeps into her Eyes, where ſpying a ſmall Wrinkle or two, in the inward or leſ-

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ſer Angle, he tells her ſhe hath had a Child or two: Then perſwades her at her laſt *Lying-in*, her *Midwife* did not perform her *Office* skilfully, whereby ſhe received Prejudice by taking Cold, diſplacing the Womb, *&c.* Which inſtance ſquaring ſo exactly with the premeditated Senſe and Opinion of his *She-Patient*, (moſt Women, though never ſo well accommodated in their Labour, being prone to call the Behaviour of their *Midwife* in queſtion) he hath now produced a far greater confidence than before. And laſt of all, to compleat his Work, now at the *Exit*, of his gulled, or *Wheedled* Patient, of rendring her Thoughts, Opinion, and Confidence, *Vaſſals* to his *Service*, *Fame*, and *Advantage*, make one Overture more of a great Cauſe of ſome of her Symptoms; declaring to her ſhe is much ſubject to Fits of the *Mother*, occaſioning a Choaking in her Throat. And here alſo they jump in their Sentiments, ſcarce one Woman in an hundred, but one time or other, is aſſaulted by thoſe Uterine Steems, eſpecially upon a *Tempeſt* of any of her *Paſſions*, of Fright, Anger, Love, *&c.*

In the next place, let us conſider this *Aſtrologico-Phyſical Wheedle*, as he a *Water-Gazer*, or *Water-Caſter* alſo, who by the Streams of the *Urine*, pretends to gratifie his *Patients* nice Curioſity of being reſolved what was, what is, and what Diſeaſe is to come; and, what is more, he ſometimes by his great pretended Cunning, aims to diſcover as much by the *Urinal*, as he does by the *Stars*.

By the way, give me leave to relate you a Story, how an *Engliſh Doctor* at *Leyden*, not many Years ſince, promoted himſelf by his moſt wonderful Sagacity in Urines; hundreds, nay, rather thouſands repairing to this ſtupendious *Oracle*, to have, by that means, the State of their Body deſcribed. Upon his Arrival, at the Place forementioned, he had

had in his Company a bold Fellow, that haunted the moſt noted *Taverns* and *Houſes* of Entertainment; where, by way of Diſcourſe, divulged the good Fortune that was come to the Town, by the Arrival of an *Engliſh Doctor*, whoſe great *Learning*, and particular *Skill* in *Urines*, would ſoon render him famous to all the Inhabitants. This being pronounced with a Confidence, ſuitable to the Subject, occaſioned three ſick *Scholars* (two *Hecticks*, and one *Hydropical*) then preſent, to make tryal of the Truth of his Words; the next Morning agreeing to mix all their ſeveral Waters in one Urinal, and commit the carriage of it to *Him* that was *Dropſical*. In the mean time, *Mr. Doctor* is adverriſed of it by his *Companion*; who made him ſo skilful, that when the *Dropſical Scholar* preſented him with the *Urinal*, to know the State of his diſeaſed Body, he ſoon gravely replied, That he obſerved three *Urines* in this one *Urinal*; whereof the two lowermoſt parts of the *Urine*, appeared to him to be *Conſumptive*; and the third, that floated atop, *Dropſical*: withal, that their Conditions appear'd deſperate, and that at the Expiration of ſix Months, they ſhould be all lodged in their Graves. This admirable Dexterity of diſcerning Diſeaſes by the *Urinal*, was ſoon proclaim'd by the *Scholars* themſelves, who all having finiſh'd the Courſe of their Lives within the prefixed time, proved an undoubted Argument of his unparallel'd Parts in the *Art* of *Phyſick*; which immediately procured him an incredible Concourſe of People, and ſo continued for many Years.

That the Effects of *Confederacy* in promoting a *Phyſician* to a popular Vogue, are as powerful as diſingenious, may evidently be deduced, not only from this *Narrative*, but from the common Deſign of vulgar *Empericks*, who to raiſe their Fame high

high as a *Pyramid*, send forth several *Mouthers*, to Mouth in all Publick *Places*, *Taverns*, *Coffee*, and *Ale-Houses*, their vast Abilities, expecting with that Bait to hook in as many Patients as will swallow it.

Sometimes, to counterfeit his great Practice, he will order an *Apothecary*, or some other, to call him out of the *Church* at an Afternoon Sermon, to hasten with all speed to some *Suborn'd Patient*, to the intent the People may be advertised of the weighty Business the *Doctor* is concerned in. At other times, by insinuating into the *Speaking-men*, and *Holders-forth* in *Conventicles*, he entises a far greater Employ, than his real Capacity in *Physick* can pretend to; and mounting himself thereby, turns tail to those who held the Stirrup to him: And by his Equipage, eminent House, and by the frequent waiting of his hired Patients on him, he gains so great a Reputation in the World, as to purchase quickly either an Estate, or a Prison.

To sum up all; When he is in Company where he dares presume to talk, his Discourse is all *Aphorisms*, though his Reading be only the School of *Physick*, *Alexis Secrets*, or the *Regiment* of *Health*. The best Cure he hath done, is upon his own Purse, which from a lean Sicklines, he hath made lusty and in Flesh. His Learning consists much in reckoning up the hard Names of Diseases, and the Superscription of Gally-pots in an Apothecaries Shop; and must be admired for his going a Simpling annually. He is hardly languag'd otherwise than in Diseases, and speaks *Greek* many times when he knows not. He makes it one great part of his Business, to intrude himself where *Physicians* of note are consulting about some desperate Cure. If he escape the Ignominy of not being excluded the Society, and the *Patient* recover, his whole

Dis-

Diſcourſe for a Month ſhall be, how he and ſuch ſuch Doctors of note conſulting about a deſperate Recovery, following his Advice, the Perſon is now in good Health, though given over by half the *Colledge:* And This breeds his *Reputation*, and That his *Practice.*

CHAP. VII.

Phanatick Wheedles of a Self-Edifying Non-Conformiſt.

THe word *Non-Conformiſt* includes all Separatiſts from the *Church of England*; and therefore, I have made uſe of it, to the end I may not tire the *Reader* with a Character of the Diviſion of their *Sects*, and the ſeveral *Fryes*, that are contained under them: And ſeeing the Diſtinctions would be infinite, I ſhall not confound him with Sub-diviſions, and new Names; for every *Sect* takes up a new *Name*, with the old *Villanies*; they change the *Name*, but retain the *Sin:* He that can perſwade the People, that from an *Old Sinner* he is become a *New Man*, may, under that Diſguiſe, cheat with greater Liberty; and by the *Saints Practice*, prove, *It is lawful for him, as well as other Saints, to cheat the Wicked.*

You may know this ſort of *Cattle*, by theſe Marks: Their Words, and their Works, do ſeldom agree. They are infinitely conceited and opiniated of their own Perfections, and condemn all others. A Lye

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in their *Own*, or a *Brothers* Mouth, is truer than Truth it ſelf in another Mans. They ſuſpect, and conclude all Men to be wicked, but themſelves.

They begin all their Miſchiefs in the Name of the *Lord*; and what is unjuſt in another Mans Caſe, is moſt juſt in Theirs. They will believe none, but the confiding Men of their own Party. In a word, the World is their *Stage*, and they act the *Devils Part* thereon in the Shape of an *Angel of Light*; a Part that has been acting ever ſince the World began, aud will not be finiſhed until the VVorlds End. They are a People generally ſubtle, frugal, and wary in their dealing; by which, and their large pretenſions to a punctual Honeſty, they have engroſſed a great part of the *Nations Trade*: and ſince that Equivocation is as common to them, as Oaths and Curſes to a *Loſing Gameſter*, he that deals with them, has need of more Eyes, than *Poets* beſtow on *Argus*; for they out-wit a *Genoes* for ſubtlety, and an *Amſterdam-Jew* may ſerve as their *Apprentice*; and by their cra.. Trading, can teach him how to make his beſt Advantage: For *Self* is the Center whereunto the Lines of all their Actions tend; and, like an *Hedg-Hog*, wrapt up in his own warm Down, turns out Briſtles to all the World beſides. They would not appear in a plain Habit, but to gain thereby; and therefore it was well obſerved by the Ingenious *Satyriſt* againſt *Hypocrites*.

Meekneſs they preach, yet ſtudy to controul.
Money they'd have, when they cry out, Poor Soul!
And angry, will not have, Our Father *ſaid,*
'Cauſe it prays not enough for Daily Bread.

Their

Their *Conventicles* are but a *Holy Cheat* at beſt, where *Extempore Effuſions*, Sanctified *Non-ſenſe*, and Ridiculous *Fopperies* flow as inſenſibly as *Excrements* from deſperately ſick Perſons; and if any accuſe them for their poor, flat, jejune, impertinent, ſeditious, and blaſphemous Expreſſions, he is reviled by them for abuſing by *Nick-names* thoſe precious *Soul-piercing*, yea *Soul-ſaving*, *heart-breaking*, *Sin-deſtroying*, yea *Faith-comforting Truths*: Calling them *Boanergeſes*, *Sons of Thunder*; and ſo they are, in ſome ſenſe, Sons of Thunder; for, inſtead of *Soul-ſaving Truths*, they thunder out *Soul-deſtroying*, *State-diſturbing*, *King-reproaching Doctrine*. This they thunder out ſo powerfully, that the *Siſters*, thoſe *Weaker Veſſels*, cannot chuſe but fall before them, and proſtrating themſelves, petition the ableſt Members to ſtand to them; profeſſing their readineſs at all times, eſpecially in theſe days of more Light, or rather more light Days, to lay down themſelves with their whole Subſtance; and though they may fall back a little, yet not totally fall away.

Theſe are a parcel of *Fellows*, who beat more on the *Cuſhion*, than the *Text*, and make the *Pulpit* groan more than the *Hearers*. Thus otherwiſe expreſs'd:

Sans Compliment, the precious Man begins,
The ſuff'ring Pulpit groans for Iſraels *Sins.*
Sins, which in number many though they be,
And crying ones, are yet leſs loud, than He.
Half melted, but more out of breath, He cryes;
Not knowing what to ſay, He wipes his Eyes.
And then at laſt, that he may raiſe new ſtars,
And make his Gang ſhake their myſterious Ears;
All is not well he doubts,———.

He

He is much admired, and beloved too; for having the *Art of Memory* to retain *Non-ſenſe*: He ſpeaks all by heart, never looking into his *Book*; indeed, 'tis no wonder, for it was a thing he never was accuſtomed to uſe. He will hardly condeſcend (for fear of ſpoiling his Reputation) to open his *Bible*, when he names the *Text*: And, if he does, 'tis,

——As you'l find it writ,
Repeats his Text, and takes his Leave of it;
And ſtreight to's Sermon in ſuch furious wiſe,
As made it, what 'twas call'd, an Exerciſe.

It is impoſſible for him to make a *Preachment*, but that he muſt rail againſt the *Pope*, calling him by an hundred more beaſtly names, than the *Grand Seignior* hath Titles; hating no *Whore* worſe than her of *Babylon*. In the *Interim*, a prick-ear'd *Brother* is endeavouring to gratify the *Old Man* with a *Kind* Green-*Apron*, whom he hath in view; and the bawling *Impertinence* being finiſht, he ſingles her out, and by a *Lecherous* Touch of the Hand, under the pretence of a purer Salutation, he finds by her Rampant Pulſe, and tempting turning up of the Whites, that her Deſires are at flood; and ſo they retire together for mutual Edification.

The *Speaker* having raved two hours like *Mahomet* in his *Falling-fits*, or the *Devils* Prieſts at *Delphos*, (who never delivered their lying *Oracles*, but with extravagant Geſtures, and ſtrange Deſtortions of Body) he then conſults his carnal Intereſt too; and will not, privately in the Company of Friends, refuſe the refreſhing *Bottle*, provided *it be not known in* Gath, *nor publiſhed among the Wicked of* Askalon: For he confeſſeth the uſe of the Creature, (eſpecially

(eſpecially when it comes on free coſt) to be exceeding lawful.

There is a certain Fellow call'd a *Wet-Quaker*, and rightly ſo nam'd; for I have ſeen him drink his Liquor like a *Fiſh*, and after the ſame faſhion, without paſſing the Cup about: This Man dares drink in publick, whereas his preciſer *Brethren* do it only in private; and there is none of them all, of what *Sect* ſoever, who deſire not to fare deliciouſly, and with plenty.

On Geeſe and Capons with what Zeal they feed,
And wondring cry, a goodly Bird indeed.

Their Speech and Habits they cannot indure ſhould be like their Neighbours, and are very curious to be in all things contrary to the common Mode, that they may be taken notice of for ſingular Men, (only private Venery and Luxury excepted) and are ſo ſtuft with Contradiction, that they will do nothing commanded by *Authority*; ſo that the only way to have them do any thing, is to forbid them the doing of it *on pain of Death*. Having ſcrew'd his Face into a *Religious Form*, and tun'd his Voice to a puling *Sanctimonious Key*, he uſes it as a *Low-Bell* to catch *Larks*, or rather ſuch *Owls* as will be *bubbled* out of their Money, meerly on the Repute of his Conſciencious Dealing; though by *Yea* and *Nay*, he will cheat worſe than a *Long-Lane Broaker*; for, the pretence of dealing at a word, is the Hook by which he draws in his Cuſtomers; and that which engages them to come again to be cheated, is, *I tell thee plainly, Friend:* And to let the World know his punctuality to his Word, if his Cuſtomer tells him, he will not give him ſo much, yet returns, and offers him his price, he ſends him away without the Commodity, yet with a reproof,

reproof, ſaying, *friend, I will not be guilty of thy lye*; yet values not his own; for though he will not ſwear, becauſe it is unprofitable, yet lyes in many caſes he holds venial, and in two meritorious, either when they make for the intereſt of the beloved ſeed, or reflect ſcandal on the Government.

Now ſince *Lying* is ſo generally uſed and practiſed among this ſort of People, give me leave to hold forth a little, and ſhow you what pleaſure and profit they make of *Lying*.

Lying in general as it is nakedly, and abſtractly conſidered, firſt implies Reſt; for by this means we enjoy reſt, that which all things even to the loweſt inanimates tend unto, with a ſtrong propenſion.

Secondly, *Lying* implies Health, that is to ſay in Women, according to the *French* Proverb, *La femme eſt bien malade, quand' elle ne ſe peut tenir ſur le dos.*

Thirdly, L*ying* implies Pleaſure, that is *quand' l' homme Couche avec la femme:* but theſe are not the L*yings* I intend to inſiſt upon: there are three other ſorts of L*ying*, which ſhall be my preſent ſubject, and they are the *Officious*, *Jocoſe*, and *Pernicious* Lying.

Firſt, An *Officious* L*ying*; and that is, when a man lies with his own wife, but this is a thing out of faſhion now adays, and therefore I'le but lightly touch upon it.

Every man that would be accounted honeſt, ought to lye with his wife *ex Officio*, but this Age it ſeems is generally grown wiſer, and will not tye themſelves to duty in this kind; Therefore the *Italians* ſay, *Gli huomini da bene ſi maritano, Gli ſavii no*; honeſt men marry, but wiſe men tarry.

But there is another ſort of *Officious* L*ying*, hurtful to none, but profitable to moſt men, and may be lawfully

lawfully uſed ſometimes; as thus, if a *General* of an *Army* ſhould ſee a kind of deſpondency in his Soldiers, and he encourage them by telling there are auxiliary forces coming to their ſuccour though it be falſe, yet it may be diſpenſed with: *Plato* allowed a Lye lawful, either to ſave a *Citizen*, or deceive an *Enemy*; this kind of Lying, *Abraham* uſed with *Pharaoh*, and *Abimeleck*, and his Servants, and the *Hebrew* Midwives in *Egypt*.

This is of ſuch univerſal uſe, that there is no living for Trades-men without it, and it paſſes as a ſecret Maxim not to be denied among the *Self-edifying Brethren*; *No Lying, no Living*: There are no wares ſcarce vended without it, either at home or abroad; they think they can gain no *Cuſtom*, without this *cuſtom* of Lying: oh ſaith one, *it coſt me more*, when you have bid money for a Commodity; this is commonly practiſed in the *Exchange*, where ſcarce any thing is ſold without the *exchange of a Lye*; and if you ſhould ſeem to ſuſpect the truth of what they ſay, the woman will be apt to fall on you *Tooth* and *Nail*, and you ſhall be pelted with the *Hailſtones* of opprobrious words, which will fall thick about your ears, like Fiſh-women, who rail at their Cuſtomers for bidding one third leſs than they demand, yet in that ſcolding raving fit, *take it*.

In all Ages people have been ſo vicious, as to ſwallow a Lye glibly, if benefit accrues thereby; when *Livia* the Wife of *Auguſtus* the Emperour promiſed *Numerius Atticus* five and twenty thouſand Crowns, if he would ſwear that he ſaw *Auguſtus Cæſar* after his Death, aſcend into Heaven; think you he was ſo great a Fool, nay Sot, to refuſe ſo tall a Sum for an Oaths ſake, no, no, *Quis poteſt toi armatis reſiſtere*? Nay the very *Brother-hood* (as I have hinted before) will make no bones of being

being *Head* of a *Faction*; nor will they Scruple to have (for benefit) a Hand in Fiction.

There is Lying too for credit, as well as profit; but ſuch a one as tells a *Lye* to ſave his *Credit, wipes his Noſe on his ſleeve to ſave his Handkerchief.* I ſhall ſay no more of this firſt head of *Officious lying*; the next is *jocoſe lying*; but ſince it is not much to our purpoſe, I ſhall skip it over, and come to the third; and that is *Pernicious lying*, and this is two-fold; one is, when a man *lyes*, and hath neither pleaſure nor profit by his *lying*; he that is guilty hereof, deſerves to be ſeverely cenſured: the ſecond is, when one hath a little pleaſure at firſt, and hath dolour afterwards; now this is ſuch a *lying* that is deſtructive and hurtful to both parties; for Example, when a man Lies in the Torrid Zone of a *Betty Br*——, or a *Moll Sn*——, *&c.* or ſome other proſtituted vitiated ſhe-bed-fellow, and gets ſuch a heat, that he can never claw off again; this ſort of Lying you ſee is very dangerous, and healths deſtroyer, according to the Italian Proverb, *Quello che hà un piè in Bordello, hà l' altro nello Spedale:* he who hath the one Foot in a *Bawdy-houſe*, hath the other in an *Hoſpital.* Thoſe Perſons that do ſo freely indulge themſelves in ſuch wild ranges, little conſider how much their deſultory promiſcuous conjunctions do diſturb the mind, and render it unfit to undertake ſerious matters; they are ſo much for Generation work, that at the laſt they wholly incapacitate themſelves for the ſerving of their Generations; beſides the many miſchiefs the body receives by thoſe fatal venereal encounters, which are often-times the productives of Miſery and Infamy, which they intail to their poſterity; for though their ſtolen waters ſeem at firſt to be ſweet, and you ſhall have ſome Gallants in the apprehenſion thereof Riſque *Fortune*, *Honour*, nay,

Life

Life it ſelf, and all to enjoy a *Miſs*, yet they will prove waters of *Marah*, bitter in the end.

To wind up all, I ſhall declare in the laſt place, that *Lying* is very edifying, it tends much to edification, for by that means the *Siſters* being wrought upon, will greatly increaſe, and multiply, and they being extraordinary plumpt up before, it is a pregnant argument of their thriving condition; now you muſt know, they edifie not alike, under all *Teachers*; thoſe that they moſt edifie by, are a certain confident ſort of Declamers, who mount the *Pulpit* as *Mountebanks* do the *Stage*, with equal impudence, and ignorance, and vent the fooliſh and ridiculous whimſies of their diſtemper'd *Brain*, for profound and ſolid *Divinity*; they admire theſe moſt, and account them the ableſt men, eſpecially that are of *long* ſtanding, not caring how ſhort they are of underſtanding: much more might be ſaid, but let this ſuffice for this time.

There are another ſort of Godly *Wheedles*, who labour wonderfully till they ſweat again in their *Weekly Exerciſes*, where a *Fleet* of *Coaches* arrive laden with ſanctified *Silk*, and other rich *Commodities* to truck for *Wind*, as *Marriners* at *Lapland* do with *Witches*.

Theſe babbling *Pains-takers* are thoſe *Meduſa*'s heads, environ'd with Snakes, whoſe Carkaſſes are cram'd with venom, and yet have ſuch lovely flattering outſides, as would deceive *Eve* again, if ſhe liv'd in *Paradiſe*, and do beguile her Progeny to this day, whoſe *Groans*, and *Whinings* have deluded more than *Mahomet* and his *Pidgeon*: and with their *labouring hands* they have ſo moulded that ſilly *Sex*, called women, that they will receive no other form but that of *Non-Conformity*. They have heard their *Teachers* talk ſo often of the *Rag* of *Rome*

Rome, that they think *Popery* a very *ſluttiſh Religion*, and Rail at the *Whore of Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. They look upon it, as a damnable Sin (if in health) not to be preſent at *VVeek-dayes Exerciſe*, and eſteem them above Sundays, becauſe *Devotion* being *Cuſtomary*, theirs is loſt in the Multitude, and cannot be obſerved.

At one of theſe *Meetings*, how doth the precious *Man* melt the ſtrong and ſtony hearts of the *Siſterhood*? Into how many forms doth he diſtort his Face, to inſinuate into the *Auditor* : he ſomtimes ſhuts his eyes ſo cloſe, as if he were aſham'd of himſelf, place and company ; and then ſuddenly blaſts them up, as if he intended to caper through the *Roof*, to be rid of them.

What an heart-converting ſight is he in a *Conventicle*, when he hath exalted himſelf, and is doing *Penance*, in the *furface* of a *white Cap*, environ'd with a long *mourning Cloak*, which helps inſtead of an *Hum*, or *Ha* to ſpend time by pulling it forwards, firſt on one ſhoulder, then on the other, whilſt the unwilling matter which ſticks below, is pull'd up, and brought to utterance, and then 'tis hard if any eſcape converſion, I mean of being converted to his uſe ; by his divine *Rhetorick* he conquers the men, and conſequently muſt overcome the Women, and though his pretences are Piety, for the moſt part, you ſhall find his deſigns are nothing elſe but honour, and profit ; he endeavors to be admired, and eſteemed by the *Brethren*, as a precious, Heavenly-minded man, whilſt in the mean time he aims at nothing more than *ſelf-Intereſt* : thus elegantly expreſt by *J. P.*

Two Caps he had, and turns up that within ;
You'd think he were a Black-Jack *tipt with* Tinn ;

Now when he did relate, how little wit
The Fooliſh Virgins had, then they do ſit
Weeping with watry eyes, and making vows,
One to have Preachers always in her houſe,
To dine 'em well, and break-faſt 'em with Gellies,
And Candles hot, to warm their wambling Bellies;
And if the Caſh (where ſhe could not unlock it)
Were cloſe ſecur'd, to pick her Husbands pocket.

And as by all outward demonſtrations of ſanctity, he endeavours to make himſelf famous among ſuch, as are of his *Congregation*; ſo by his *Example*, he teacheth them to gain a reputation one amongſt the other, by the ſame way of pretended *Piety*; and that they may the more infallibly effect their deſign, they ſeldom *Pray*, but it ſhall be next the ſtreet, and at ſuch times, as the *Noiſe* in the ſtreet ſhall not be ſo *loud*, as their *voices*; and after Evening *Sermon* it will not be amiſs for him to ſing a *Pſalm*; it will add very much to his credit, and the continual practice of it (for ought I know) may keep him from being *Shipwrackt* in the turbulent Ocean of his greateſt misfortunes.

Here I might expoſe onr *Wheedling* Saint to ſhame enough, by diſcovering his nakedneſs, and pulling off that Vizard-Mask with which he doth deceive the World: but when I conſider that it is impoſſible to enumerate half his cheats, and they are ſo frequently practiſed that every one meets with them, I purpoſely forbear any particular account, referring you not only to the Hiſtory of the late times, wherein they ſwarm, but likewiſe to your own experience.

To conclude, inſtead of a *Catalogue* of his manifold *Rogueries*, I preſent you with a *Chariot*, which like *Phaetons*, ſets the World on fire. This *Chariot* is the *Self-edifying* Phanaticks Cheat I now

ſpeak

ſpeak of; the *Wheels* are the *Ignorance* of the People, and the *Admiration* they have of him; the *Horſes* that draw this *Chariot*, are his *Pride* and *Covetouſneſs*; the *Self-edifyer* is the *Driver*, and a *Conventicle* is his *Whip*. The *Chariot* hath almoſt a *Stage* in every Town of all Countries, and travels up and down the World, being carried to every thing by the Horſes, *Pride* and *Covetouſneſs*.

The firſt *Wheel* is *Ignorance*, and this is a good *Wheel*, on this the *Chariot* runs ſwiftly; where the People are learned, the *Chariot* moves ſlowly; *Letters* are like *Clogs*; and good *Rudiments* are ſuch a *Burthen* it cannot ſtir; where men are well educated in the principles of *Religion*, this *Chariot* can hardly *paſs*, but amongſt the *Ignorant* it runs *poſt*.

The Second *Wheel* is *Admiration*, which is as good as the other; for when he has once inſinuated himſelf into them, ſo that they have a good opinion of him, and admire him, then the *Chariot* gets ground, and flies merrily; then all he ſays is *Goſpel*, nay more authentick than the *Goſpel* it ſelf; and having thus gotten poſſeſſion of their hearts, he can ſeize, when he pleaſes, any part, or parcel of their eſtates; and their whole families are at his devotion.

Of the *Horſes*, *Pride* or *Covetouſneſs*, I cannot tell which excels, *Pride* has moſt *Mettle*, but *Covetouſneſs* is the ſureſt *Drawer*. To be applauded for *Excellent parts*, for a *Singular Man*, for a *Gifted man*, for a *Leading man*, to be called *Rabbi*, to be eſteemed a *ſure Guide of Souls*, a *true ſetter of Conſcience*; to be wiſer than thoſe that follow him; to have liberty to ſpeak what he pleaſes, and that more to the *Nodification* than *Edification* of the *Beholders*, theſe preheminences puff up, and make him preſume to take the wall of his

Betters, and ſpeak imperiouſly to his *Superiours*. A little *Pride* many times induces a great *Cheat*, yet this *Horſe* is often jaded; for although our ſeeming *Saints* ambition makes him aſpire above *Heaven* it ſelf, yet frequently I have known, when *Covetouſneſs* draws one way, and *Pride* another, *Covetouſneſs* has got the better, and went away with the *Chariot*. To be head of an Aſſembly; Sole Teacher and Inſtructer is very acceptable; but a good *Living*, a *Fat Benefice* hath made our *Saint* leave them all, and be ſubordinate to legal *Authority*; it is but Preaching a *Recantation Sermon* at moſt, and if the great Government ſhould change (as God forbid it ſhould) it is but *face about again.*

Thus have I known *Mechanicks* lay aſide their *Trade* being lazie, or not able to live upon it, and firſt turn *Seekers*, and from thence travel through as many Various ſtrange opinions, as there are *Roſs's Panſebeia*; at length, having gotten by religious prating, enough to ſubſiſt upon, have turn'd tail to all, and having tryed all Religions, have in the end acknowledg'd none. Thus again according to the *Satyriſt.*

Every Mechanick, either wanting ſtock
Or wit to keep his Trade, muſt have a Flock;
The Spirit cries he moveth me unto it,
And what the Spirit bids, muſt not I do it?
But profiting more than his Flock by teaching,
And ſtept into Authority by Preaching,
For Lay-office leave the Spirits motion,
And ſtreight retreateth from his firſt devotion.

But to return where I left off, which was the

the Second Horſe in this *Chariot*, *Covetouſneſs*; this is it which makes him prey upon the *Brethren* themſelves; he has warmed their *Zeal* ſo hot by preſſing the *Duty* upon them of raiſing *Money* to build a *Conventicle* (though they have contributed one would think enough to build one already) yet that is not ſufficient had it been 'twice as much, but more being rais'd, the foundation is laid, and the ſtructure is raiſed, but cannot be finiſhed without a third *Contribution*, which is preſt, after the Sermon is ended, in this or the like manner. *Beloved, you are not inſenſible of the pains I have taken to raiſe an Houſe for the* Lord, *for his glory, and our mutual comfort, yet all my endeavours will become as nothingneſs, I ſhall ſink under the burthen, if you lend me not once more your aſſiſting hands. Beloved, in a Word, do as a VVidow did in this preſent Congregation; when ſhe heard that the work of the* Lord *was begun by me, though a poor Cinder-woman, ſhe brought me five ſhillings, profeſſing ſhe had but two groats left, to buy her, and her children food, till ſhe had wrought for more; and I took it kindly from her; when ſhe ſaw this good VVork ſo nearly finiſhed, as you now ſee it, ſhe then brought me ten ſhillings, which ſhe ſaid was all ſhe had, and I took it from her; Beloved, rather than the VVork of the* Lord *ſhould not go on, but ſtand ſtill, as the Sun did in* Joſhua's *time; be as this poor VVidow, bring again and again; and think not much to lay out all for Chriſt*, &c. This *Conventicling Houſe* is now finiſh'd, which, at a diſtance appeared to me to be ſome Noblemans houſe, newly built for the benefit of the Air, but when I was told it was a new erected *Conventicle*, it impudently ſtood ſo near an *Orthodox Church*, that I thought this Fanatical

Cathedral had robb'd *Stepney* of her Steeple.

Another had money ſufficient given him to build a *Conventicle*, and when it was built, he made uſe of the *Houſe* for himſelf, and turned the *Brethren* out, telling them the *Houſe* was not ſo convenient as he thought it would have been, and that he knew another place much fitter for the purpoſe, and wrought upon them ſo, that they made a new Collection, and built another *Houſe:* and thus this *Self-edifier* hath ſerv'd them ſo three or four times, converting their Conventicles into dwelling *Houſes*.

Ah! This *Horſe*, *Covetouſneſs*, is an unruly Beaſt, he draws our *Saint* to all manner of *Vices*, to *Lying*, *Hypocriſie*, *Knavery* in dealing, nay even to the ſins of the *Fleſh*; many, yea many a time hath he drawn our *Saint* to his Neighbours *VVife*, and there ſo *kicked*, and *friſked*, that he hath thrown him upon her; ah! *threw him even upon her.*

This *Horſe* is ſo ungovern'd, that no man can live in quiet near this *Saint*; he breaks down his Neighbours fences, eats up his graſs, and his corn, and is ſo often taken *dammage feaſant*, that was he not a ſerviceable *Horſe*, and very profitable to this *Saint*, he would not keep him.

One faculty this *Horſe* has, which makes his *Maſter* highly prize him; he is an excellent *Stretcher* of *Conſcience*; take him in a morning, when he is freſh, and put him to the *Self-edifying Saints Conſcience*, he will draw it ſo wide, that 'twill ſwallow any thing.

In the next place we come to the *VVhip*, which is no common whip, but a *VVhip* of many Cords moſt ſutable to his deſigns, and that's a *Conventicle*, in which are many Rich men, and they ſerve as ſo many *Cords* for the *Horſe*, *Covetouſneſs*;

touſneſs; in it are many Admirers of this *Pſeudo-hagiſt*, and they ſerve as ſo many *Laſhes* for the other *Horſe*, *Pride*. Theſe motives are the *Spurs* that prick on the *Palfreys* which hurry away the *Chariot*.

He is never ſo rampant as at a *Conventicle*; here, his *Pride* ſnorts and prances, ſpurns againſt Government, condemning and contemning all that are not of his way, and ſcornfully pitying all thoſe poor loſt Creatures that gainſay a *Meeting-Houſe*. Ah poor Souls! they live in ſin, they are ſtupified, and have no ſenſe of the joy and Refreſhments that we have at our *Meetings*, *&c.*

In the mean time *Covetouſneſs* claps his Tail betwixt his Legs, lays his ears cloſe to his head, and leers at the rich and wealthy *Brethren*. He pulls the *Chariot* hard towards the *Siſters Silver* and *Gold Bodkins*, and with ſuch *Concupiſcence*, that ſometimes he gets *Bodkin*, *Siſter* and All.

It is fit I ſhould now inform you how he handles his *VVhip*, and the place, where *Policy* hath taught him to put the *VVhip*: That Ale-houſe, that Inn, that Tavern is beſt ſcituated, and moſt dexterouſly contrived that hath a thorough-fair (as 'tis called) by it; for by that convenience, cuſtom is gain'd; ſo our Saint that hath all the Tricks of a Tavern or Tipling-houſe, hath likewiſe this, and places his Conventicle, where there may be a Common way or paſſage next thereunto, in hopes thereby to catch ſome ſilly *Gudgeon* or other, that comes near his Net; ſo *Mountebanks* gain Company: and he well knows that many perſons fall into the looſe ſport of *Pidgeon-holes*, meerly upon the occaſion of paſſing by them.

In a word, his whole life is nothing but an holy *Wheedle*, he prays with men at home one day, to beg, or borrow the next; he preaches himſelf into a ſweat, till he ſtink again in the *Conventicle*, that concluding his Sermon with a Prayer for the People, he may then uſe that opportunity to pray them to conſider his neceſſities, and having reminded them of their former liberal contributions, he then reproves them for ſlackening their hands. *Ah!* ſays he, *are not theſe ſad times? Is not this a ſad Age? When the Saints and Children of God are ſo ſlow to good works. Miſtake me not, the ſadneſs doth not ariſe from my want of that abundance of money your liberal contributions uſed to ſupply me with, but from this, that your defect herein is a ſign you are fallen from Grace; 'tis a ſign your Zeal is not ſo warm as it has been, 'tis a ſign the Doctrine we preach has not ſuch an influence upon you as it ought; 'tis a ſign of a diſſolution, and that the World will be at an End.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Wheedle of the Shop-keeper.

METhinks I ſee him ſtanding at his Shop-door in cold Weather, either blowing his fingers, eagerly waiting (if he be a young Man) for one kick at the Foot-ball; or baſting his ſides with his own hand, and ſo makes every cold day a *Good-Friday* to chaſtiſe him for the ſins he hath committed. If any perſon paſs by him, and but looks into his ſhop, he fondly imagines him a Cuſtomer, and intreats for his own neceſſities, by asking others *what they lack*; if any chance to ſtep in, he hath *Hocus tricks* enough to delude them, and rarely ſhall they ſtir out, like ſheep engaged in Bryers, but they ſhall leave ſome Fleece behind them.

Some have dark ſhops, with falſe lights, which wonderfully ſet off a commodity: others for want of that, make uſe of their Tongues, arrogantly commending their own wares, and proteſting whatever they exhibit to view is beſt in the Town, though the worſt in his Shop; his words are like his wares, twenty of one ſort, and he goes over them alike to all Comers; and when he hath done with his yard, he invites you to the Tavern, to oblige you for the future; you may there ſoon meaſure his underſtanding, which extends no further than the Longitude of his Shop, but for the latitude of his Conſcience, it is as little known, as the *North-weſt paſſage*: Others ſay, that

he has no ſuch thing now as Conſcience; for finding it a thing that was likely to lye upon his hands, he was forced to put it off, and in its ſtead took upon him the pretence of Religion, that by the profeſſion thereof, he might take the greater liberty of *Lying*, which he does by rote, having ſpent moſt of his time in learning that Art, and the Language, and crafty phraſe of *ſelling dear*, and that to his friends, and acquaintance, rather than other perſons, knowing, he can make more bold to cheat them, than Strangers; from hence you may gather, that he never ſpeaks more truly, than when he ſays, *he will uſe you as his own Brother*; you may believe him, for he will not ſtick to abuſe the neareſt Relation he hath in this kind, and in his Shop thinks it Lawful. He is commonly of that Religion which brings him in moſt Cuſtomers, and is never more angry at others tenents, than when they bring him in no profit, and ſo by a mis-interpreted ſenſe of Scripture, *to him Godlineſs is great gain.* How obſequious, and full of cringes he is to him that pays ready money, but where he does befriend a man, he is a Tyrant, and by his frequent duns, makes a man weary of his native Country. One thing I like in him very well; he takes ſpecial care of not letting *Conies Burrough* in his *Shop-book*, knowing 'twill be hard *ferreting* them out again.

If he be rich, he not only commands a credit, but hath the benefit and priviledge of paying his money when he pleaſes, and the poor Creditor, many times when neceſſitated for it, dares not make a demand, for fear of loſing his Cuſtomer: the intrigues of buying and ſelling are infinite, nor is it poſſible for any to enumerate them but *A Jack-of-all-Trades*; Wherefore I ſhall leave him with all his tricks, and deluſive devices, and come

come to the poor *cracking* Shop-keeper, whose credit being out at Elbows, what hard shifts doth he make to keep himself from sinking, and lays hold on every petty thing that is next him; like a Lover, he is so continually tired with breaking of *Oaths*, *Faith*, *Vows* and *Promises*, that he hath neither time nor strength to perform any other exploit.

At Saturday is the Melancholiest part of the whole Week, not so much by reason of the froppish, and humourſom *Planet* that governs it; but by reason of too many insufferable *Dunns*, who tread the streets in terrour, and that's the reason some Citizens can as well be Hang'd as keep out of *Nine-pin-houses* in *Moor-Fields* on this day, to be out of the sight of those ghastly apparitions that haunt their Ghost at the heel of the Week. *Poverty*, and *Necessity*, the God of the *Andreans*, that could stop the mouth of *Themistocles*, cannot appease the Wrath of a *City-creditor*, whose empty mony bag, twisted about his hand, is as killing as a *Gorgons head*; and therefore 'tis well the poor man is out of the way, and is only practising those sports which are like to be his only lively-hood in short time; and what a kindness it is for a man to be removed from the cares and labours of this world, to the sweet pleasures of *Drinking*, *Smoaking*, and other sportive *Recreations*.

'Tis well these *Desperado*'s in Estate are not so strong as *Sampson*; for they would then not put their Landlords key underneath the door, but take away Key, House, and All. What abundance of Travellers should we meet upon the Road with Houses, and Shops furnished; and what Landlord seeing a man standing on the Seashore with his house on his back, swearing he would

would ſend it to the bottom of the Ocean, but would come to any compoſition? Beſides they were out of the reach of the Law; for there is no *Statute* in *Polton* againſt removing Houſes, ſo a man carry them whole without breaking; but the lineaments of Fate are certain; *the Cobler cannot go beyond his Laſt*: therefore now adays it is better for Debtors to fall to their prayers, beg and beſeech, as *Daniel* out of the *Lyons Den*, or *Jonas* out of the *Whales Belly*.

I ſhall conclude with a word of advice; he that has a Creditor over-cholerick, let him not be too haſty or angry with him, though he be called Rogue, Raſcal, and what not only for owing a little money; for 'tis time and Straw that mellow *Medlars*; but ſhould thy Adverſary make uſe of a Lawyer, do thou make uſe of a Lawyer and an half, and having brought thy Noble to Nine-pence, never ſpare at the bottom, and having whitten thy Mil-poſt to a Pudding-prick, in the full of the Moon go hang thy ſelf, leſt *Poverty* and cold *Weather* overtake thee napping together.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Practiſing APOTHECARY.

IN *Galens* time, and many Ages after him, Medicines, for their greater Secreſy, were prepared and compoſed by *Phyſicians* only: But People growing numerous, and Diſeaſes increaſing by Intemperance, their Multiplicity impoſed a neceſſity upon *Phyſicians* (being unable to attend all their Patients as formerly) to diſmemberd their *Art* into three Parts; the firſt clean and gentile, *Phyſical Preſcription*; the other two ſervile, *Chyrurgery* and *Pharmacy*.

The *Phyſician* (as I ſaid before) having variety of Patients, and having not leiſure to make up his own Medicines, cauſed his Servant to fetch them already prepared from the *Apothecary*, and from thence to convey them to the *Patient*; by which means the *Apothecary* was kept in Ignorance, as to the Application and Uſe of the ſaid Medicines, not being ſuffered to be acquainted with the *Patient*, nor the Diſeaſes, leſt they ſhould preſume to venture on Practice. In time, the *Phyſicians* Honour and vaſt Riches in the Eye of the *Chyrurgion* and *Apothecary*, proved Seeds ſown in their Minds, that budded into Ambition of becoming Maſter, and into Covetouſneſs of equalling them in Wealth; both which they thought themſelves capable enough of aſpiring to by an Empyrical Skill, the neglect of their Maſters had given them occaſion to attain unto; for they ſent them

to

to their *Patients* with Medicines, and did entruſt them with the Preparation of their greateſt Secrets.

This Truſt they ſoon betray'd; for having inſinuated into a familiar Acquaintance with their *Patients*, perſwaded them, that thoſe that had made and diſpenſed the Medicines, were able to apply them to the like Diſtempers, as well as they that had preſcribed them: By this means they arrived to a Copartnerſhip with their Maſters, in Reputation, Title, and Eſtate; and having got enough, they ſcorn to take pains by Manual Operation, as formerly; but leap boldly out of a Shop into a Doctorſhip.

The *Book-ſellers* Original in ſome meaſure runs parallel with the *Apothecaries*: Before *Printing* was, there was *Book-binding*; for, what Manuſcripts were then in being, were made publick by tranſcribing them, by certain *Clerks* writing a good hand, and made a Livelihood thereof; the written Books were convey'd to the *Binder*, who bound them after what manner the Owner directed him. As Authors and Books encreaſed, ſo did his Profit by his Trade; inſomuch that ſome of theſe *Binders* grew rich, and purchaſed ſo many Manuſcripts as to furniſh a Shop, indifferently according to thoſe Times, and dying left their Sons well ſtockt: But *Printing* coming in, broke the Neck of the writing *Clerks*; but yet gave a conſiderable Lift to the riſing *Book-binder*, who not only bound for others, but himſelf, and *Printing* his own Copies, had work enough to do to bind his own Books. His Stock increaſing by the Benefit of *Printing*, it was buſineſs enough for him to mind his Shop, and ſee that his Servants pleas'd his Cuſtomers; and now reſolves to work no more: His *Sewing-Preſs* lies mouldy in the Garret, his *Plow* neglected lies, and his

his *Knives* ruſt; the Skrews of his *Standing* and *Cutting-Preſſes* have forgot their wonted Duty, and ſtubbornly won't ſtir an Inch for any Man; his *Marble-moody-beating-Stone* weeps inceſſantly, to ſee the weighty *Hammer* lie ruſting in a Corner unregarded. In ſhort, if he work, it is for his Pleaſure; and what pains he takes now and then in binding of a *Book*, is his Paſtime. The Son after his Fathers Deceaſe, ſcorns the mean Title of a *Book-binder*; and therefore employs others, and is henceforward ſtil'd a *Book-ſeller*; and the reſt of his Brethren, who are able, follow his Example.

Thus, as *Binding* formerly was the Riſe of a lazy *Book-ſeller*; ſo many a *Doctor* now adays had formerly a hand in ſcouring the Skillets; and having with Slavery and Difficulty ſerved his Time, ſet up; but having very little Intereſt in the *Doctors of the Colledge*, and other *Grandees*, whoſe ſingle Practice is enough to make an *Apothecary*; he takes pet, and leaving his Shop out of ſpight, takes at firſt a Chamber, and hangs it with *Pots*, *Glaſſes*, *Boxes*, &c. and the Ruins or Remains of his broken Profeſſion; and by Them, and his *Bills*, gets the Reputation of an able *Doctor*.

And now give me leave to touch a little upon his *Wheedles*.

Suppoſe your ſelf to be troubled with any Diſtemper, (it matters not which, for all is one to him, or his like you ſend to) upon his Arrival he feels your Pulſe, and with a fixt Eye on your Countenance, tells you your Spirits are low, and therefore it is high time for a Cordial. The next Interrogatory he gravely puts to you, is, *When were you at Stool, Sir?* If not to day, he promiſes to ſend you a *Laxative-Gliſter* by and by; and

if

if you complain you have a *Looſeneſs*, then inſtead of one *Laxative*, he will ſend you two *Healing Gliſters*: If beſides, you intimate a Pain in your Stomach, Back, and Sides; then reſponding to each Pain, you ſhall have a *Stomach-Plaiſter*, another for the Right and Left Side, and another for the Back; and ſo you are like to be well *patched*, or *clowted* every way.

Now, before we proceed, let us compute the Charges of the firſt Day: Here is a Cordial compoſed by the Directions of an old duſty Bill on his File, out of two or three muſty Waters, eſpecially if it be towards the latter end of the Year; be it a *Citron*, a *Borrage*, or a *Bawm-Water*, all very full of Spirits, if River-Water may be ſo accounted: To theſe is to be added an ounce of that miraculous *Treacle-Water*; then to be diſſolved, an ounce of *Confectio Alkermes*, and an ounce of nauſeous Syrrup of *Clove-gilly-Flowers*; this being well ſhaken in the Viol, you ſhall ſpy a great quantity of Gold ſwimming in Leaves up and down; for which your Conſcience would be burdened, ſhould you give him leſs than five ſhillings for it: from the meaneſt Tradeſman, without the leaſt Abatement, he expects three ſhillings ſix pence. The *Gliſter* ſhall be prepared out of two or three handfuls of *Mallow-Leaves*, and an ounce of common *Fennil-Seed*, boil'd in Water to a Pint; which ſtrained, ſhall be thickned with the common *Lenitive-Electuary*, *Rape-Oyl*, and brown *Sugar*, and ſeaſoned with *Salt*. This ſhall be conveyed into your Guts by this young Doctors Man, through an Inſtrument he commonly carries about him, which makes him ſmell ſo wholeſom; for which piece of Service, if you preſent your *Engineer* below half a Crown, he will think himſelf worſe dealt with, than thoſe who empty

the Cloſe-ſtool-Pan. The Maſter places to account for the Gut-Medicine, (though it were no more than Water and Salt, and for the uſe of his Man, which he calls *Porteridge*) eight Groats. *Item*, for a *Stomachick*, *Hepatick*, *Splenetick*, and *Nephretick Plaiſter*, for each half a Crown. The next Afternoon, or Evening, returns the *Doctor-Apothecary* himſelf to give you a Viſit; for ſhould he appear in the Morning, it would argue he had little to do; and finding upon Examination you are rather worſe than better, by reaſon thoſe Plaiſters cauſed a melting of the groſs Humours about the Bowels, and diſſolved them into Winds and Vapours; which fuming to the Head, cauſe there a great Pain, with Dulneſs and Drowſineſs, and part of 'em being diſperſed through the Guts and Belly, diſcommode you with a Cholick, a ſwelling of the Belly, and an univerſal Pain or Laſſitude in all your Limbs,

Thus you ſee one day makes work for another. However he hath the Wit to *Wheedle* you into an Opinion, that they are the Signs of the Operation of Yeſterdays means, beginning to move and diſſolve the Humours; which ſucceſsful Work is to be promoted by a Cordial *Apozem*, the Repetition of a *Carminitive Gliſter*, another Cordial to take by ſpoonfuls; and becauſe your Sleep hath been interrupted, by the unquietneſs of ſwelling Humours, he will endeavour to procure you for this next Night a Truce with your Diſeaſe by an *Hypnotick Potion*, that ſhall occaſion Reſt. Neither will he give you other cauſe, than to imagine him a moſt careful Man; and ſo circumſpect, that ſcarce a Symptom ſhall eſcape his particular Regard; and therefore to remove your Head-ach by retracting the Humours, he will order his Young *Mercury* to apply a *Veſicatory* to the Nape

Nape of your Neck, and with a warm hand to beſmear your Belly, and all your Joynts, with a good comfortable Cintment for to appeaſe your pains. The Cordial *Apozem* is a Decoction that ſhal derive its Vertue from two or three unſavoury *Roots*, as many *Herbs* and *Seeds*, with a little Syrrup of *Gilly-Flowers*, for three or four times taking, which becauſe you ſhall not undervalue, by having it brought to you all in one Glaſs, you ſhall have it ſent in ſo many Viols and Draughts; and for every one of 'em ſhall be placed three ſhillings to your Account; which is five Parts more than the whole ſtands him in; for the *Cordial Potion* as much, and as much for the *Hypnotick*; the like Price for the *Carminative Gliſter*; and for the *Epiſpatick Plaiſter*, a Shilling. Thus, with the Increaſe of your Diſeaſe, you may ſee the Increaſe of your Bill.

The third Day producing an Addition of new Symptoms, and an Augmentation of the old Ones, the *Patient* ſtands in need of new Comfort from his *Doctor*; who tells him, That Nature begins to work more ſtrong, and therefore all things go well: But becauſe Nature requires all poſſible Aſſiſtance from *Cordials*, and ſmall *Evacuations*, he muſt expect the ſame *Cordials* over again; but with the addition of greater Ingredients, it may be *Magiſtery of Pearl*, or *Oriental Bezoar* in Powder; the former being oft-times but *Mother of Pearl* diſſolv'd in diſtilled Vinegar, the latter a Cheat the *Armenians* put upon the *Chriſtians*, by ramming Pebbles down a Goats Throat, afterwards killing him, and extracting the Stones before Witneſs out of his Maw, which they ſell for thoſe rare *Bezoars*, whereof the quantity of fifteen Grains hath been taken by a Child of a Year old, that lay ill of the *Small Pox*, without the leaſt effect

of

of Sweat, or any Expulſion through the Pores. And beſides, the Repetition of a *Gliſter*, and the renewing of *Plaiſters* for the Profit of your *Phyſician*, you muſt be perſwaded to accept of a comfortable *Electuary* for the Stomach, to promote Digeſtion; of a *Colluſion* to waſh the Slime, and Filth of your Tongue, and to ſecure your Gums from the *Scurvey*; of a *Melilot Plaiſter*, to apply to the Bliſter that was drawn the Night before; of ſome *Spirit of Salt*, to drop into your Beer at Meals; of three Pills of *Ruffi*, to be ſwallowed down that Night, and three next Morning; which poſſibly may pleaſure you with three Stools, but are to be computed as two *Doſes*, each at a Shilling: The *Spirit of Salt*, a Crown the ounce; for the *Stomach-Electuary* as much, for the *Gliſter* as before; for your *Cordial*, in relation to the *Pearl*, and *Bezoar*, their weight in Gold, which is two Pence a Grain, the greateſt Cheat of all; for dreſſing of your Bliſter a Shilling; for the Plaiſter as formerly.

Now, if you ſhall reflect on the Total, that ſhall ariſe out of this Arithmetical Progreſſion of Charge of a Fortnights Phyſick, modeſtly computed, at fifteen Shillings a day, without the Incluſion of what you pleaſe to preſent him for his Care, Trouble, and Attendance. I will not harbour ſo ill an Opinion of him, or give ſo rigid a Cenſure as your ſelf ſhall, upon the following Oration, your Gliſter-Pipe-Doctor delivers to you with a Melancholly Accent in theſe terms:

Sir, I have made uſe of my beſt Skill and Endeavours; my Maſter was one of the ableſt Apothecaries in and about London, *whom I faithfully and carefully ſerved Eight Years; in which time, and ſince, I have adminiſtred for my ſelf, I have ſeen the beſt*

Pra-

Practice of our London *Phyſicians; and I'le aſſure you, I have given you the beſt Cordials that can be preſcribed; yet all will not do, your Caſe is dangerous; and I think, if you ſend for ſuch a one, Doctor* ——— *he is an eminent Man, and one I know very well.*

Now would I fain know how the Patients Pulſe doth beat, to hear this *Practiſing-Apothecary* preach him his *Funeral Sermon*, whilſt he is yet living; and the loſs of his Money cannot but add to his Pain. Had he not at firſt been Penny-wiſe, and Pound-fooliſh, he might have prevented all this by ſending for a *Phyſician*, who for the ſmall Merit of a *City-Fee*, would have ſtruck at the Root of the Diſtemper, without tampering at its Symptomes and Branches.

And now ſhould this *Apothecary* be call'd to an Acccount, as to what he hath adminiſtred, he ſhall anſwer (I warrant you) that he hath given him nothing but *Cordials*; which word *Cordial*, he ſuppoſes to be a ſufficient Protection for his Erroneous *Wheedling-Practice*. Should this his *Cordial-Method* be continued in a Feaver, or any other acute Diſtemper, for eight or ten days, the Patients Heirs would have been particularly obliged to him for giving him ſo Cordial a Remove out of his Poſſeſſion.

Leſt I ſhould be accuſed of Partiality, by concealing what may be pleaded, for the Practice of *Apothecaries*, I ſhall conclude this Chapter with a ſhort Apology: For ſo doing, in the firſt place conſider, that many a ſubſtantial Citizen may have the ill luck to have a Servant taken ſick in his Houſe; why ſhould he upon every ſlight occaſion, or accident, fling away ten Shillings on a

Doctor,

Doctor, when an *Apothecary*, at a venture, by Vomit, Purge, or Gliſter, may for the Charge of a Shilling or two, remove the Diſtemper: His Succeſs herein ſometimes makes him bold and confident; eſpecially conſidering, that he practices on his Inferiours; for if they miſcarry, he excuſes whatever Errour he hath committed, by aſſerting he was importuned, or rather forced to it by their Maſter.

On the other ſide; Should an *Apothecary*, being thus called unto a ſick Servant, or a mean Trades-man, (whoſe Condition, by reaſon of his Charge of Family, is little better) refuſe this Aſſiſtance, diſobliges the Maſter, loſes the Practice of his Family, and turning away his Patient, ſhall immediately ſend to the next, who ſhall moſt willingly embrace the Imploy: Whence may be obſerved, the One neceſſarily ſpurs on the Other to Practice; and he that can *Wheedle* beſt, skrews himſelf into moſt Families.

A third Import greater than any of the former, is, That *Doctors*, all or moſt, being tied to particular *Apothecaries*, preſcribe their Bills in terms ſo obſcure, that they force all chance *Patients* to repair to their own *Apothecaries*, pretending a particular Secret, which only they have the Key to unlock; whereas in effect, it is no more than the commoneſt of Medicines, diſguiſed under an unuſual Name, on deſign to direct them to an *Apothecary*, between whom and the *Phyſician*, there is a private Compact of going Snips, out of the moſt unreaſonable Rates of the ſaid Medicines; wherein, if a Redreſs be ſought, by ſhewing the Bill to the *Doctor*, he ſhall moſt religiouſly aver, it is the cheapeſt he ever read: The Conſequence whereof, is a double

Fraud; but they have a greater, or it would never be ſaid, *Three good Patients in the Spring, makes the Doctors Pot boil all the Year round.*

And as to the *Apothecaries* in general, their number bearing the proportion of at leaſt ten Parts to one of noted *Phyſicians*; to whom allowing each his *Covenant-Apothecary*, who conſtituting but one Part of the ten, the remaining nine Parts of the number, are compelled either to ſit ſtill, or to Quack for a Livelihood; or, at leaſt, eight of 'em; for we'll allow one Part of the nine to be in a Poſſibility of acquiring competent Eſtates, in a way more honeſt than that of the *Covenanteers*, by their whole-ſale-Trade of fitting *Chyrurgeons* Cheſts for Sea, and ſupplying *Country-Apothecaries* with Compoſitions.

And now to conclude, I muſt not omit the Injuries the *Covenant-Apothecary* does, not only to the Ignorant *Patient*, but the Learned *Phyſician*, by his ignoble *Wheedling*, and Inſinuation. Being ſent for by a *Patient*, after a ſhort Eſſay of a Cordial, he inſtantly over-powers him by Perſwaſion, to call in a *Doctor*, who ſhall be no other than his *Covenant-Phyſician*; by which means the former *Phyſician*, that by his extraordinary Care and Skill, had obliged the Family before, ſhall be paſſed by, and loſe the Practice of that *Patient*. And ſhould it happen, the Senſe of Gratitude of the forementioned *Patient*, ſhould engage him to continue the uſe of his former *Phyſician*; yet this *Covenant-Apothecary* ſhall privately cavil at every Bill, and impute the Appearance of every new ſmall Pain or Symptom, (which neceſſarily, in the courſe of a Diſeaſe, will happen) to his ill Addreſs in the Art of *Phyſick*; and

ſhall

ſhall not give over before he hath introduced his *Covenanteer*, whoſe Authority in the Fraud of a Phyſick-Bill, he ſuppoſes to be moſt neceſſary.

I might have inſiſted on the Excellency of Form and Feature of an *Apothecary*, relating how many Advantages he hath over others of his Occupation, that hath a Face and Body ſo well qualified: But ſince it is of general uſe to all *Wheedles* whatſoever, I ſhall ſay no more than this, That if an *Apothecary* be Handſom and Young, he hath an infinite Influence over all the Females where-e're he comes; and rather than be without bewitching Viſits, they will be ſick on purpoſe: If ſick ſome are, the ſight of him works more healingly than his Phyſick; and in their hot Diſtempers, were it not for ſhame, they would deprive the Women of their wonted Office, and none ſhould adminiſter them a cooling Gliſter, but himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Country-Attorney, Pettifogger, and other Law-Hangers-on.

THE *Inns of Court* are the general Rendezvouz of young Gentlemen from all Parts of *England*; ſome whereof are not more noted for their Extraction, as for their Education, excellent Parts, and Learning: Yet as the pureſt Flour hath ſome Bran; ſo theſe refined Wits are not without the mixture of talkative, impertinent, trifling, and debauched Perſons.

'*Here it is, that you may ſee, in a Winter-Term, at* '*Dinner-time, in their Halls, a drowſie Company of* '*formal Fellows, ſtand purring over a Fire; who after* '*a long and painful Study of thirty Years, have at-* '*tained to the wonderful and gainful Art of ſpeaking* '*Non-ſenſe, with the greateſt Confidence in the World;* '*and when they walk, to carry their Eyss and Noſes* '*directly before them, not daring to turn their weighty* '*Noddles on either ſide, for fear of forfeiting their* '*Gravity. There are another Brood of Men, who ſtarts* '*from the Desk, and ſnatch up a Gown; and having* '*firſt in their Infancy been ſwadled and nurſed up in* '*Rags of Paper, are at ripe Years, (ſometimes out of* '*Poverty) put Clerks to Attorneys; from whence,* '*without the leaſt Taſte of Univerſity-Learning, they* '*advance, ſwell'd with Preſumption, and full of Igno-* '*rance and Impudence, to the Barr: Profit and Lucre* '*then becomes the only Subject of their Converſation:*

Gain

Gain gives motion to all their actions, and that also is the end of all their Arguments, whilst Reason and Honesty are oft made Factors to their avarice; if ever you have occasions that force you to make use of these Persons, or to seek any favour from them, they expect from you the greatest attendance and submissions; but where money is to be gotten, they on the contrary will be as base and servile in their flatteries.

How repugnant soe're this is, you must dispose your self, (if you intend as well as they, to act the *Wheedle* advantagiously) *and when your thoughts are at strife about it, call it a submission to necessity and occasion.* Vide L'Art du Complair, elegantly translated into *English*, and called, *The Art of Complaisance.* The young Attorney, newly hatcht under a Lawyer, and whilst but pen-feather'd, nests for himself, and either practices in anothers name for half-fees (which he makes whole by acting too as a *Solicitor*) or else by the hoorded pence of an indulgent Mother, purchases an Office, two Desks, and a quire of Paper, with a pint of Ink, and an hundred of Quills, and a Pen-Knife true set, set him up; his Office shall be lined with green, and the wood adorned with Taffarels and carved work, his shelves fill'd with paper and parchment, and a *Practice of Piety* lies not more certainly in a *Brothel*, as *The Statutes at large*, or some Folio Law-book in his window; These in time purchase him an Apprentice or two, with a considerable sum, and his success in two or three common Causes proclaim him an able *Attorney*; this procures him *Clients*, more than he can mind, and they produce him money, more then he knows well what to do with, and having gotten a wife with a good estate, minds the *Tavern* more than the *Court*, or his Clients.

Some of them have the ſmatch of a Scholar, and yet uſe Latin very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe them, cut it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeak out; and fearing that his Hand-Writing ſhould prove Traitor to his actions, it is as difficult to be underſtood as his countenance, which always looks ſollicitous, (unleſs diſordered by ſome liberal Treat, it matters not at whoſe coſt, whether *Plaintiff* or *Defendant*, ſo that it brings in Griſt to the Mill, and benefit from both ſides) I ſay, to amuſe the ignorant his looks ſeem careful, importing much haſte and diſpatch, whilſt he only waits for an *Habeas Corpus* to delay the Suit for three *Terms*, and that he may not be ſuſpected as idle or little employed, he is never to be ſeen without his Hands full of buſineſs, that is, of Paper: to illuſtrate what I have ſaid, I muſt not omit the inſertion of this Example. *B* was Arreſted at the ſuit of *A*, *B* adviſed with an *Attorney* what to do, not having Bail, he replied, *Give me my Fee, and I'le appear for you, and ſave you the trouble of Bail*: The *Term* following, a *Declaration* was Filed againſt the *Defendant*, who thereupon conſults his *Attorney*, and he cries nothing, but *Give me my Fee, and I'le defend it*; He delayed the Suit till next *Term*; at which time he muſt plead, and then called on his *Client* for money to that end and purpoſe, beſides his own Fee afreſh; the *Aſſize* coming on, the Cauſe proceeded to *Aniall*; then cried the Attorney again, *Give me my Fees for Counſel and charge of the Court, and I'le defend it*; At the Trial, a *Verdict* paſſed for the *Plaintiff*. Oh! *What muſt be done now*, cried the *Defendant?* Then ſayed the Attorney, *The Declaration is naught, I'le move the Court this next Term in Arreſt of Judgment.* The Motion being made, the Court confirms *Judgment*; And *Execution* thereupon was coming

coming out; *What ſhall we do now* (cried the Defendant) *We are loſt, undone, quite undone? Not ſo yet* (cried the Attorney) *Give me my Fee, and I'le bring a Writ of Errour,* and keep off *Execution two or three Terms,* But now obſerve, the Errour was at length argued, and *Judgment* affirmed thereupon for the *Plaintiffe*, with Increaſe of *Coſts*, for the *Delay*, no *Errour* being found in the *Proceedings*; the poor *Defendant*, at his Wits-ends, not knowing what to do, with a face more miſerable than the firſt lines of an Humble Petition, askt his *Attorney*, What he ſhall do now? *Haſt any moneys*, cried the Attorney? *If ſo, we will get an* Injunction, *and bring it into* Chancery. Here the *Cauſe* hanged three or four *Tearms*; at length, no *Equity* being found, the Complainants Bill was diſmiſſed with *Coſt* allowed to the *Defendant*; hereupon the *Client*, willing to purchaſe more Advice, askt, *What muſt be done now?* the Attorney having no more delays to make advantage of, with a ſhrug in much haſte, cried, *There's no more to be ſaid, Go pay the Knave his money, he's a Raſcal, and I'm ſatisfied.* Thus *Hudibras* in *Rhime Burleſque.*

So Lawyers, leſt the Bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff Dog ſhould make an end on't,
Do ſlave and tail with Writs of Errour,
Reverſe of Judgments, and Demurrer,
To let 'em breathe a while, and then
Hoop—— and ſo ſet 'em on again.

But to proceed, I ſay his face ſeems as intricate as the moſt winding *Cauſe*, and talks of nothing but *Statutes, Preſidents, Reports*, and the Lord knows what, as if the firſt time he had mooted, was when he was in *Hanging Sleeves*, and that from that time, he had fed on nothing but

what a *Judge* had *Cook'd* for his learned Stomach, whereas he had no other Porridge-pot but his Ink-horn, which could not boyle him ſuſtenance, but for the fewel of his deluded Clients. All his actions, words, and geſtures are very ſtiff, and affectedly conſtrained, his converſation is obſtinate, and full of Contradiction, and contrary to the pliable *Complaiſant Wheedle*, grows rich by ſtriſe and wrangling. What a man of Worſhip is he, when living in a Country Village, all fear him, but few love him, the dread of him ſo aws ſome ſpirits, that they are at a treble charge to fence their own grounds, leſt leaving open any gap, it ſhould give him an inlet to take poſſeſſion of their Land, whilſt others wear out more ſhooes and hob-nails by ſcraping at him, in one Twelve month, than would conveniently ſerve them in their neceſſary labours for ſeven years; the buſineſs he creates to ſet himſelf on work, will not give him leave to think of his Conſcience; and when the Term is ended, and the time of his life is expiring, he minds not *Doomſday*, hoping ſtill, according to his wonted courſe, he hath a trick to reverſe *Judgment*.

I would ſay more of theſe Practicers of the Law but that their ways are paſt finding out, as to what is already ſpoken. I would be willingly underſtood aright, I do not any ways reflect or throw diſgrace upon the glorious Profeſſion of the Law, which hath in all Ages raiſed ſo many eminent Perſons to the firſt Honours of the Realm, and have left their Poſterities engrafted in the Nobility, but on ſuch whoſe matchleſs Impudence, and Knaviſh ignorance, have by their ſpecious pretences, and indirect illegal courſes, ruin'd by inſinuation, onely for ſelf-ends, or malice, thouſands of Families. It is now time to make *Hue and*

Cry

Cry after a worſer ſort of *Vermin*, and a *Caterpillar* that is far more dangerous, a meer *Blood-hound*, *Cannibal*, or *Man-eater*, who not content to feed on humane fleſh, till he hath made Dice of his Bones, but will ſwallow an Eſtate at a Morſel; one who when he hath put a man upon the *Rack*, and hath tormented him even to death, will then deliver him to the *Lawyer* for *Execution*,

Some call him modeſtly *Sollicitor*, a name not inglorious, and did his actions merit that appellation, I ſhould not grudge it him, it being an employ (Honeſtly managed) that deſerves reputation in the World. And is ſo abſolutely neceſſary, that I know not what the middle, nay moſt ſort of people unskilful in the Law can do without him: It is not he that is the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe, but the *Splitter*, a pitiful *Petti-fogging* fellow, it may be one that can neither Write, nor Read; or one, who living unbeloved, and ſelling Ale, not knowing how to *Wheedle* cuſtom to his houſe, but by *Splitting* of cauſes, gives out how knowing he is in the Law, and leſt his own word ſhould not paſs (as I wonder how it ſhould) he is never without his *Bribed Avouchers*, both at home and abroad to Juſtifie his Honeſty, as well as Excellency of parts, though the meereſt *Ignoramus* in the Univerſe, and no matter ſo he get but money, for which, like the *Golden Calf*, he is worſhipped, or *Sir Reverenced* by the Vulgar.

If the *Splitters* Law-knowledge (brooded and hatched in one Goal, and receiv'd its increment from many more) be attended with a little learning, he then proves a *Cockatrice*, and kills, or maims infallibly at firſt ſight; He knows all the Windings and turns of a Priſon, and by pretending Liberty to others, by the Machines of his own miſchievous brain, at laſt procures his own, and

being out, ſpeaks of nothing but fire and ſword againſt his *quondam* Keepers for pretended abuſes, and having his legs at liberty he will not let a cauſe of note eſcape him; from Court-proceedings he gleans ſomething to adviſe others about, he hardly knows what, yet tells them his judgment in that particular is infallible, and ſo deludes his Hearers, not on a ſudden, but by degrees, that he may not leſſen his expected benefit.

Should I characterize him to the full, I muſt anatomize the Devil, but ſince it is impoſſible, I ſhall only enumerate ſome of thoſe cheats he frequently Commits.

Frequenting the Courts (as Ravens do Carrion) and getting into the acquaintance of Attorneys, or their ſervants, he by them informs himſelf who are ſued to an Outlawry, either for Debt in the Court of *Common-pleas*, and ſometimes for other Cauſes of Action, or in the *Crown-office*, for *Contempts*, *&c.* having learned their names, under pretence of belonging to either Court, he writes a Note to this effect; *Sir, I am an Attorney or Solicitor belonging to a Court, wherein you are ſued unknown, and will be Outlaw'd; if you pleaſe to content the Bearer, and gratifie* Premonitus *for this civility I will for a ſmall matter bring you off, &c.* venienti occurrite morbo; The Party hereupon miſtaking this Knave, and by this Action thinking him a very honeſt man, not only gratifies him for the preſent, but alſo employs him for the future, ſo long till by woful experience he finds his former kindneſs was but a *Decoy* to enſnare him by it.

Knavery is ſo implanted in his Nature, that he cannot forbear cheating the deareſt friend that entruſts him, and circumventing every one he deals with, that hath more honeſty than himſelf, betraying them for any ſmall advantage that may accrew

accrew thereby. He frequently takes money on both sides, and will advise the *Defendant* against his *Plaintiff*-Client; In short, his *Roguery* and crafty Projects are so many, that they will swell into a large Folio, were but the tithe of them described, wherefore I shall only add some few that were lately practised by a pretended *Sollicitor*, a fellow I might name, but that the Pillory first, and then the Gallows next have made him known to all.

At the first he was a Scriveners Clerk, and having learned to engross an Indenture, he began to peep into his Masters Actions, and so improved his Knavery by those Presidents, that in a little time he excell'd him in all villany imaginable. A little before the last dreadful Contagion, he took a Shop, or an *Office of Deceipt*, in which he acted a thousand *Rogueries*, by forging *Leases*, *Bonds*, *&c.* and the better to effect his designs, he had variety of *Knights of the Post* at his command; but who the Devil dubb'd these clip'd forlorn dregs of Mortality by the name of *Knights*, and for what cause I know not; fellows that will swear any thing, however they came by the Title it matters not much, but certainly *Proteus* was their father, which I Conjecture from the several Long-lane Shapes, and dresses they appear in, for sometimes they are in a *Canonical Garb*, sometimes they seem as *Countrey Gentlemen*, at other times like Doctors, *Sober Citizens*, or Serving men, as the thing to be sworn to Requires: Heaven certainly can never entertain them, since Perjury is the only crime punishable among the Gods; one very well observes that they are an apparent argument for the Excellency of man, above Angels, *Corruptio optimi est pessima*, therefore are men so much the more excellent than *Angels*, by how much they the more

more Corruption of mankind are worſe than *Devils.* Miſtaking the true meaning, and intention of that pleaſant Philoſopher *Epicurus*, they place their chief, nay, only happineſs in this World, and think they live well, when they eat and drink well, and never think themſelves in the Road to Heaven, but when their heads ride poſt on a pottle of Canary.

Ram-Ally, and the Walks they as conſtantly Viſit, as the *Rooks* do the Trees, and are ſeldom abſent, but at feeding time, or doing miſchief, to which they are ſo accuſtomed, that they dream of nothing elſe, and to ſtill Conſcience (if they have any) force themſelves to believe the mortality of the Soul, otherwiſe they would never ſell their Salvation ſo cheap; half a Crown a time, come as often as you pleaſe. This Generation of Vipers were of great uſe to this Scrivener, Pettifogger, or what other name you will call him by (for you cannot call him bad enough) and when he came with theſe pernicious *Finiſhing Tools*, to compleat a Title, there was no reſiſtance, the caſe being made ſo plain. Then might a man ſee, without the help of *Necromancy*, or *Black-Art*, the ſtrange motions of *Terra Firma*, out of one family into another. Mountains without the help of *Faith* removed out of one mans poſſeſſion, into the poſſeſſion of another. Should a man be ſo wicked as to aim at the life of a man, and acquaint them with the deſign, they will out-do a revengful *Italian* in his ſubtle Poyſons, doing his work ſo Gently, and ſo legally, that he ſhall get repute by the Proſecution. They will ſwear that ſuch a one being aſleep, they ſaw his ſoul go out of his mouth, booted and Spur'd, take horſe, ride to ſuch a place, do ſuch a *Murther*, Commit ſuch a *Felony*, or act ſuch and ſuch *Treaſons*, now becauſe,

cause, as one saith, it is so hard a matter to punish a false oath, without discouraging a true one; such as *Pad* on the Road, though the Robbery be not twenty shillings shall be hanged, and these Villains (*sons of Belial*) that strike at the root of Life, Estate and Fortune, shall only be Pilloried, or lose their ears, which they value no more than the senseless Earth in parting with a pair of Mushroms; insignificant pieces of flesh, which they hold made in opposition to the great Maxim in Philosophy, *that Nature does nothing in vain*, as being of no use in the body of man.

This Rascal was seldom without a *Guard* of those *Janizaries* at his heels, especially in *Term-time*, who *Pimp* so cordially for the *Devil*, as if they thought him to be Disposer of all Inheritances, as Lord of the World. They have made a *Feoffment* of their souls, with *Livery* and *Seisin* to *Satan*, only taking a short *Lease* back again, and therefore are resolved to make all people they have to deal with turn *Tenants* to their *Landlord*: And if a *Councellor* or *Attorney* chance to take their *Fee*, What *Villanies* must he not conceal? What *Treacheries*? What *Forgeries* is he not bound to be privy to? What *Defences* must he not make of injustice and wrong? What the worst of actions must he not strive to palliate, and daub over with the *Fucus* of forced Eloquence, quite contrary to the dictates of either *Reason* or *Conscience*? Those that have Calculated their Nativity, banish them from the society of men, as the most dangerous and treacherous persons in the world, and wonder, finding it so threatned, by the stars, that no more of them are hang'd, there being no crime in the World that more deserves it.

When he went to Drink with any single

Gentleman, who came to him about ſome concern, he ſtill ordered it ſo, that two of his *Knights* ſhould come and inquire for him, where he was, and having taken good notice of the Gentleman, drink a Glaſs, and pretending buſineſs, be gone again, the ſame day the Scrivener draws a Bond, making the Perſon become obliged to him in ſo much, he not knowing of it, and theſe two *Rogues* ſet their hands unto it: moſt commonly he made the party Drunk before he did it, and when the Bond came due, Sued and Recovered it; by ſuch like practices he became ſo notorious, that none would come near his Shop, ſo that he was forced to ſhut up, and thereupon turn'd *Sollicitor*, as he call'd himſelf, and then had more an Oar in every mans Boat than before; but the *Sickneſs* encreaſing he could do little, however he was not idle, for every day he took his Rounds, viſiting his friends and acquaintance; for the ſick he made their *Wills*, and in them put in his *own*, never failing to go a ſnack with the ſurviving Relations; beſides, ſuch was the Mortality, that every day not only help'd him to *a Laſt Will and Teſtament*, but the opportunity of helping others to Husbands and Wives, for which, ſometimes he received a conſiderable gratuity; where they all died out of the houſe he made himſelf ſole Executor, and ſwept away all; nay, I have been informed that the Rogue frequently fed the *Nurſes*, where any thing was to be had, to haſten the Diſeaſed in their Journey to Eternity.

Such was his ſucceſs in all theſe villainous Enterpriſes, that he grew very rich, and being ſingle, made an addition to his fortune, by marrying a young Gentlewoman with a conſiderable ſum left her by her Parents, who all died of the Peſtilence; in three weeks time he buried her, and was married again to a rich Widow that day ſeven-night; In ſhort

ſhort, and in truth, he buried five Wives in nine weeks: This may ſeem ſtrange, but upon enquiry you will find at that time, that ſeveral, in three months, were married three or four times, by which means ſuch *Miniſters* who ſtayed in *London*, and durſt look *Death* in the face, got as much by *Marriages*, as others did by *Burials*.

The heat of the *Contagion* being much abated, he took a larger uncontrouled freedom to range abroad, *ſeeking* (like the Devil) *whom he might devour*; and as the Devil would have it, a Widow (well ſtricken in years) fell into his clutches, a Gentlewoman who had lived creditably in the World, but falling to decay, took a houſe in a convenient place, and had no other dependance than upon Lodgers; and that ſhe might be capacitated for the reception of the better ſort, ſhe furniſhed her houſe in a very ſplendid manner, ſupplying her want of money by credit; but her Lodgers, though ſure, yet being ſlow Pay-Maſters, her Creditors ſeverely dun'd her for money, and fearing an Arreſt, adviſed with this *Knaviſh Sollicitor*, who knowing what debts ſhe had abroad, and how well ſtock'd ſhe was at home, promiſed to procure her fifty pounds, or an hundred on good ſecurity; but ſhe telling him, ſhe knew not how to do it, he whiſpers her in the ear, pretending much kindneſs, and in ſhort, aſſures her it was not convenient to trouble her friends in this buſineſs, and that ſhe need not, ſo ſhe would ſign a *Warrant of Attorney* to ſecure the Lender, and give him procuration-money, which was more than the uſe came to; however ſhe conſented, and meeting the next day in order to ſealing, there was but fifty pound in money produced, the other fifty was in commodities, as braided *Stuffs*, *Silks*, and out of faſhion-Ribbons, *&c* prized higher than they

they were ſold for at firſt; however, ſeeing ſhe could not have the money without them, being pincht at that time for money, and over-perſwaded by her treacherous friend, ſhe confeſs'd *Judgment* with a *Deſeazance*, for ſix months, as ſhe thought, whereas it was unlimited; the *Sollicitor* had for his pains twelve-pence in the pound preſently paid for the whole hundred, though half goods, and the Villain, his Accomplice, in a ſhort time after ſeized on all ſhe had, to her utter ruin, for which, if for nothing elſe, *Old Nick* may pick his bones hereafter.

This was another thing he frequently practiced; if any of his acquaintance died, or others he could hear of whoſe Relations durſt not Adminiſter on his Eſtate, but leave all to the Creditors, then would he be ſure to make himſelf a principal Creditor by a forged Bond, or otherwiſe, and thereupon take out Letters of Adminiſtration, and ſweeping all away, wipe the Noſe of thoſe to whom the Deceaſed was really indebted. One time above the reſt he cheated his greateſt Confident, and beſt friend he then had living, after this manner.

A Gentleman bought ſome Houſes in the City, and being uninhabited, impower'd the *Splitter* to let them by *Leaſe* and *Fine*, he being not able to do it himſelf for ſometime, by reaſon of ſome extraordinary Buſineſs which called him away into the Country, and would detain him there about a Month or two: This faithleſs *Truſtee*, as ſoon as the Gentleman was gone, pretended the Houſes were his own, and by his plauſible Carriage, ſmooth *Wheedling* Tongue, and other knacks of deſigned *Roguery*, he ſo far inſinuated into the Belief of a well-meaning *Shop-keeper*, that he perſwaded him to take a *Leaſe* from him of one of the biggeſt Houſes,

Houſes, paying him an hundred pound Fine, the Rent being but ſmall, and had been a real good Penniworth, had the Title been good. Having ſucceeded ſo well in his firſt Enterprize, he made all the haſte he could to put off the reſt; not mattering the Rent, ſo that he could advance the Fine: and ſo brought about his Buſineſs, that juſt as he had let all the Houſes with Fines in his own Name, the right Owner of them returned. By his Spies he had Intelligence thereof, and therefore in time abſconds himſelf. The Gentleman not finding his Truſtee, went to the Tenants, and demanded by what Power and Authority they inhabited thoſe Dwellings. They readily ſatisfyed him, by ſhewing him their *Leaſes*; and telling him, what Fines they had paid. The right Landlord, by this means, ſaw that his Friendſhip was not only abuſed, but that they were alſo knaviſhly cheated of their Monies; and to be ſhort, told them the whole Truth of every thing; which they not believing, he was forced to eject them all, leaving them to the Law, to require Satisfaction of their *Impoſtor* Landlord.

If any ſhould have chanced to nap him, he would have ſerved them as hundreds before, never left them, till Ruin had fallen on them; for by *Fob-Actions*, *Indictments*, *Informations*, *Swearing*, *Forſwearing*, and the like, he ſo impoveriſht them, that as they were reduced thereby to a Condition incapable of helping themſelves, ſo it lay not in the Power of their Pocket to prejudice or hurt him much; and ſo force from them a Confeſſion, that they had better to have ſate down with their firſt Loſs, than to ſtruggle for their Amends; and had they known what a Conſcience he had, that ſcrupled nothing for Advantage, with Inſtruments that never ſtumbled at an Oath,

Oath, it had been the beſt courſe they could have taken.

Getting the better ſtill of thoſe that contended with him, got him the general Reputation of a very ſhrewd knowing Man; ſo that if any intricate *Controverſie*, *Reference*, or *Law-ſuit* aroſe among his Neighbours, he was the only Perſon pitcht on to arbitrate the Difference, and was well paid for his pains, beſides the cramming of his Paunch.

That his Cl aths might ſpeak him a Man of worth, as well as his lying, flattering, and deceitful Tongue, he garb'd himſelf very ſplendidly; and when he walk'd abroad to perpetrate ſome notorious piece of *Roguery*, he had always two of his perjur'd Raſcals with him, following him as his Attendants. One day as he paſt by a lovely Seat, newly built in the Suburbs, a ſudden Stratagem came into his Head, and his Fancy ſtrongly perſwaded him, that he might with Eaſe make himſelf the Maſter thereof. Having conſulted a while with his Helliſh *Cabal*, and laid down his *Plot*, (at which he was always nimble) he cauſed one of his pretended Servants to go and knock at the Gate, and know whether the Gentleman the Maſter of the Houſe was within: It was done accordingly; and the Maſter happening to be at Home, came out himſelf, to know who it was would ſpeak with him. This impudent *Splitter* hereupon advanced, and paſſing a Complement or two, told him his Buſineſs, that it was only to ſee the Inſide of that Houſe, whoſe outward Parts appeared ſo lovely to his Eye. The Gentleman miſtruſting not ſo good a Garb, kindly invited him in; and having ſhewed him what he could, civilly treated him. In fine, This gawdy *Splitter* deſired one Favour more, and that was, to have leave to take a Model or Draught of the Houſe; for

for no other Reaſon, than that he being about to build a Houſe, he was ſo well pleaſed with that Structure, that he much deſired to have one built, as like it as he could: The Requeſt being granted, they parted. But not many days paſt, before he came again with a Houſe-Carpenter, whom he had pre-informed, that he was about buying of an Houſe in ſuch a place, and that he would have his Judgment in it; enjoyning him Silence, leſt talking ſhould be the loſs of a Bargain. Arriving at the Place, they were entertain'd civilly as before, and he like a Perſon of Quality. The Carpenter in Paper took the Dimenſions of the Houſe exactly, with its Buttings and Boundings; and having been well ſatisfied for his pains, was diſmiſt. This Cheat coming to *London*, drew a Leaſe by that Paper, as from this Gentleman, with a conſiderable Fine mentioned therein, to have been paid at delivery; but the Rent not worth a naming: And to make good the Bargain, thoſe two *Rogues*, his pretended Servants, were Witneſſes thereunto. Shortly after he demanded Poſſeſſion; but the Gentleman thereupon thinking him in a Frolick, laugh'd heartily: But this Demand proved, in the end, not the Subject of a Comedy; for he was immediately ſued; and at Trial his two Witneſſes, with what the Carpenter could ſay in that behalf, caſt the poor Gentleman; who hearing what a very *Rogue* this *Sollicitor* was, firſt Arreſted Judgment; and afterwards, by Friends Perſwaſion, and by Threats, brought him to a Compoſition.

Examples of this kind, I verily believe, I could nominate five hundred, beſides what already I have diſcovered in the Firſt Part of the *Engliſh Rogue*, or *Witty Extravagant*: Theſe already recited, are ſufficient to manifeſt what a deal of miſchief

chief the worſer ſort of *Sollicitors* or *Splitters* do in City and Country: And therefore, I think it was wiſely done of *James* of *Arragon*, who baniſhed *Semeng Rada*, a great *Pettifogger*, for being famous only for cunning Querks and Quillets in the Law: But better did *Galeatius* of *Milan*, who hanged another for his excellent Art in multiplying Law-ſuits; and indeed, the Multiplication of theſe Fellows proves a greater *Plague* to this Kingdom, than *Lice* with other *Vermin* to the *Egyptians*.

One word to the *Attornies* of *Weſtminſter* and *Guild-Hall*, and I have done. Though in the Head of this Chapter, an *Attorney* is mentioned; yet I mean none of you, but ſuch as are (conſcious to your ſelves) of ſome unjuſt Proceedings therein contained: It is the Ignorant Knaviſh Country-Attorney, that I have had a fling at all this while, or ſome beardleſs Fops, who fluttering up and down preſumptuouſly, aſſume that creditable Name, that the Boys may be thought Men of Underſtanding; many whereof are only fit to make a noiſe at a *Court of Py-Powder*, louder than the *Jack-Puddings* in *Bartholomew-Fair*; and yet are bold to tread other Courts too often, where they as frequently make Combinations againſt their Clients; and though not ſeldom they take Exorbitant Fees, they have a trick to let go *Judgment by Default*.

It cannot be expected, that in this well-governed Kingdom, Law-ſuits ſhould be as little in uſe, as they were in the well-regulated Common-Wealth of the *Lacedemonians* ſeldom heard; but I could wiſh, it were ſo order'd here, as it was by *Charles* the Ninth of *France*, who to prevent needleſs and numberleſs Suits of Law, ordered,

That

That whoſoever Commenced a Suit, ſhould depoſite ſuch a Sum with the Judge, to receive it back again if his Cauſe were good, or forfeit it if the ſame prov'd frivolous: People then would grow weary of worrying one another; Places in the *Hall* and *Compters* would not then be ſold at ſuch dear, nay, exceſſive Rates; nor would there be ſuch variety of *Juries*, as *Farriers* have Shoes, fitting all ſizes ready at Hand, according as they are beſpoke: Whereas now Men have not their *Offices* for nothing, but pay ſoundly for them; and therefore muſt lick themſelves whole out of poor Mens Neceſſities: Certainly, Sale of *Offices* is the greateſt Wrong can be done in a Common-Wealth.

CHAP

CHAP. XI.

The Catch-Pole, or Tenter-Hook.

THis Fellow, among thoſe many great Judgments *God* inflicts on the World, for the many crying Sins therein committed, is none of the leaſt; for having *crack'd*, (it may be twice or thrice) he only reſerves ſo much Money as will purchaſe him a *Commiſſion* for *Napping*, to make others as ſenſible of being in Debt, as himſelf was formerly; and having the Nature of the *Devil* in him, is reſtleſs, and in perpetual Motion, *ſeeking whom he may devour*; and is never better pleas'd, than when he hath made a poor Debtor acquainted with the *Torments* of that *Purgatory*, he himſelf hath lain *pickled* up in for many Years. For which cauſe, the Indigent and Inſolvent look upon him as the propereſt Shape wherein they fancy *Satan*, fearing that one time or other he will meet with them, and drag them to an Hell, from whence they never ſhall return. Others look upon him as a *Goſs-Hawk* on the Wing, taking a Circumference at a diſtance, ſeeming not to mind the wary *Heron*, who is uſing the ſame Stratagems in winding to get aloft; but all in vain: for when the bold and crafty *Hawk* hath got above her in his ſoaring, *'ware Hawk*, or any other Advice avails but little with him; and will pounce her, though he venture the ſtriking himſelf

ſelf through with the long Bill of his *Opponent*. Thus have we known ſeveral of theſe *Vermin* violate Places, that are Priviledged by Antient Cuſtom, and defended by the *Gallantry* of the *Defendants*, who have made them ſuffer for their Inſolencies, ſometimes too ſeverely, by *Death*; at other times ſportively, by *Clipping*, *Shaving*: And laſtly, by throwing them into the *Bog-houſe*, to ſend them home ſweet-ſented to their *Dulcina del Tuboſa's*, or reaking *Hecuba's*.

Notwithſtanding theſe deadly or dreadful Puniſhments, they will confidently adventure out again, having firſt got ſome loving *Cracks* or others, to mundify their loathſom *Carkaſſes*, that they may not poiſon their *Jeſſimy-Barbers*, who otherwiſe inſtead of ſweet fragrant Eſſences, muſt be forced to bring a Brandy-Bottle, or ſ me other Spirits, to keep them from fainting, whilſt they are indeavouring to even the difference between their Hair and Beards on both ſides. Having new caſed themſelves, (for their Imployment obliges them to have diverſity of Garments by them for Diſguiſes) and having Perriwigg'd their *ſhaved Crowns*, they boldly walk the Streets, and By-Lanes again, and makes them more dangerous to ſome, than the High-ways; for they are *Moveable Priſons*, and their Hands two *Manacles* not to be filed off.

They are the *Remora's* to young Gentlemen, and breaking Shop-keepers; when at Anchor they find they can ride it out no longer, they either *cut* or *ſlip*; and when under a ſtiff Gale they think ſafely to ſail from that dangerous *Port*, to ſome other of better Anchorage, they are ſtopt by the way, and can go no further, till their unlucky *Pilots* moor them where they pleaſe, moſt commonly to their utter Ruine.

If

If any one of them ſeem to be Merciful to the poor *Priſoner*, it is for no other end, than to make his own Advantage. For ſhould he immediately ſtop a Man in either *Counter*, or ſome other *Priſon*, it is not for his Benefit; therefore he protracts the Execution, and with much ſeeming Willingneſs delays, as long as Money is ſtirring. He will reſpit you in no Place, at firſt, but a Tavern, where he ſells his Minutes dearer than a *Watch-Maker*; and though he venture half a drowning in Canary, or what other Wine he moſt eſteems; yet that will not ſtop his Mouth, unleſs his Hands be ſtuff't, and Pockets cram'd continually. With a Leg of a Fowl in his Hand, and a Wing on his Trencher untoucht, he cries, *Come, we cannot ſtay, we muſt be gone*; whilſt his Eyes are greedily feeding on the *Sides-men*, or the *Merry-thought*; wiſhing every bit may choak others, that goes not down his gormandizing Gullet: no more Angels appearing, and fearing his over-drinking may diſinable him from ſecuring his Priſoner, he inſtantly removes him to his own Houſe, or the Suburbs of a Goal; where he viſits him twice a day: But the poor Man having no more Money to gratifie his Forbearance, and the large Fees of the Houſe, two Shillings a Night, *&c.* a Priſon then muſt be his Manſion; and being a Free-man, hath the Benefit of a *Duce*, which ſome call an *Horſe*; and thence he rides to *Ludgate*, where he may chance to lie ſome Years in the Sweat of his *Keepers Toes*.

A *Suburbian-Trader*'s Credit is no ſooner fly-blown, but the *Magot-Bayliffs* are rooting in his *Tail* immediately: Money is the only way to blind them, ſo that they ſhall not ſee you, which you muſt either ſend or give them; and then, though they have a *Writ* in their Pockets, and the Perſon

Perſon walks juſt under their Noſes, yet they cannot ſee him for their Lives; which *Aſtrologers* ſay, proceed from a wonderful Conjunction of *Sol* and *Luna*, in *Palm of the Right Hand.* I have heard of an *Officer*, that was ſtone-blind to a Friend of mine, and that for a long time; (yet had the Eye of a *Linx* to all others) but at length it was diſcovered to the *Creditor*, that they uſed ſometimes to ſuddle together; whereupon he blamed much the *Officer*, calling him *Knave*, *Cheat*, and what not, in taking his *Money*, and not performing his *Office:* The other denied it; and tho' the other urged it was ſo, he could get no other Reply, than *The World's a Cheat, and he is a Fool that has not a hand in it.*

If a Perſon abſcond himſelf for Debt, he ſhall be taught to know his own worth in a very little time; for a *Serjeant*, or a *Bayliff*, ſhall dig him out of the Earth with as much Diligence, as if he were the Oar of *Mexico*; and never ceaſes till he has hid him again, in ſome obſcure Place or other, never to be found out, but by chance; like a *Pot of old Roman Coin*, but he ſhall not be half ſo much hugg'd by the Finder, for fear of being louſie, or infected by the *Running Plague-ſore* of *Poverty.*

A Man in this Condition, may be ſaid to be totally eclipſed. For as the *Sun* is *Eclips'd* by the Interpoſition of the *Moon* between *It*, and the *Earth*; ſo *Man* is *Eclips'd* by an Interpoſition of a *Stone-Doublet* between Him, and the Street; but he is but half *Eclips'd*, when firſt Arreſted, and carried to the *Coach and Horſes*, *Hen and Chickens*, or *Roſe and Crown*, (to the unſpeakable ſcandal of the Law, at the Expence (as I ſaid before) of two Shillings *per* Night for Lodging only; beſides the continual Viſits of *Officers*, who like

Phyſi-

Physicians, will have their *Fee*, and seldom go away empty.

I cannot invent a Name evil enough to bestow on these *Tenter-Hooks:* In short, they are the *Sweepings* and *Scum* of the Nation; and would Men discover from daily Experience what Tricks they play, what *Leidger-de-main* they use, what Juggling there is among them, it would be as creditable to keep the *Hang-man* company as some of them. I shall instance some few of their Abuses and Stratagems they use in their *Arrests*, and so conclude this Chapter.

If a Gentleman they lay wait for, has laid himself up, and will not stir abroad, they have several Tricks to catch him notwithstanding. Sometimes they will personate a *Porter*, putting on a Frock, with *Knot* and *Ropes* about their Middle, which would have becomed and fitted their Necks much better; and with a Letter in their Hand, directed to the Gentleman they intend to Arrest, the Gentlemen not suspecting that Garb, admits the seeming *Porter*; who having delivered the Letter, instantly draws his *Mace*; and being commonly one of the lustiest *Rogues* in the *Pack*, runs him to rights down Stairs, and at Door is received by half a dozen *Janizaries*, more of the same *Brotherhood*. Sometimes they have adventured to come into *Grays-Inn-Walks*; and watching the Person as he came to the Wall, looking into the Bowling-Green that was, this *Desperado* instantly takes him up in his Arms, and (Neck or nothing) throws himself over with his Arms full, who is presently assisted by others that waited there for the finishing the Plot; and with all Celerity, carry him off *Sans reskue*.

Another I knew, was thrown over the Wall in the *Temple-Garden*, and the *Officer* leapt after him at

at High-Water; and were both taken up in a Boat, that attended this Exploit.

Others I have known, who dreſſing themſelves in every reſpect like an *Orthodox Miniſter*, in Canonical Robes, have got Admittance into a Gentleman's Chamber by that means; and by Arreſting him for the Lucre of an extraordinary Reward, have undone the poor Gentleman for ever.

Another Gentleman, I knew, was ruin'd alſo by them; but after another faſhion, in this manner: A Bailiff was promiſed he ſhould have a conſiderable Sum, if he would undertake the Arreſting ſuch a Gentleman, lying in *Holbourn:* Having agreed upon the Sum, the firſt thing he did was to enquire what Acquaintance he had thereabout; and being inform'd thereof, he watcht ſuch as went to viſit him, (for his Debts being great, he durſt not ſtir out; and was beſides very wary, leſt he ſhould be ſurprized) among the reſt, he obſerved one to go often to him, having a luſty Fellow to wait on him, and much about the Stature of this *Catch-Pole:* Hereupon he cloathed himſelf in every reſpect like him; and knocking at the Door, he was ask't what he came for? who replyed, That he was Servant to ſuch a Gentleman, naming him, and that he came from his Maſter to ſpeak about buſineſs with that Gentleman that lodged there: That very Gentleman hapned to be in the Chamber, and by that means judged it was a Plot; who underſtanding that there was but one at the Door, drawing his Sword he opened the Door, bidding him come in; who ſeeing him and others in that Poſture, truſted rather to his Feet than his Hands, and for haſte knew not whether he made one or two Steps to the bottom of the Stairs, venturing a Neck-breaking, rather

than

than to have his Soul infallibly puſht out of his Body by their Rapiers. One would have thought this ſhould have been a fair warning to him; yet for all this he undauntedly perſiſted in his Reſolution, and ſoon found out a way to effect his deſign in this manner: He had ſtrictly obſerved from a Houſe almoſt oppoſite to this Gentlemans Chamber, that a Diſh of Meat was frequently ſent thither about Dinner-time: A little before that time he got a Diſh prepared; and putting on a white Waſtecoat, Cap, and Apron, went in that poſture to the Gentleman; whoſe ill luck was ſuch, that he looking out of his Window, and ſeeing this Meat coming towards him, perſwaded by the raſh eagerneſs of his Stomach, he had got the Door open, ere the Fellow was half up the Stairs, and miſtruſting nothing, gave him entrance; who ſetting down the Diſh, firſt ſeized the Gentlemans Sword, that lay neglected on the Table, and then ſecured his Priſoner.

Of all the cunning Tricks they uſe to captivate poor Debtors, I was never pleaſed with any more than this which followeth; becauſe the Contriver was by Heaven juſtly puniſhed for his Treachery; in ſhort, 'tis thus: A Gentleman, owing much Money, kept within doors a long time; by reaſon of which he much coveted the Air, but daring not to ſtir abroad, he was content to take the benefit of it as he could, and that was early in the Morning at his Window. The *Bayliffs* laid ſeveral Plots to take him, but to no effect; at length a *Smith*, that lived oppoſite to this Gentlemans Chamber, and knowing the deſign of theſe Raſcals, agreed with them for ſo much to betray him into their Hands, and informed them after what manner it ſhould be done. They approved of it, and the next morning was the time appointed, accordingly theſe varlets planted

planted themſelves in *Ambuſcado*, whilſt the *Smith* very early got upon the Grind-ſtone, which ſtood under his Shed, and faſtning a Rope, to a ſmall Beam, put the nooze over his Neck, and having ſo done, fell to his prayers; the Gentleman (according to his Cuſtom) looking out, and ſeeing an object of deſperation before his eyes ready to diſpatch himſelf, in pure pitty (which overcame all thoughts of danger) ran with all ſpeed he could, to prevent this wretched fellow from being his own Executioner; But all would not do, neither his own averſion, nor the others oppoſition, ſince heaven had decreed him an example of divine Vengeance, for inuſtice; for the *Bayliffs*, ſeizing the Gentleman, carried him away with all the ſpeed imaginable. And the *Smith* turning his head about to ſee which way they went, the Grindſtone turned, and ſlipping off, was hanged unregarded by the *Bayliffs*, and unpittied for his labour.

All their political plots, and projects are ſo many (new ones dayly taking place) that it will be irrequiſite to diſcourſe them further. Wherefore to conclude, I ſhall only touch upon ſome few of their many thouſand *Wheed'es*, and leave the *Reader* to his own woful Experience for the reſt.

Having Arreſted a man (as they agreed before) one muſt be the *Lyon*, the other the *Lamb*; when one is *Rampant*, the other is *Couchant*; and here note, that they are never both either paſſionate, or mighty furious, but when they are like to be *beaten*. The next thing they do, is ſubtilly to ſift out of the *Priſoner*, whether he has ever Arreſted before, if not, they know the better how to work upon his ignorance; if they

find the Person arrested hath been an old *Truth-Breaker*, and that he is much indebted, though they have but one *Action* against *him*, they will perswade him that they have ten; however if he will presently put in *Bail*, (lest his other Creditors should come upon him) and satisfie them well for their pains, they will be very civil, and what they take of him they will not receive as their due *Fees*, lest they should be pincht (as some of late have been) for *Extortion*, wherefore they cry; *Give it us freely, or not at all.*

Under pretence of being a man's sincere friend, they will advise, and by subtil ways they will squeeze out of him what his debts are, and to whom they are due, perswading him, that they have the Art of Composing all such differences; having got out of him what they are, to whom he is obliged; in the first place, one of them assures him how sorry he is for him, and had he known so much as now he does, he should never have bin Arrested for them; however, he will go and see what may be done with the *Creditor* that hath entred the present *Action*, whilst he goes to no other intent than to advise some other *Creditor* to enter an *Action*; for this (as far as he sees) is his time, or never; and having perswaded him to it, keeps this as a reserve to lay upon him, when he hath bailed the other; and if he be strengthned with four or five more, he thinks it so much the better; which he will execute in order; at last, having suckt out the very hearts-blood of his Pocket, the *Compter* or *Ludgate* must be his *Ultimum Refugium.*

All men who stand in fear of an Arrest, (if they know it) must be their slaves, for they will pretend when they meet them, that they have a Commission to give them a *Cast of their Office*, to no other end, then that they should cast them half a Crown, or a good Breakfast in their way.

Their Civility (for self-interest) is no small advantage to them, sending to a Person (against whom an Action is entered) either to keep out of the way, or put in *Bail*, if the Creditor be not by; it is usual for them to be blinded at the sight of an Angel, and then tell the Creditor, his Debtor's a man very difficult to be found. At length he is forced to *Napp* him (after the *Cat* hath plaid a long time with the *Mouse*) and swallows his pretended friend, with as little difficulty as a *Whale* may do a *Gudgeon*.

CHAP. XII.

The Miſeries in, and Wheedles of a Priſon.

AS there are many Priſons in, and about the City; ſo their Nature, and Cuſtoms are different, yet the *Wheedles* that are practiſed therein, are much alike; ſo many and ſo various, that the Deſcription of them all would take up ſo much room, as that I ſhould have but little left to proſecute ſome other ſubjects, I muſt neceſſarily touch upon.

In ſhort, a *Priſon* is the *Bankrupts Banqueting houſe*, where he feeds on Diſhes borrowed from other Mens Tables: or it may be called, *The Prodigals Purgatory*, or, *A Peſthouſe* for decayed Citizens, wherein is contained as many maladies and miſchiefs, as flew out of *Pandora's Box*, when opened by *Epimetheus*. It is the *Grave* of the living, or a place where men are buried alive, and the Wormes that gnaw upon them, are their own diſcontented thoughts, and the racking of their *Maſter-Keeper*; and that which aggravates their miſery is the frequent curbs of under-*Officers*, yet herein lies ſome little comfort, that the *Creditors* dare as well be damned, as come there to rail at them for non-ſolvency, or upbraid them with Knavery; for Cuſtom hath empowered the to inflict within their own Territories puniſhment on ſuch *Billingſgate-Offenders*.

At my firſt being acquainted with the place, the *Priſoners* (methought) walking up and down the *Watch-Hall* look'd like ſo many *Wracks* upon the *Sea*; Here the *Ribs* of a thouſand pounds beating againſt the *Needles*, thoſe dangerous Rocks, *Credulity*; here floated to and fro *Silks*, *Stuffs*, *Camlets*, *Velvet*, *Cloth of Gold*, *Cloth of Silver*, *&c.* without giving place to each other according to their dignity, and after them ſwims the *Owner*, making to ſhore on his *Yard*, miſtaking it for the *Main-Yard-Arm* of the *Foundred Veſſel*; and after him drives another ſwimming on his *Shop-books*, which bear him up like *Bladders* for the preſent; here floated ſo many *Pipes of Canary*, belonging to a *Vintner* or *Cooper*, whoſe *Bung-holes* lying open, were ſo damaged, that the Merchant may go hoop for his mony: look upon it in general, and it is a ſpectacle of more *Pity* then *Tyburn-Executions*.

How welcom is a new *Commer* amongſt them; every one ſtrives who ſhall get him into his chamber, if there be a vacancy; not ſo much for friendſhips ſake, as *Garnish*: one will tell him, that he hath an excellent room, wherein there is lodg'd but four; another tells him, that his room is better; for though it be *Winter* now, and may ſeem to be too bleak and cold, yet it will be the beſt room in the whole houſe in *Summer-time*, being near the *Leads*; and this benefit he hath too, that he cannot take the benefit of the Air thereon, but that he muſt of neceſſity ſee thoſe places, by taking the Air too often, which club'd to his undoing; ten to one this Propoſal puts the new come *Priſoner* into a Paſſion, thinking himſelf abuſed to be thought he ſhould be confined ſo long; but by his good leave, I can aſſure him, I knew a Citizen booted and ſpur'd, taken as he was going-

out of Town, and brought in thither, who ſwore he would not have his boots pull'd off, till he was at liberty, ſo confident he was of his ſpeedy enlargement, yet, contrary to expectation, he remained a Priſoner ſixteen years and upwards.

A Priſon is an *Exchange* for all ſorts of *Trades*, but without *Commodities*, unleſs what are *female*, and they are for the moſt part braided, and out of *faſhion*, being the *Reliques* of ſome *Defunct*; now and then ſome *Cracking Sempſtreſs*, or *Free-Trader*, for taking up too much linnen, and over-trading with *Holland*-Factors, have the ill hap to be Confined within this *ſtony Band-box*; how will the *Baggages* then pule, and whine, and putting finger in eye, cry, *He might have been more kind, if all were rightly underſtood, and not call me his back friend— Suppoſe I was; there was no harm done him by it. Well, well, it was a moſt un-Gentleman like part of him, to undo a young Woman in both ſenſes.* The report of her Confinement brings a great concourſe of men, whoever took any of her Linnen upon truſt, and by way of gratitude, pay her Ranſom; if no ſuch aſſiſtance happen to her, ſhe then ſends ſome *Female Wheedle* of her Function, with a Letter to her Creditor, all blubber'd with tears, deſiring to ſpeak with him, who over-perſwaded, goes, and at ſight of her, his heart melts, faſter then her eyes, or any other part, and not being able to refrain, ſeals her Releaſe with *fleſh* in ſtead of *wax*. Hence we may infer this, that they that deny *Priſons* to be *Bawdy-houſes* are very much miſtaken, and may as well gainſay, that Mother *Nabbs* who liv'd in the *Park*, never ſtood in the *Pillory*, that *Venus* was tranſlated to the sky, for being a *Nun*, and not for being a *Whore*; as that *Salisbury*-Court, *Shoo*-lane, and places near adjoyning

joyning, are not the moſt General *Rendezvouz* for faſhionable *Bona Robа*'s of the better ſort.

And now by the way, give me leave to expreſs what I find commendable in a *Priſon*, and let any one judge, whether this be not a very great commendation belonging to it, in that it renders *Matrimony* moſt ſavoury, where the pleaſures thereof are moſt ſtoln; but it moſt extreamly commends their Charity one to another, for lending their chambers to their Fellow-*Priſoners*; Others, that are for the more noble way of *Pimping*, deſend themſelves by the Example of *Heliogabulus*, who was wont to lend his *Baths*, and *Wenches* to his friends, and acquaintance, whenever they deſired it. If a man would throughly inſpect the houſe, he will find little Mortification among the confined, they being generally of *Ariſtotle*'s opinion, that Whores are not only uſeful but neceſſary in a well-inſtituted *Common-wealth*; ſuch is the *Fleet* and *Ludgate*, whoſe inhabirants cry, *Corporeal Recreations mitigate Corporeal Puniſhments*; and as one very well obſerves, that it was never recorded among them, that any one that was ever put in, ever pray'd himſelf out. The looſneſs of the Company, corrupts the good intentions of moſt men. Thus Priſons are like a Lough in *Ireland*, called *Lough-neaugh*, whoſe Waters (in ſome time) turn the tenderer ſubſtance of Wood into Stone, and from a piece of Holly is produced an excellent, nay the beſt of Hones: ſo when a man is confined within the grates of a Goal, his heart becomes petrified, to that exceſs, that neither the ſoft words of a flattering *Creditor*, nor the moſt ſharp and peircing execrations of a paſſionate One, can make the leaſt impreſſion therein.

I have told you what is commendable; I muſt

now give you a ſhort account of what is diſcommendable in thoſe *Common Sewers*, into which all the *Malice*, *Envy*, *Rancour* and *Hatred* of inveterate Perſons ſpend themſelves: where the *Tenter-Hooks* of Oppreſſion always ſtand in publick view, or ſit there at *Receit of injury*, and mourn at the Tranquillity and peace of Neighbours; cruel *Giants* of theſe *Inchanted Caſtles*, not ſuffering a poor *Debtor* paſs by them, but one ſteps out, and cries, *Fee, fa, fum, I ſmell the blood of one in debt, and I muſt needs have ſum.*

Within theſe ſtrong *Holds* there are a ſort of people, who were men once, but coming into *Office*, are on a ſudden changed into *Tygers*, *Wolves*, and *Man-eaters*; ſtrange Monſters, that will eat a couple of poor men at a Meal, who are more cruel than *Diomede*, who fed his horſes with *humane fleſh*: they are more inhumane, more mercileſs than the great Robbers, *Sciron* or *Pytiolanthes*; more terrible than the *Lernean* Monſter; ſhould they be *broiled*, *roaſted*, *gridled*, *toaſted*, *ſinged*, *baked* ten thouſand years in *Purgatory*, they would be as black, and ſooty, as when firſt put in. They ſtrut it in fine Clothes, and are fat with feaſting on the forbidden fruits of *Extortion*, and ſelling unlawful liberty at unlawful rates; yet, what will not a *Priſoner* do that has it? What will he not expend to conjure down, and appeaſe the evil *Demon*, that ſo torments and haunts him, worſe than the trembling cold, and hot Fits of a *Quartane Ague*? How dreadfully does he appear with thick *Battoon*, when he ſays, *Maſter*— (meaning the *Maſter-Keeper*) *muſt ſpeak with you*; which is one, and the ſame thing, as if he ſhould have ſaid, *I have order to lock you up*; what fumbling then in the *Pocket*, to ſtop one gaping mouth of *Cerberus*, with a Glaſs of Wine to boot, and a hun-

dred

dred Promiſes at the end of it; *that ſuch a time he will clear all his Chamber-rent, with a thouſand thanks for that liberty, which is like to be beneficial to him*; for, if the Priſoner be Poetically inclined, he then ſays, *That the noiſe of a Priſon is very diſtracting and injurious to his Fancy; that ſince he hath been abroad, his Invention hath wrought Miracles; that he hath a Copy (almoſt finiſhed) which a Bookſeller offered ſo much for it, with Priviledge to dedicate it to my Lord—— who hath ſeen it, applauds it, and doubts not but to receive, not only a conſiderable reward from him, but much more, by threeſcore ſeveral Dedications he intends of the ſame Book to others, and none under Knight, or Lady.* Whereas all this while (it may be) poor man, he hath been ſtudying *de die in diem*, how to eat and drink in abundance, that ſhou'd he be taken up, he may be ſtored with fleſh to withſtand a three weeks ſiege againſt the Poverty of a Priſon, and that he might drown in Oblivion, the Miſeries that he hath already run through, and the thoughts of what he may run into for the future, he was not ſo idly employed to write *in laudem Pulicis*, or, *Encomium ſtrepitus*; but he was tranſlating that learned and elaborate Piece of that deep and profound Author *Obſopæus*, who writ a Treatiſe in Latin verſe, *de Arte bibendi*, which Art he reduced into practice, and taught it (in his Peripateticks) to his young Diſciples.

If a *Shop-keeper* (that is a *Milch-Cow*) be ſent for, and he be driven *lowing* to his *Stall*, if they halt by the way, as 'tis ten to one but they do, for the benefit of *Baiting*, then out comes the *Almanack* wherein is regiſtred ſome of his beſt debts, which were cancell'd in his *Debt-books*, that they might not be known to Wife or Creditor, and then tells him, *That he was with ſuch, and ſuch; that ſuch a Perſon a very honeſt Gentleman promiſed him ſuch a day, to pay him*

ſo much : That he had received a little from him to day ; that there was ſo much for his Pains ; and deſires, that with his thanks, and humble ſervice he will preſent ſo much to his Maſter———, where note, if this Charge be not conſtantly paid, he is inexorable to all Prayers, and entreaties. We read, that the *Jaylor* in the *Acts*, fell down at the feet of his two *Priſoners*, when he ſaw ſuch a terrible *Habeas Corpus* come from *Heaven* to *remove* them. But it is to be feared, had thoſe *Priſoners* been here now, the *Earth* might have ſhook, as well as the *Priſon*, e're it could have ſhaken ſome *Priſon-Petty-Tyrants* in the Kingdom.

In the next place, let us conſider the evils that proceed from the *Maſter-Keepers*, letting his *Cellar* at a rack Rent, which indeed muſt inevitably follow from his paying ſo dear for the *Cuſtody* of his *Den*

The *Cellar-man*, or *Tapſter* (which you will) is (whilſt money is ſtirring plentifully) extraordinary kind at home, and that you may pay for it abroad, if you have a deſire to take the Air, he will proffer ſometimes the kindneſs to be your *Keeper*, and you need not fear he will tire you with *walking*. For he ſhall only carry you to the next Crony-Tavern of his acquaintance : and then if you are not drunk for joy, that you are abroad, and ſpew to gratifie his courteſie, you underſtand not what it is to have a *Priſon-Tapſter* to your friend. As your money ſhortens, he ſlackens his favours ; at length he cannot hear you when you call for *Beer* and *Tobacco*, yet in hopes to be paid one time or other, and partly out of the Lechery they have in couzening and cheating, with ſhort Meaſures, and confounded *Mundungus*, is at length perſwaded to let his dear *Euridices*, his *Beer* and *Brandy*, take a little Air out of his *infernal Regions* ; but the hot *Strumpet* leaves ſuch violent *Claps* behind

hind her, in the Pockets of the poor *Prisoners*, that no *Aqua fortis* eats so violently into a Fob, as she doth; Only the *Cellar-man* has one *Recipe*, to stop the violence of the *Gonorrhea*, by crying in a tone like a *Bear*, *I'le trust no more*; and so he might say as often, and as currishly as he pleased, might the doors stand open, and men might have the liberty of coming in, or out, as they pleased. For in such places there is the *worst*, *least*, and *dearest* of all things; whereas the poor *Prisoners* ought to have the *most*, *best*, and *cheapest*. However, this brings in a great annuity to the *Master-keeper*. Though this is none of the least of his benefits, yet he hath a great many more than I can tell you, proceeding from his *Iron Barr'd Limbeck*, and in his *Chymistry* acts contrary to Nature, while he makes it his business all his life, to extract something out of nothing; and by reducing men to nothing, out of the *Caput Mortuum* of their perished Estates, makes himself something. However there lyes a *Curse* upon him, for as it is observed, from the highest to the lowest, that never any one of them dyed worth a groat, their reign seldom exceeds the length of a *Popes*; being *Poisoned* quickly (in five or six years) by excessive drinking, *Lim'd Sack*, *Stum'd Claret*, with *Feeding* high and living voluptuously.

Now, should there prove a Conspiracy between the *Sheep* and *Goose*, (who out of pure revenge on them, who devoured their dead Carcasses, are resolved to devour them whilst living, by aiding and assisting their enemies with implements to drawup a formidable thing, called commonly an *Habeas Corpus* by which their Persons are seized, and carried over the Gulph *Thamesis*, and then incarcerated in the *Kings Bench*) it is a thing worth the noting, that the silliest of Creatures should be too hard for

most

moſt cunning *Foxes*; nay, by a *Sheep-skin* convey-ed violently into the *Heſperian Gardens* of *South-wark*, where though there are no *Golden Apple-Trees* growing, yet they ſhall find many *Lions*, waking for their ſecurity. Some ſay, the *Priſo-ners* themſelves are changed into *Golden Apple-Trees*, to whom as long as they bear fruit, the *Lion* is as gentle as a *Red Herring*, but if they wither, and grow dry, they are preſently cut down, and made fewel for the *Common Goal*. Nay, your brace of *Guardian-Angels* will forſake you, for want of a little chamber-rent; otherwiſe *Polyphemus* himſelf is civil enough, and will be content to have his own eye put out for a while, while *Ulyſſes* eſcapes under the belly of the *Golden-Fleece*.

Now under what Planets the *Tip-ſtaves* and *Waiters* were borne, the beſt *Figure-Flingers* cannot tell; ſome believe *Mercury*, though not as he was a god, but an *Engliſh Guſman*. They are a ſort of Vermin, that believe not only the *Moon*, but all *Mankind* to be made of green *Cheeſe*, ſo like *Rats* and *Mice* do they altogether live and feed upon it.

And now to the unſpeakable comfort of the *Creditor*, let us a little look into the *Counſels* and *Deportment* of their *Debtors*, under *Confine-ment*.

In a full Meeting or Aſſembly this Queſtion is Started, Whether a man ought to be compelled againſt his Will, to pay his debts. A Sage Per-ſon, much indebted, and a long time a *Priſoner*, and therefore more capable of being a Law-giver, was poſitively in the negative. And thus he prov-ed it; If, *volenti non fit injuria, no injury can be done to him that is willing; then it follows, that all injury muſt be done to him that is unwilling; now, what*

greater

greater injury can be done to a man then to compel him to pay money againſt his will, whether he has it or no? Again, no man was ever compelled to lend Money; what reaſon then is there that a man ſhould be compelled to repay it? Otherwiſe lending of Money ſeems a kind of Invention of Man to trepan his fellow Creature, to lend him Money, that he may afterwards make him his miſerable Slave and Vaſſal, and triumph over his calamity. It was concluded on all ſides, that there can be no greater miſchief done to Man, than to captivate his body, and deprive him of his divine priviledge of freedom; he then that intends the ruine of another, ought to have the ſame ruine intended to himſelf. Hereupon the Counſel broke up, and every one applyed himſelf to the uſual holy exerciſes there performed, as *Dicing, Drinking, Drabbing, &c. Venus* is very powerful here, but *Bacchus* much more, being indeed the very *Baal-Peor* of this Place. As for the Stars of the firſt Magnitude, they reſorted to the *Leg*, or *Golden-Lyon*; the leſſer beſtowed their influences on *Ale houſes, Brandy-ſhops, &c.*

And now dear friends, you, who are *Creditors* to theſe *Perſons*, how do you think you ſhall be ſatisfied your debts, when nothing will ſerve your turns, *but to make Dice of their Bones*; a ſlender ſatisfaction, conſidering how dearly you pay for every *Bale* that is made out of them. Alas! you don't conſider they live in the *Land of Oblivion*, where three quarterns of *Brandy* is an *Antidote* againſt *Sorrow*, and two quarts of *Canary* is perfect *Lethe*. In a ſhort while they forget you, and in a long time you forget them.

Conſider again; ſhould all men pay their debts, ſome would have nothing left, and others would have all; there would be no *Ebbing* nor *Flowing* of *Fortune*, ſhould the *Tide* run all

one

one way: beſides, Cheating would have too great an encouragement, ſhould it always proſper; yet loſs is the ſpur to make them run the ſame courſe over again; and I believe, theſe Debtors are not ſo unjuſt, but, that ſhould it be proved, that in any Age of the World all men paid their debts, I dare engage that you ſhould have it ſo again. Be not ſo vain, as to think that Natures courſe muſt be altered to gratifie your humours. Again, they complain of their truſting too, as well as your Worſhips; where lies the difference then, ſince you are both *Creditors*; and were you in their condition, I queſtion, though you now complain of their *Knavery*, whether you would not be as very *Knaves* as themſelves; you rail at them, and they again at others. The *Mercer* cries, *Was ever Man ſo Hocuſs'd*; *However, I have enough to maintain me here*, and cries, *Hang ſorrow, caſt away care.* The *Milliner* is much in the ſame tone, and cries, *Hang it too, Give me 't other Glaſs of Sack, 'tis well 'tis no worſe.* The *Taylor* cries, *Was ever a man ſo miſtaken? The Gentleman ſeem'd as honeſt a man as ever piſs'd; but I may thank my Wife for this; A Pox on her: ſhe was always too willing to entertain handſom Gentlemen.*

After all this, if the *Creditor* will have any *Muſick* to revive his drooping Spirits, let him ſtep to the *Fleet*, where he ſhall find ſome (over a *Chirping Cup*,) ſing like *Canary-Birds*; and 'tis ten to one after the Song is ended, but a *Health* ſhall go round to the *Confuſion* of their *Creditors*; whileſt others are exerciſing themſelves in the Noble *Art of Chuck-Farthing*, where ſome ſhall cry, *Two Pieces on the ſingle Caſt*; *five to one cries another on the Caſt*; *whilſt another ſteps in, and proffers to lay ten Guineys on the Game.* A pleaſant Harmony in the Ears of a *Creditor*, who hath entruſted

sted these men, who have laid up their Estates in *Lavender*, that they may the more freely follow their Recreation, and will not be Confined to Humours, though Humours confined them.

Thus you see, if Men can *Wheedle* themselves into a large credit, yet keep their Estates; what care they f r a *Capias*, or a *Latitat*; and 'tis but seeing often and liberally the *Clerk*, and it lies not in the power of a *Creditor* to keep them from their Recreation there, or where they please.

And now *Gentlemen-Debtors*, a word to you, and I have done. When all your Money is gone, farewel all kindness of this Nature; for they will prove as obdurate as *Hell*, and will as soon trust their Souls with the *Devil*, as a *Prisoner* with a shilling; and therefore as little as you may, and only when necessity compels you to it, make use of their civilities, as they call them; keep money in y ur pockets, and lie as little out as you can upon *Security*. You will find it but a scurvy thing to be visited once a week by the *Clerk*, and his two *Gog-Magogs*, with rugged Cudgels, and rough-hewen faces, when the end is only to milk the *Cow* as they call you: Endeavour to be one of *Solomons* Sons, and keep company with none of them; if you do, blame not the Stars, but your own folly, which became your ruine. Extremities will happen to all sorts of Persons, as well good as bad, and therefore they determine best, that best determine for their own safety.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Wheedles of an Handſom Hoſteſs.

OF *Hoſteſſes* there are ſeveral ſorts: There is the *City-Hoſteſs*, the *Country-Town-Hoſteſs*, and the *Hoſteſs* on the *Road:* The two firſt have frequenter Opportunities to *Wheedle*, by reaſon of the variety, multiplicity, and conſtancy of their *Gueſts*; yet the laſt doth it as certainly, and leſs controulably, than the former; but all three in a different manner. The *City-Hoſteſs* takes more ſtate upon her, and uſeth a Freedom, which would ſeem ſcandalous in the other, who lives in the Country; for ſhe will frequently admit of Treats abroad; and, that her Perſon may be noted at Publick *Meetings*, *Balls*, and *Theaters*, her ſplendid Habiliments ſhall forcibly attract the Eyes of the *Spectators*, cauſing in Men an Admiration, and an Emulation in the Women: For rather than they will want any thing of that Modiſh Finery they obſerve in others, they will make their Husbands pawn their *Conſciences*, as well as their *Credits*, for that *Point de Venice*, or for another Story of Lace more upon their Petty-Coats; as if Women thought Mens Fancies did not climb faſt enough, without ſuch a Lecherous *Love-Ladder*. She never ſtirs out, but in her choiceſt Ornaments, and is rarely ſeen within Doors by her better *Gueſts*, but when ſhe thinks her ſelf moſt charmingly adorn'd;

dorn'd; whereas the *Country-Hoſteſs* never ſtudies or conſults her Fineries, but againſt ſome *Fair*, or uſual *Market-days*, which ſhe endeavours to grace with her beſt Habiliments, as much as ſhe will do a Neighbours Chriſtning. If her Leiſure will permit her to ſtep to the Gate, to ſhew her *Dreſſing*, and thereby invite her *Gueſts* to taſte of her *Diſh*, (which who can refrain, ſeeing it ſo well *Guarniſht*) ſhe then ſeems to proclaim to all, that ſhe is a fairer Commendation of her Inn, above the fair *Signe*, although the Painting, Tafferels, and other Curioſities, coſt the value of the Eſtate of a riſing Conſtable. In this Poſture, as ſhe ſtands, ſhe proves a *Load-ſtone*, that attracts not only Men of *Iron*, but the *Black-Coat*, and ſober *Citizens*: If the firſt (that mighty Man of *Buff*, and *Feather*) come but near her, he ſometimes cleaves ſo long, that he is not eaſily got off; and will not only command Accommodation for himſelf, and Horſe, (leſs beaſt than himſelf) but ſometimes too for his beaſtly Companions.

The Man that wi l not eat, and drink well, is not for her Diet; for the firſt, ſhe knows by Experience, *That he that cannot eat well, will never do the feat well.* Beſides, the ſober Man is not for her turn; becauſe being always guarded by Reaſon, all the Aſſaults her *Wheedles* makes againſt him, are bootleſs, ineffectual: He is her Man that will be drunk, who will be a Man it may be to Morrow-Morning; but for the preſent, ſhe can make him what ſhe pleaſe: for having let go the hold, and ſtay of Reaſon, ſhe knows he lies open to the Mercy of all Temptations, and ſuits them according to his preſent Inclinations. No Luſt, but finds him diſarm'd, and fenceleſs, and with the leaſt Aſſault enters: If he be Rich, how will ſhe humour him, and under the pretence of pleaſing him

him with any thing, either eatable or liquid, ſhe frankly calls for it to oblige her own Pallat, and he ſhall pay dearly for it to boot; and, to make him believe how much ſhe loves him, will not ſtir from him, but when buſineſs calls upon her: and when ſhe returns, it ſhall be with ſuch ſpeed and cheerfulneſs, that if he be not quite drown'd in his Liquor, with half an Eye he may ſee the greatneſs of her Love and Kindneſs; and, to make a Demonſtration thereof, the Husband, by her Perſwaſions, and his Compliance to her *Wheedling*-Contrivances, ſhall go to Bed, and ſo give them the Opportunity of a privare Conference. Now out-comes all his Paſſions, Vanities, and thoſe ſhamefuller Humours, which Diſcretion cloaths; all which ſhe converts to her own Advantage; at length, (with a thouſand Proteſtations, ſhe never admitted any to that Freedom before, but her Huſband, (though an hundred preceded him) ſhe ſends him to bed, fully aſſured of his future, as well as preſent, Happineſs.

Of all Men, the Young Man is her Darling, whom ſhe can beſt ſhape and faſhion as ſhe pleaſes, and can perſwade him to any thing; for ſhe ſees but the out-ſide of Men and Things, and conceives them according to their appearing Gliſter; and out of this Ignorance believes them: Thus ſhe makes all her Flatteries paſs for real Kindneſſes; and the more to endear him to her, he muſt call her *Mother*; and will not be angry with her Son, if he commit Inceſt with her; and leſt the reſt of her adopted Children ſhould take Exceptions at it, ſhe will give all of them (who have a mind to it) the ſame Liberty. This Obligation ties them to the Houſe, as firmly as a Galley-Slave is to the Oar; and this is for a while the only Rendez-vouz of all their Revels.

The

The Truth on't is, ſhe need not uſe many *Wheedles* to this ſort of People, to effect her deſigns; for ſince their Reaſon ſeems not to curb, but only to underſtand their Appetites, they proſecute the Motions thereof with ſuch eager earneſtneſs, that being themſelves their own Temptation, they need not *Satan* to prompt them, if *Wine* and *Women* be in their Company.

Of all her *Gueſts*, there is none makes her ſuch incomparable Sport, as the Fop, *What d'ye lack, Sir?* or the meer *Trading-Bubble* of the City, when he comes into the Country, as ignorant as the Clown; both of them being much about the ſame model, and pitch of Brain; only the ones Ignorance is a little more finical. She knows him by his Garb, and bawling Deportment, when he rides into the Yard; and indeed, his poſture in riding only, is enough to diſcover him: And the better to humour his Vanity, ſhe makes as great a noiſe as he, in calling on her Servants to give him Attendance, and then waits him at the Parlor-door to welcom him with her Smiles and Courteſies, whilſt ſhe is ſcrewing her Mouth into a round Plumpneſs, that the warmth of her Lips may ſignifie the glowing of her other Parts, and the fervency of that Zeal ſhe hath to ſerve him. The Wine being brought, (which muſt be a Pint of Mul'd Sack, if in Winter time) *Ninny* drinks to *Miſtreſs Craftsby*, which ſhe kindly receives, and will not let the Liquor cool in her hand by any means, but nimbly paſs the Cup till the Pint be out. A Ceſſation of ſipping for a while being concluded on, they ſtill proceed in the Exerciſe of their Mouths, by Talking and Billing; both their chief Education lie in their Occupation, which indeavours to Apify the Humours and Manners of their beſt Gueſts, or Cuſtomers: The frequent

Viſits

Viſits of finical Gentlemen, fine Ladies and Gallants, *Antartick* to the City-faſhion, (who have a Mode in Speech, as well as Habit, peculiar to themſelves) I ſay, from theſe he draws the *Infection* of *Eloquence* and *Fopperies*; and catching any one word, which he imagines extraordinary, (altho' he underſtand not the *Etymology* thereof) wears it for ever, and regards not how Thread-bare it is, by his often uſing it, ſo his Habit be not in that Condition. As he takes up Wares on Credit, ſo he does words; and in time, it may be, makes himſelf a *Bankrupt* as to both: For as he is affected with Complements, and gingling Expreſſions, ſo no Man pays dearer for them, ſince ſeveral Debts in his *Shop-Books* are often paid by them. And this our ſubtle *Hoſteſs* knows full well, and therefore fits him to a Hair, having had the ſame, or larger Advantages of various Society, than himſelf. Having firſt tickled his Ear with what pretty pleaſant Collections of Wit, ſhe hath collected from the ingenious Frequenters of her Houſe, ſhe then endeavours to inform her ſelf what his Profeſſion is; and knowing that, not only praiſes the Function, but promiſes to buy of him what ſhe or her Friends hath occaſion to make uſe of: And that ſhe may make it appear, that ſhe hath not only rich Relations, but Acquaintance of good Quality, ſhe recounts the Names of ſuch and ſuch Men of known Eſtates and Reputation, who live near her, or elſewhere Eminent throughout that County: In hopes of ſuch good Cuſtomers, he calls freely, and drinks as plentifully; and having plied him with warm Cloaths, ſhe gives him ſome ſmall Incouragements of injoying; the Temptation takes, and every Kiſs proves a Conſpiracy: at length, her petulant Deportment gains over him a total Conqueſt; yet

yet ſtaves him off from Fruition, by holding him in expectation, and incouraging his Hopes, ſhe makes his Shop-Commodities dance after hers, and her Inn or Houſe muſt be his Home: If in the City, he willingly drinks no where elſe, obliges his Friends to go with him, and inſtitutes Clubs of ſeveral Trades, not to propagate their Intereſt in the leaſt, but his own, and raiſe his Reputation with the *Hoſteſs*. If in the Country, he takes the benefit of the Air very often, (as he calls it) for his Healths ſake, and ſo deludes his indulgent Wife, that ſhe may not grumble at his Abſence, nor ſuſpect his Intentions, which are fully bent in the proſecution of his deſigned Pleaſures; and, that he may be the more made welcom when he comes alone, he often ſeduceth his Neighbours to accompany him abroad, who (good natur'd Men) will not deny him that Civility; and, tho' it be often repeated, (with great expence) yet they grutch it not, finding from their Country-delights ſo full a Compenſation. The Inſtigator to theſe rural *Rambles* is better ſatisfied in his Thoughts, having cunningly perſwaded them to club towards that ſatisfaction he hath propounded to himſelf, which he believes they never ſhall have the Happineſs to injoy, and probably he neither; for if ſhe be Wiſe and Prudent, ſhe hath her *Booms* to keep off thoſe, who deſign to clap her abroad; and, haling in her Guns, ſhe may ſeem to be a fenceleſs *Merchant-man*, to invite the *Enemy* to attaque her, but preſently run them out again, and ſo make Prize of him, that would have done the like by her. Her Intereſt may in ſome meaſure be her Excuſe, when ſhe makes a more than common Familiarity, playing the *Broker* to vend her Commodities faſter, and at a better rate. What will not a *Wink*, *a Clap on the Shoulder*, *a tread on*

the

the Toe, a wringing by the Hand, a Wink, or a low Whisper? I say, what will not these do, when Mans stubborn treacherous Design hath banisht his Forecast, the good Features of her Face is the sole Center of all his Desires? What then can she desire within the Circle of his Ability, which she may not have? What Obedience will he not shew? What Tyranny may she not use, when she hath gain'd the Conquest of his Heart, if she can but keep Possession of her self? 'Tis true, a *Man of War* may board her again and again, and yet she values him not, and never shall rummidge her *Hold*, knowing how and when to clear her self of him, by blowing up her false *Decks*; not but that she will let a Man freely enter, so that he be no *Picqueroon* or *Caper*, but an honest Merchant, that will not only largely pay her for the *Freight*, but make her *Supracargo* too.

The Man with brawny Back is he, (with Money in his Pockets) whom she best esteems; a good Face, and a proportionable Body, shall little avail, where only *Wheedling* Words, and not Expence, shall put a value on him; though she love her Pleasure well, yet she will not cut the throat of her Profit for its sake. There are indeed a sort of *silly Things*, who admire a Man for his *Parts*, and are infinitely taken with his Expressions; which are so many fine Phrases set together, which serve equally for all Women, and are equally to no purpose, unless sometimes they work upon their Weakness: and lest the Barrenness of his Invention should not supply him with Stuff to entertain these ignorant Pieces of VVantonness, he is very careful of his Dress; in the ordering of which, he imploys all the Faculties of his own Soul, and his Tailors. This is the Man they are so taken with, and this is that ill-designing *Simpleton*,

pleton that will perſwade them to run from their Husbands, with what Money or Credit they can carry with them, and accompany him, who ſhall travel them the whole Kingdom over, till all the money be ſpent; his *Nagg* then, that was before ſo mettleſom, tires all of a ſudden; and to the intent he may be rid of them, it may be he will do them the kindneſs, being friendleſs, moneyleſs, and in a ſtrange place, to acquaint their Husbands where their Beaſts have ſtrayed, whilſt he, fearing to be called to an account for making a Market of them, is gone another way; then the poor over-ridden *Jades* are driven home to their ſhameful Habitations, Methinks it is enough to make the worſt of the whole Female Sex to bluſh, when they ſhall conſider the greatneſs of the number of ſuch Women, who conſulting their own luſt and luxury, never conſider the ruine of themſelves and Family. The *Wheedling Hoſteſs* (that I here deſcribe) is of another principle; what ſhe does, ſhe conceals from the eye of the World if ſhe can; however, ſhe will ſo warily demean her ſelf, that the Cenſorious ſhall have no other grounds for their ill report, but bare ſuſpicion, and that diſ-reputation ſhe knows how to houſe-wife to advantage, winking at the little talk of Neighbours, that by her ſilence ſhe may give occaſion for ſome to believe, that what is ſaid of her is a truth, that thereby they may be encouraged to make the like attempt. Miſtake her not, as ſhe is no *Niggard* of her *pleaſure*, ſo ſhe is no *Prodigal* of her *profit*, the one being ſubſervient to, and the ſupporter of each other; and that ſhe may not loſe any of her conquered people, ſhe ſuffers them not to lie at *Rack* and *Manger*, but diets them for fear of *ſurfeiting*; for ſhe knows their con-

conſtitution, and that their love is like their ſtomach, feeding on what it loves, and in the end loath what it loved, till a freſh Appetite re-kindle the afore almoſt extinguiſht flame; which ſhe does by *Denyals*, *Put-offs*, *Jealouſies*, *Jarrings*, and an hundred other ſtudied humours; all which are as prevalent as the deluding faces of as many *Miſſes*. Her ways are *like a Serpent on a Rock*, and therefore I ſhall not trace her any further; yet I might have drawn ſome obſervations from her management of the Kitchin, and her profound advice to the Female-Servants, how they ſhall deport themſelves to the Gueſts, neither proſtituting nor denying, but ſubtilly decoying thoſe who make proffers of private kindneſſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The Maſter of a Ship, and his Owners.

BEfore we come to diſplay the *Wheedles* and fallacies that are too frequently practis'd, between the *Maſter* of a *Ship*, and his *Owners*, 'twill not be irrequiſite to give an account of the Original of this *Maſter*, and by what means he came to riſe to the dignity of a *Commander*.

As to his birth, we will not doubt but that he may be well extracted, but ill educated, or having too many aboriginal vicious inclinations in him, he too ſoon becomes an old ſinner of a young man: for conceiving his youth to be the ſeaſon of his Luſt, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad, or never, full ſpeed he puts on into all manner of extravagancies, and fearing leſt he ſhould loſe this time, he ſpends it, and ſo is bringing on his head a deal of miſery, yet is happy in this, that he is inſenſible; and though he be like a ſhip without *Pilot* or *Tackling*, driven to and fro, by every blaſt of his irregular deſires, yet we oftentimes ſee ſuch as he have been ſteer'd by *Fortune* only, into the *Haven* of an unexpected *Honour* and *Happineſs*.

His Parents at length deſpairing of any Reformation, having uſed a thouſand devices to reclaim him, reſolve at once to be rid of their ſhame and care, by ſending him to Sea, which willingly receives into her boſom, what is ſpewed out of the Land as nauſeous.

From a leud Lad aſhore he becomes a more wicked *Cabbin-boy* of a Ship; for every *Storm* is his *Tutor*, teaching him not only how to ſlight danger, nay, death it ſelf, but alſo to curſe and pray all in a breath; and when the *Tempeſt* is over, forget how to ſay his *Paternoſter*; inſtead thereof, his *Matins* and *Veſpers* are the orderly repeating the *Points of the Compaſs*, backwards and forwards, not ſo much in obedience to his *Maſter*, or the *Captains Command*, as for fear of the *Capſtain*, to which his neglect in this, and his inbred *Roguries* beſides, do cauſe him frequently to be ſeized, where the *Boat-Swain* rectifies his miſtakes in the number of the *Points of the Compaſs*, by the quantity of blows he receives on his back from the *Cat of nine Tails*.

As he grows in years, ſo doth his knowledge encreaſe in the Art of Navigation, and in the confidence of that underſtanding, he looks out ſharply for employment and preferment, being bold in his demands, as he is reſolute in his deſigns, and fears not to ſpeak to his Superiours, though with a misbecoming confidence, having been ſo accuſtomed to the aſtoniſhing Rhetorick of loud-ſpeaking Canons.

His many ſucceſsful Voyages he hath made, to many remote parts of the Univerſe, at length not only furniſheth his Pockets with money, but brings him into a repute and good eſteem, among the Merchants of the *Exchange*, and elſewhere amongſt other people; and to keep up his Reputation among them, his reſort to, and about the *Royal Exchange*, is as certain, and as conſtant as a *Nun*, to the place of her *Devotion*.

To effect his deſigns, he finds nothing more expedient than the practice of Conformity, and therefore hath throughly ſtudied the Art and Myſtery

stery thereof; among sober persons he is very serious; among the lighter sort he is jocular, and merry, and let what will be the company, he never forgets to enlarge the benefits may be made by traffick abroad, and how successful and prosperous he hath been in all his Voyages, and all to perswade them, that he is not only a knowing, but a lucky man.

According as he finds his designing Discourse make an impression on any Person, he continues to urge it, with whatsoever Reasons and Demonstrations he can produce; and that you should not doubt the truth of what he says, for confirmation thereof, he refers you to such a Person, who is so much his friend, nay, creature, that he shall averr the verity thereof, after what manner best pleaseth you, either by *I Profess, I vow*; *let me never see my Wife, nor Children*; or *Damme its as true, as God's in Heaven*, Though it is as very a lye, as ever the *Devil*, that grand *Seducer* of mankind, prompted him to utter.

In every respect he studies to imitate an honest man, both in words and actions, which with his large pretences, and fair promises, procure him a Wife, with a round sum of money, and then he makes his projects hit as he please himself; if not, he hath got a credit to be believ'd, that what he says is real, and how advantagious such a Voyage would prove, had he but *Owners* according to his mind, with whom he might Conjoyn, and that he might strike some, whilst he then is in discourse, he insinuates the smalness of the charge in fitting out a Vessel; that it will amount but to so much a man; that so many in Conjunction can be no great *Losers*, should the ship miscarry, but should she return in safety (which by Gods providence he questions not) how great will the incom be

then, and that as long as ſhe is able to float (which may be many years) ſhe will be a moving *Indian-Mine*, and will bring them home gold enough, without any labour or digging into the bowels of the Earth to find it.

By many perſwaſions of great profits accrewing, he induces ſome to engage with him, in the purchaſe of a Veſſel, but having not compleated his number of *Owners*, he gets into Partnerſhip a *Sail-maker*, a *Rope-maker*, a *Butcher*, a *Baker*, and it may be too a *Block-maker*: All theſe are very neceſſary Implements to work upon, and Inſtruments to work by, as hereafter ſhall be demonſtrated, all the reſt are meer Novices in Sea-affairs.

Having compleated the four whole Parts of the Ship, by *Sixths*, *Eighths*, *Twelfths*, or from a *Third* to a *Sixteenth*: He then tries all his friends, acquaints them with his buying a Ship, that he wants money to perform the Voyage, that whatſoever they ſupply him with, he will faithfully repay upon his return, and by this means borrows conſiderable ſums: to others that are more diffident, he will upon the loan of mony make over his *Quarter-Part* for their ſecurity, obliging them to ſilence, becauſe if it be known, it may prejudice a credit he expects from ſeveral. Sometimes when he hath got ſo many real *Owners* as make up his Complement, by his ſubtle Inſinuation, and deluding Promiſes, he draws in as many more, and ſo of his Ship makes two and thirty Sixteenths: This I can aſſure you hath bin done, but it is hard to conceal the Intrigue, unleſs the *Manager* have more craft than ordinary. At laſt 'tis ten to one but that he *bubbles* the crafty *Scrivener* too; for when he hath engaged in Partnerſhip as many as he can, and taken up what money is poſſible to be had among his friends and acquaintanc

tance, he then ſingles out ſome *Scrivener* (*alias*, *Gooſe-quill*) to whom he relates his whole Concern, not truly as it is, but as he would have it, and by making him ſwallow the Pills of na unconſcionable and uncuſtomary intereſt, he enlarges his ſtock by *Bottomry*, or *Bomery*.

Rigg'd, Mann'd and Victuall'd to his hearts content, with his *Own* and *Owners* ſtocks aboard, he hoiſts up ſail, and having a fair Gale, he hath little to do but walk on the *Decks*, or go into his *Cabin*, and there ſeriouſly conſult with himſelf how he ſhall cheat the *Merchant* and his *Owners*. Coming to his Port, and finding his Markets good, he improves his own ſtock largely, by ſnipping from his *Owners*, and though he does it unreaſonably (beſides his Trading to Ports he had no Commiſſion to ſail to, keeping the Veſſel out longer than need, to the *Owners* great charge; for which he hath an excuſe ſhould they know it, ſaying, that he was put in thither by ſtreſs of Weather,) I ſay, not ſo ſatisfied, he charges them with ſuch a large account, that the expence of the Voyage eats not only through the profit, but into the very Bowels of the Principle. Had not the Voyage proved conſiderably gainful, undoubtedly the honeſt Maſter would have taken that care, that the Ship ſhould have been no eyeſore to them, or a *Remembrancer*, when they ſaw her, what a coſtly *Whore* ſhe hath been unto them, and in requital of providing for her ſo well, ſhe at laſt pickt their Pockets; but he brings her ſafe into the *Thames*, to the great joy of his Partners, whom he prevents coming aboard of him, by going aſhore immediately, leſt one and the ſame joy ſhould bring the real and deluded *Owners* together, and ſo his Knavery would be detected.

Who ſo brisk upon the *Exchange* as now he is? and well he may, having ſecured moſt of his own goods without paying Cuſtom, which he knew very well how to do, having the compleat *Art of Smugling* at his fingers ends: his *Owners* treat him, and others court him, and nothing for a while is done, but feaſting; but the Goods being delivered, and the Ship clear'd, it is high time for our *Maſter* to come to an account with his *Owners*: If he meets them all at one time, he is utterly undone: Wherefore ſuch a day he appoints one part to meet, and a day or two after the other: his Friends and Relations, to whom he ſold what did not properly belong unto him, or ſuch, who either ſent Adventures by him, or lent him money, are the firſt he promiſes to meet, to be ſure, at ſome Tavern unknown to the other Party, where Wine and good Chear is his welcom aſhore: After dinner he acquaints them that his Voyage proved very indifferent, that they were for the preſent but ſmall Gainers, however, he queſtion'd not but the next time it would be more beneficial; that though his pains proved not ſo gainful as he expected, yet there was ſo much money for them, notwithſtanding the great charges he was at in the Voyage, the Particulars you ſhall underſtand hereafter. Indifferently well ſatisfied with his ſerious Proteſtations and future Promiſes, they depart, leaving him to that buſineſs he pretends doth immediately call him aboard, whereas all he hath now to do, is to put himſelf into a fit poſture to receive his other ſort of *Owners*, who we will ſuppoſe are met at a Tavern, expecting, according to his hour, the coming of their honeſt *Maſter*, who is a punctual man, for which they all commend him. Here note, the better to paſs his unjuſt Accounts, he hath

hath paid the *Baker* for the bisket, the *Butcher* for beef and pork, and the *Brewer* for his Beer, giving them their own Rates, and shipping with them in their over-charging the Ships Account for such Provisions: The *Rope* and *Sail-Maker* are satisfyed in like manner, whilst the other ignorant *Owners* are only in expectation of their *Dividend.*

Having eat and drank plentifully, the *Master* then produces his Account, which runs much after this manner: For so many men and boys aboard, amongst whom, (though the number be not so many as he charges his *Owners* with) he goes for two, that is, as he is *Master*, and yet supplies the place of a *Chyrurgeon*, whose Chest he pretends likewise to furnish at his own charge, for a general benefit to his sickly men, though there be hardly so much as will serve his own turn. *Item*, for fresh Provision, Fruit, Sugar, and the like, he took in at such a Port, for his weak and sick men, though he came not near that Port within 50 Leagues; which money he charges, though never disburst, to help out the expences of his own extravagancies. *Item*, for an *Anchor* and *Cable* lost riding in a dangerous *Bay*, or *Harbour*, which he was forced to cut, and stand off to Sea, to save the ship and Seamens lives, which *Anchor*, if lost, was no otherwise than by Mooring his *Crazie-Vessel* in a *Bawdy-House*, and by the same consequence, might have put to account the loss of his *Bow-Sprit*, and *Main-yard.* *Item*, for a *Fore-Topsail*, which was blown away, or out of pure kindness flew to shore, to make his female *Creditors* amends for taking up their *Linnen*, and not making Equivalent satisfaction, *Item*, for a new one (that cost forty shillings) four pounds. *Item*, for extraordinary charges in lying Wind-Bound

ſo long in ſuch a Port, and ſuch a Port, being forced to buy freſh proviſions to ſave their victuals, ſtowed for the maintainance of the Voyage; though his only ſtay was to trafficke for himſelf that while. *Item*, for another *Cable*, which in the dead of the night crawl'd out of a *Port-hole*, and ſwam like an *Eel* under water, that it might not be diſcovered; for if it was, the poor thing knew it would be hindred of its deſign, in getting home before the Ship, that it might be tweez'd in pieces, and ſo be made capable of ſerving its Maſters Neck, in a ſlenderer condition. *Item*, for a *Main-topſail* a little cut on purpoſe by the *Boat-ſwain*, that by the connivance of the *Maſter* it might be doom'd as unſerviceable, and ſo taken off the yard to be made ſaleable, *Item*, for the dammage the ſaid *Maſter* ſuſtain'd in his part by the loſs of the ſaid ſail, by the Roguery of the Seamen, who, ſeeing their Officers commit greater offences than they had as yet committed, converted this ſail to their own uſes by cutting out each man his *Snack*, one a Doublet, another Breeches, or what might ſerve to accommodate their nakedneſs. *Item*, for a *Main-maſt* that in a dreadful ſtorm came by the board, tho' they were becalm'd, or wanted a convenient brisk breeze all the Voyage.

Theſe are not half the *Imprimis* and the *Items* he gives them an account of, which one would think were enough to ſtartle a *New Sea-Adventurer*, who wondring how all theſe accidents ſhould happen, is ſilenced by the crafty *Sailor* or *Rope-maker*, and back'd by the *Brewer*, *Baker*, and *Butcher*, who unanimouſly affirm, that ſuch like caſualties are uſual, that they themſelves have wofully experienced them, and therefore were the leſs troubled at them now. The *Maſter* hereupon

upon drawing what money he had purpoſed to pay his *Owners* before-hand, throws it on the Table; ſome refuſe to paſs the Account, whilſt the *major*-intereſted part cry, *Come, come, Gentlemen, the Account is fair enough, paſs it, you ſee we do*, and ſo in the end, to their conſiderable loſs, they are all wrought to a compliance.

The *Maſter* having perfected his Accounts, moves for a *Stock* againſt the next Voyage; after ſome pauſe it is granted, and the *Owners* aforeſaid, whoſe Trades correſpond for fitting out the Ship, act their parts as they did before; Nor is he negligent in *Wheedling* his other deceived *Owners*, who with much ado, it may be, contribute ſomething to his Propoſals, though not ſo much as formerly, yet enough with what he received from the reſt to do his buſineſs; for having ſecur'd abroad in ſafe hands what was committed to his truſt, in his return he knocks the Ship i'th Head, by running her aground wilfully, or otherwiſe; with a *Proviſo*, that he is ſure to ſave all their lives; after this being unwilling to be one of *Jobs Meſſengers*, he abſconds himſelf in forreign parts, leaving his *Creditors* at home to bewail their misfortunes, and condemn their *Credulity*.

Some of them have an excellent way to cheat their *Owners* of their *Slaves* as they come from *Guinny*, thus; It may be the *Maſter* may take in threeſcore or fourſcore *Blacks*, which he intends for the *Barbadoes*, or ſome other places; the *Purſer*, according to orders and connivance, enters on board ſo many ſhort; the *Doctor* or *Chyrurgeon*, ſuppoſing more in the Hold than entred in the *Purſers* Book, makes a private ſearch for his benefit, for half a Crown *per* head is his due, and finding twenty it may be ſupernumerary,

acquaints the *Captain* or *Maſter* therewith, who tells him (probably after ſome diſpute) that what he ſays is true, however he would not have him make any words of it, if ſo, he will give him his Fee, and ſomewhat over-*plus*; the ſame thing he promiſeth likewiſe to the *Purſer*, on this condition, they will ſet their Hands to an Inſtrument, that he ſhipt from *Guinny* ſuch a number of ſlaves and no more; they relying upon his word and promiſe, frankly do it; but returning into *England*, and demanding of the *Maſter* the performance of his promiſe, he denies that ever he made any ſuch thing, and peremptorily tells them, as he will not give them a farthing, ſo he values them not a Fart, and dares them to do their worſt; irritated by this Language they complain to the *Owners*, and before the *Maſters* face accuſe him for cheating them of ſo many *Slaves*; he denies it, and cunningly drawing out their acknowledgment under hand and ſeal, asks them whether they know their own act and deed; They not denying ti, *Look you here, Gentlemen* (ſays he) *are not theſe a Parcel of pure Rogues and Raſcals, that durſt offer to ſtain my Reputation, by accuſing me of Cheating and Injuſtice, when here is their own Hands to condemn their lying Tongues.*

Another I heaad of, who being *Maſters-Mate* in a long Voyage, the *Maſter* dyed, and thereupon he aſſumed his place, and undertook the whole Concerns of the Ship, of which the Deceaſed had a conſiderable part, coming home, he applyed himſelf to the Widow, who was left in a very good condition, and ſo plyed her with Proteſtations of love and affection, that ſhe verily believed him to be in earneſt; and that ſhe might not ſeem indebted to him for kindneſſes received, ſhe retaliated all his, not only by poſſeſſing him of what

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Concerns ſhe had in the World, but alſo gave him liberty to taſte thoſe Sweets which properly belong to the Marriage-bed; by this means he made a total Conqueſt of her perſon and eſtate, and by their jugling together baffled the other Owners; but when he had gotten all into his hands, he baffled her that baffled them, for fear of being baffled himſelf alſo. I ſhall ſay no more of him but this, which was a pleaſant repartie of his *Owner*, who asking him for a *Mizen-ſail* to ſave two, Replyed, *Thou ſhalt have it Maſter to ſave two, ſince in all my life time I never knew thou couldeſt ſave one.*

A thouſand of their tricks and Cozenages might be here inſerted, which for want of Information, at preſent I omit, but in due time, as ſoon as they ſhall come to my knowledge, I'le freely impart them to my Reader.

CHAP. XIV.

The Scrivener.

THE *Scrivener* being already ingeniouſly diſſected, in a *Character* not long ſince Printed, I ſhall forbear Killing him again, but only give you a ſhort account of ſome remarkable Paſſages in his Life and Converſation.

Upon his firſt ſtarting into the World, having but little moneys in his hands of his own, or others, being but a young man, and moneyed men fearful of truſting him, he is forced to employ what he hath by him to the beſt advantage; and

and like an honest man that intends to thrive in this World, though he be damn'd for it for ever in the World to come; he first tries how widely his Conscience will stretch, and, if he finds it hide-bound, he will pinch it with his Teeth, as a Shoomaker his Leather, but that he will make it give way. Having gotten the Conquest over that, he begins to feed on the *Poor*, as the *Great Eater of* Kent *did on Offals*, by lending them petty sums, and receive it again by so much *per* week: if fourty shillings were the sum to be lent, the Borrower had but five and thirty, and out of that paid twelve pence for the Bond, which money must be paid each week, by twelve pence for every pound. If the Sum were any thing considerable, though he had the money by him, yet he would make use of his accustomed delays, though he knew the Borrower responsible, and would not part with a farthing, till he had made enquiry after that he knew as well as any man could tell him; and in the end must have *Procuration* for his own money, and if *Continuation* be required, he shall pay sauce for it. Though the Law allows but six *per Cent.* yet he knows several ways to make forty, by making in the first place a *Bond*, which shall be due to a confident of his, a Prisoner in the *Kings-Bench*, and recovering the penalty at *Common-Law*, leaves the poor Debtor to sue for relief in *Chancery*, one that is a Prisoner; By lending half-money, half goods in the next place, fifty pounds in money, and fifty pounds in goods, which shall not be worth much above fifteen: By lending in the next place, fifty pound to a person, who shall become bound with one of his acquaintance for one hundred, who is going beyond-Sea, to whom he shall give privately a discharge, and the other shall be left to pay the

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money: And lastly, (not to trouble you with more instances) by taking *Judgements*, or *Warrants of Attourney*, and for a little money sweep away three times the value in commodities, to the utter ruine of many Families. A *Mort-gage* is a sweet gain to him; what a fine Bill of charges will he reckon: Fifteen shillings for two or three days Horse hire to view the estate, for his expences in the Journey eighteen shillings, though he did eat nothing but Bread and Cheese all the time he was out, so much for his pains, so much for loss of time, and so much for expedition; all which must be deducted out of what is to be received, and if the money be not duely paid, he infallibly seals a *Lease of Ejectment*, and enters on the *Premisses*, and (to make as sure of it as he can) he presently passes it over to another, one of his Confederates; and do so order the business between them, that the Borrower shall find but little satisfaction in a *Suit of Chancery*.

To be short, the *Tricks* and *Wheedles* of a *Scrivener* are so many, that they are innumerable. How many devices hath he in *Last Wills and Testaments*, not only altering the mind of the Testator, but many times making himself *Executor?* How many Knavish Partialities does he use in *Leases?* What benefit does he not make by *Arbitrations*, by drawing up an *Award*, making it void or obliging to whom he pleases; by *Counter-Bonds*, and *Letters of Attorney*, by putting in *his use* for *my use?* Lastly, consider his dexterity and ability in counterfeiting Bonds, by which, and other indirect means he hath gotten a plentiful estate, to live pleasantly here, to be miserable hereafter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Wheedles of an Handſome Semſtreſs.

AS there are Cheats in all Trades that men profeſs, ſo experience tells us that there are looſe and diſhoneſt Women in ſuch Occupations as they follow: God forbid they ſhould all be ſo; wherefore I onely ſay ſome, and thoſe ſhall be the ſubject of my following diſcourſe; to the better ſort let this be my Apology:

As in tart Prologues Poets ſhow their Wit,
In railing Gen'rally at the Pit;
Although they know there's ſome of ſuch eſteem,
They would not ſpeak an evil word of them.
So Ladies when I write this Character
As for the Vertuous I deſign'd not her:
I onely aim'd at the Laſcivious Jilt;
Soſhe that takes exception ſhews her guilt.
But you would all be modeſt——, pray ſo be,
For then I'm ſure y'are unconcern'd with me.

And now have at this huffing piece of Puff-paſte, or bit extraordinary for thoſe queaſie Stomachs which cannot digeſt a Bawdy-houſe: What her extract was I cannot tell; neither did her Miſtreſs at firſt inquire into it, ſo much as ſhe did examine her Face, making a privy ſearch into every feature conſidering what powerful Charms they may prove to bewitch thoſe Cuſtomers ſhe is already poſſeſt withall, or be irreſiſtable attractions to decoy in more.

For

For the firſt year (if her Miſtreſs be cunning) ſhe is not permitted to carry Linnen to Gentlemens Chambers, being as yet but raw, and for want of experience may be drawn in; ſhe muſt firſt be throughly tutored by her Governeſs in all the ſubtle defenſive Arts of preſerving Chaſtity, till time ſhall ſerve opportunely to open privately a Salliport, and let in a friend, or ſo, into the Garriſon.

For that time ſhe is in a manner chain'd to the Shop, where ſhe ſits well dreſt for her Miſtreſſes future advantage, though for the preſent at ſome conſiderable coſt and charges.

The Beauty and Maiden-head Hunters of the Town ſoon hear of her, and are impatient till they have a view; and that they may not be ſuſpected to have any ill deſign; they have a ſpecial Covert for their looſe intentions by buying or pretending to buy Linnen; the goodneſs whereof they mind not ſo much as ſome excellencies they obſerve in the Countenance of this freſh Country piece of Mortality.

Having laid out ſome ſmall matter, they preſently fall to dalliance; chucking her under the Chin, or catching her by the hand, with a many idle impertinent queſtions, as, What Country I pray? How long have you been in the City? and ſo forth, This and much more her ſly Miſtreſs winks at, till their heated bloods begin to make them grow rude, and then it is high time for the good Matron to beſtir her ſelf, who cries, Nay, I pray Gentlemen be civil; your carriage misbecoms an open ſhop; this is no proper place for the Exerciſe of Wantonneſs, *&c.* This Oration preſently procures a ceſſation of Arms, though unlikely to hold long; as for her part ſhe holds out as long as Nature will permit her; but not being able

longer

longer to endure the hot Rencounters of her fierce Aſſailants, ſhe yields up her Fortreſs unknown to her Miſtreſs, and ſo cheats the Perſon, ſhe deſigned ſhould be the Cropper of her Virgin-Flower.

This and ſome others bouts have ſo furniſhed her with confidence that ſhe preſumes to talk freely in the preſence of her Miſtreſs, who ſeeing the forwardneſs of her Servant, how well ſhe handles her Tongue as well as Needle and how cunningly ſhe mannages her face to the beſt advantage : ſhe thinks it now time to give her ſome inſtructions how ſhe ſhall behave her ſelf abroad eſpecially when ſent to Gentlemens Chambers with what commodities are beſpoke by them ; in ſhort that ſhe muſt refuſe all Treats offered her in the ſtreets, that in Gentlemens Chambers ſhe muſt have a ſpecial care of ſhowing any willingneſs to receive their looſe proffers ; but to have a greater care not to be ſo nice and coy as to diſoblige her Cuſtomers, but let them kiſs, or ſo, but no further. The great attention ſhe gives her Miſtreſſes wholſome advice, would make any one believe that ſhe intended to act the part of a chaſte Nun, rather than that of a wanton *Venus* ; but having alrēady taſted the ſweets of ſtoln delights her Mouth ſtill waters after them and nothing can ſatisfie her but the continuance of their enjoyment ; and though ſhe do not proſtitute her ſelf to all who make their amorous addreſſes to her ; yet partly for her Miſtreſſes profit and her own mixt with Pleaſure, ſhe ſo often enters the Liſts with ſenſual Combatants, that he that has the greateſt Charity for her Reputation, can term her no otherwiſe than a Story above a Crack that is Common, and when ſhe falls from her Shop will inevitably drop into a Charnel or a Brothel-houſe.

Her carriage is ſo equally divided betwixt a natural

tural Levity and a forced Modeſty, that one would take her for a Motlyed kind of Chriſtian, or a new interpoſition betwixt Luſt and Chaſtity. She ſeldom dreſſes her ſelf without an abſolute deſign on her own Vertue, and is the more inclined thereunto by reaſon of her being haunted with a thouſand more Laſcivious thoughts than Church-yards are with Ghoſts and Goblins; and theſe proceed from the temptations of a company of gawdy brisk Fops, who having little to do, idle away a great part of their time in lolling on a Stall or Counter, humming in her ear a new Bawdy Song, or telling ſome wanton ſtory to no other intent than by the provocation of her blood ſhe may with more facility comply with their youthful irregular deſires: and that ſhe may retain thoſe ſhe hath conquered in perpetual captivity, ſhe takes a world of pains in ſetting her ſelf off to the beſt advantage and never ſhows greater ingenuity than in curling up her Tower, and her chiefeſt care in putting it on; but then obſerve how miſerably ſhe deludes her ignorant admiring Cols; to make this Tower ſit right, ſhe ſo bedawbs her Brow with Gum and Powder, that it gliſters like a *Woodſtreet* Cake Iced over with Sugar. When ſhe is ready for her ſhop, ſhe is ſo for a Tavern or any other place of Aſſignation; whither (after the buying of a Cravat or two, and in hopes of future dealing) ſhe is as eaſily invited as a Country Parſon to a Sundays Dinner, or a ſtarving Priſoner to a good Collation, for not to belye her, ſhe is as fond of a Treat as the Devil is of a Catchpole, and to the intent he may melt every way the freer, ſhe ſqueezes him by the hand, which he looks upon as ſo great a token of her Affection, that overjoy'd with the thoughts of ſo happy a poſſeſſion, he ſwears to be her Vaſſal to Eternity.

Look

Look but a little farther into this Wheedling ſhred of Linnen Drapery, and you will find her a Critical thing to deal in, having more Prizes, riſes and Falls, than Hops, Pepper and Indico's. Though ſhe be but one Commodity, yet it goes off at ſeveral Rates; partially diſpenſing thoſe favours to one for a Bottle of Claret, which ſhall coſt another a pair of Silk Stockings, with laced Shoes and Flaps, and a coſtly Treat to boot. And here obſerve how ſhe Wheedles for the indulging of her Palat; for ſhe holds the like league with Oyl-men and Vintners, as ſome City Conſtables have done with the Counter Turn-keys; or as Suburb Headboroughs with the Juſtices Clerks, receiving a ſnack for bringing them Cuſtom: the one ſends her Anchoves, Neats-tongues, Weſtphalia Hams, *&c.* to Reliſh that Wine the Vintner ſent in; and to prepare her for a hot Rencounter or Engagement at their next meeting, he forgets not to ſend her ſome provocatives of his own Occupation to wit, Caveer, Potargo, *&c.* and becauſe Mr. *Daſh* does intend to drink with her too himſelf in private, her *French* Wine ſhall be the beſt, and the *Spaniſh* the chiefeſt Flower in his Cellar: She has an Art ſo to ſweeten the Confectioner, that ſhe is ſeldome without his Compoſition; The Fiſh-monger for *Lobſters, &c.* She can ſo claw away that ſhe has made ſome of them Pike off; and by taking up of Linnen, ſhe hath made the Linnen Draper march out of his Shop into *Holland* or *Low-Countries*; all this ſhe hath done and much more, bringing her Taylor to be not worth a Liſt, and her Shoemaker to his Laſt, that by their means ſhe may appear in the ſtreets like *Juno*'s proud Bird with a ſpreading Tail, and at home like an inſatiate *Meſſalina* or the Daughter of ſenſual *Epicurus*, for ſhe hath ſold her Honeſty

to

to feed her Luxury and will pawn her very Soul to feed her Lechery.

An Outlying Crack of Weſtern breed who kiſſes for her bread and might ſtarve but for her Buttocks is not half ſo dangerous as this fleet-Sailing well-rigg'd Privateer: the Habitation and Apparel of the firſt are like two friendly Sea-marks which will forewarn us of our Shipwracks if we ſail in that Channel; but this Lady of the Needle's like a Fatal Rock hid under a mild ſuperficies, will ſplit the Veſſel that contains our Health and ruines men before they can ſay; *Lord have mercy on us.*

Permit me now to rake up the Dunghill from whence this ſpotted Viper did proceed: ſome ſay her Original was from an Alehouſe, and therefore no diſparagement to her beginning, it is like that of *Venus* as the Poets ſay from froth, not of the Sea, but the Tap, which being Tunn'd up in the muſty Veſſel of ſome gouty Hoſteſs lives there till broacht like Sack upon Carrion; at length being drawn off, it leaves the Lees behind, and that is the reaſon that ſome of theſe productions are tollerably handſome, but not half ſo honeſt. If Ale-ſelling do equally ſwell and fatten their Baggs as well as Bodies the young Baggage is then (through the Parents Ambition) ſent to a Boarding-School where ſhe ſtays ſo long till ſhe can ſing Prick-ſong at ſight, and can ſing in Conſort—— *Gather your Roſe-buds whilſt you may*——, then ſhe is called home again to be compleated in the neceſſary ingredients of Confidence and Impudence, which intermixt with her Boarding Schools imbelliſhments ſufficiently accompliſh her for a *What d'ye want Sir? Bands or Cravats? Hoods or Scarfs Madam?*

Others

Others ſay ſhe was a By-blow begot between an Huff and Ding and a Waiting Gentlewoman whom her Lady had turn'd out of doors for being firſt too familiar with the Coachman and afterwards the Knight her Husband, and not knowing what to do, neceſſity conſtrain'd her to accept of a Bully for a Bedfellow, whoſe raging Luſt ſcorn'd all oppoſition, and lying in bed (not ſo quiet you muſt think as Statues on Tomb-ſtones) they never deſiſted till they begat a perfect *Inheritrix* of thoſe Venerial delights. Now by a particular prerogative derived from her Parents, ſhe anticipates her Age and is as forward at twelve years old as others at eighteen. Her Father ſtudying her Inclinations finding them as looſe as his own actions, being willing to put her in a way agreeable to her humour, wiſely deſigns her for a Semſtreſs.

Laſtly others are of opinion that ſhe was ſent out of the Country to *London* in hopes that her face would preferre her, though ſhe had no other good quality that would add a ſtep to her advancement. She was intended for a Gentlewoman, but now her Father being ſtript of his Biſhops Lands and forced to vomit up all his ill got Treaſure; and knowing his Daughter too ſtout for a Chamber-maid, adviſed her to follow this Trade whereby ſhe may live of her own earnings. As to her Original, there are ſo many opinions, that I know not which to chooſe; therefore I ſhall ſuggeſt no more but in brief Characterize her and her Wheedles.

A little before ſhe is bound, if her Miſtreſs be wiſe and would make all advantages of her ſervant ſhe then gives out to all her young Cuſtomers, ſhe has a freſh face a coming beſides one already come, which makes them flock to her ſhop as faſt

as

as to an *Eaſt-India* Sale, and bid as faſt for her Apprentices Maidenhead, as if it were to be ſold by Inch of Candle, and indeed it is little leſs, he always carrying it that bids moſt for it, let him be *Turk* or *Jew*. When the bargains concluded on, ſhe tels the Girle, *She muſt be obliging to her Cuſtomers, eſpecially to Mr.* (meaning him ſhe hath contracted for her Maidenhead) *acquainting her that he is a perſon of great worth, and of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition——, that if he does but fancy her, 'tis twenty to one but he will make her a Woman* (a Whore ſhe means) *for ever; and withall tells her, ſhe muſt carry his Linnen to his Chamber to morrow morning.* The ſilly Girle makes her a Country Curteſie, and promiſes her to be complaiſant to all his Civil deſires. But he ſoon ſpoils her exception, for having laid an Ambuſcado of two or three bottles of Wine, a Neats-tongue, ſome Sweet-meats and fine ſweet Language, raiſing her deſires with a little obſcene deſcription of the ſweets of enjoyment, he tells her the craving Bed invites them to Action; with much ado with a willing unwillingneſs ſhe conſents, where after he has enjoy'd her in half an hours time, he ſends her home as honeſt as her Neighbours.

After ſhe has been uſed ſo often as that ſhe is relinquiſhed by the Maſters, ſhe begins to grow ſubtle, and reſolves to revenge her ſelf on their Prentices; of whoſe company ſhe is as fond of, as a Gameſter of a Bubble, and with like cruelty ſhe Debauches and ruins them at the ſame time. If a Gallant viſit her at her Shop, ſhe then commends the Play-houſes, Spring-Garden, and the Park, and never deſiſts till ſhe hath perſwaded him to Coach her to one of them. While they are abroad, ſhe admits Hands and Lips fair play, and onely reſerves the laſt Favour for his Ruine.

If

If ſhe lays hold of a Watch, *Jacobus*, or any thing elſe valuable, ſhe takes it in jeſt, and keeps it in earneſt looking upon it but as an earneſt for that dear bought pleaſure he intends to purchaſe; in this jollity ſhe forgets not to enquire whether he keeps Caſh, which if ſhe find he do, ſhe computes to her ſelf how long it will laſt. She exceeds, a Common-Plyer in Policy as much a good Houſwife do's a gadding Goſſip; or as a good Husband do's a flaunting Prodigal ever calculating the proſperity and protracting the deſtruction of her Bubble, till ſhe is aſſured of another to ſupply his place; and then as if ſhe repented her former mildneſs, like a Lyon arrived at his cruel Age, ſhe falls on and devours the Puppy ſhe but play'd with before.

To conclude, The ſmiles of this Wheedling Cockatrice, are more Treacherous than the tears of a Crocodile; and her dalliances more dangerous than the imbraces of a Serpent. She has as many Gallants as acquaintance, and whilſt ſhe proſtitutes her body to one of them, ſwears by her ſoul ſhe was never concern'd with the reſt; which the Bubble believes till meeting with ſome of his Brother *Starlings* (for by this time ſhe has ruin'd moſt of them) and comparing notes, they are fully convinced, ſhe hath been equally perfidious to them all. This diſcovery renders her notorious, and totally deveſts her of her City-Cuſtomers, ſo that wanting the convenience of her former Entertainments, and being by an accuſtomated lewdneſs rendred uncapable of confining to the ſtricter method of a civil life (her rigging too beginning to be ſcandalous) ſhe quits the City to ſeek relief in the Fields, where ſhe Petitions the Bawds for Letters of Recommendation to *Mall*—, and *Bab*—, who thereupon moſt graciouſly receive

ceive her into the Society of their Hackneys to litter among them, and lye at Rack and Manger. Here ſhe lives ſo long, till like a Phœnix ſhe blazes till ſhe's almoſt quite conſumed, and then turn'd out of doors carries ſuch a hogo along with her, a man may ſmell her from *Aldgate* to the remoteſt part of the Suburbs.

One remarkable ſtory I had like to have forgot, how this Wheedling Semſtreſs (in the time of her proſperity) was out Wheedled by a Perſon who n t long afterwards (ſuch was his cruel Fate) ſuffer'd at *Tybourn* for many unparalleld Villanies he committed: And thus it was; Coming to this Semſtreſs Shop he beſpoke a good quantity of Linnen to be made up for him by ſuch a day; the beſt *Holland* he could chooſe in the Shop, which amounted to a conſiderable Sum; in the parcel he beſpoke half a dozen of the fineſt Smocks for his Wife, charging the Semſtreſs ſhe ſhould make them ſo large that each might contain the bodies of three ordinary Women at leaſt; for ſaid he, ſhe is ſo monſtrouſly bigg that never any of her Sex could match her bulk; the Semſtreſs promiſed to ſatisfie his deſires in every thing according to the time appointed; and he to blind Suſpition gave her a Guinny in part of payment. According to the time he came and found the Linnen ready, all which he liked, excepting his Wives Smocks; and his pretended diſlike proceeded from no other cauſe (as he ſaid) but that he feared they were too ſcanty; and therefore deſired her to retire into the back-ſhop, and draw one of them on as ſhe was then in her Cloaths, that he might fully ſatisfie himſelf in what he was doubtful: She conſented, and whilſt the Smock was on, he ſurrounded her, and taking his opportunity

portunity, he took a great Pin, and ſtuck it through the out Smock, Cloaths, and her own Smock too; that being done, he haſtily gets into the Shop, ſnatches up the Linnen that lay on the Counter, and nimbly ran away with it; ſhe ſeeing that, ran out into the ſtreet after him, but remembring that ſhe was in no fit garb to purſue, thought firſt to draw off the Smock, but pulling it a little too violently, drew up therewith her own Cloaths, Smock and all, and expoſed her Nakedneſs to the view of the Standers by, *Spectatum admiſſi, riſum teneatis Amici.* She has taken up Linnen Before, but methinks it was a little too much to take it up behind too; wherefore ſince ſhe can play ſuch tricks with her Linnen, it was not much amiſs that ſomebody ſhould ſhow her a trick and take her Linnen from her.

A Poſtſcript to the Miſs Diſplay'd.

HAd I not lately publiſhed a Book, called, *The Miſs Diſplay'd*, wherein I have given a full and true account of the notorious Life of a late famous *Bona Roba*, I ſhould here recount the crafty Wheedles of many more; ſhould I have done it, it would have ſeemed but little elſe than, *actum agere*; I have an averſion to *Cramben bis coctam apponere*; not but that ſome will feed heartily on a Loin of Veal minced after they have fill'd their Bellies with it, when firſt roaſted; one cold boi'd joint of meat I have ſeen ſerv'd up to a Table ſeveral ways dreſt and garniſh'd, which have been ſo far from nauſeating any particular mans Stomach

mach, that a critical Pallat has not known, but that they proceeded from raw fleſh *de novo* to them. Pardon this digreſſion, and aſſure your ſelf it is not my deſign ſo to ſerve you now; all that I intend is only to add one obſervation, which is omitted in the *Miſs Displayed*, which I read in that incomparable Book, written by *Monſieur Sennault* and called *L'Uſage des Paſſions*; ſpeaking of a gentile Courtezan, ſays he, *When ſhe meets with any who ſubject themſelves to her power, and patiently ſuffer themſelves to be born away by her motions, ſhe then takes the freedom and liberty to fly at all, and believes ſhe may promiſe her ſelf any thing from a Slave who can refuſe her nothing. If ſhe poſſeſs the Soul of a great man or a man of a great Eſtate, who hath neither courage nor reſolution ſufficient to defend himſelf againſt her Tyranny; ſhe makes uſe of the weakneſs of his mind, and the ſtrength of his purſe to execute her deſigns: the ſubtlety of her Wit penetrates the groſsneſs of his and makes the Dunghill of his little underſtanding manure and fatten her barren Land; and ſeizing on his head, ſhe takes poſſeſſion of the whole Man, and converts him and his appurtenances as much as ſhe can to her own proper uſe and benefit.*

CHAP. XVI.

A Supplement to the Wheedles of a Tavern, with a more exact draught of a Ruby-faced Drawer.

A Tavern is an Academy of Debauchery, where the Devil teaches the ſeven deadly Sins. 'Tis the Rendevouze of Gallants, the Good Fellows Paradiſe, and the Miſers Terrour, who ſits here in fear of his Life becauſe of the Shot.

It is an Engine of the largeſt Size for draining of mens Pockets; or 'tis a Seſſions-houſe, for as you come in to ſhow that you are going to a Trial of your Lives, you muſt firſt appear at the Bar; where Madam Minks with her head behung with as many Toys as their Buſh, ſits like the Goddeſs *Semele* (Mother of *Bacchus*) under her all commanding Canopy caſting the Nativity of Men's Eſtates in ſtrange *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks* and *Trithemian* Characters, and finds by the Horoſcope of the Board, and frequent ill directions of *Score in the Half Moon*, that your Fortunes are ſhort liv'd and your Purſes declining into an irrecoverable Conſumption.

Next the Blew Apron'd Captain of this Inchanted Caſtle comes into view. At firſt ſight you would take him for an Hogshead ſet on two Stumps, and mov'd by Screws or Clockwork; for his Belly is big enough for a *Popiſh Limbus*; yet coming

coming nearer, you may discern somewhat like that which in man they call a Face; but broader than the Pewter Platter in St. *Johns Street*; studded and embossed all over with Vices Heraldry; in the midst of which his Nose blazes like a Comet, and infallibly portends drought. He thinks Nature gave him a mouth, not so much to speak, as to drink off his Liquor; and that by accustoming himself so to do, when he comes to set up for himself he may get so much a day by racking off Wines of all sorts into his own ungodly Belly; the main use he puts his Mouth and Belly to, is to receive and discharge what others have too dearly paid for already; and of all the Miracles that ever Christ wrought, he thinks none so meritorious *as the turning Water into Wine*; and as for their turning Wine into Water, I think they deservedly merit the Pillory; which is too frequently done among them. Did they do it no otherwise than one *Ratford* a Vintner, and yet a Quaker, who seeing he could hold no longer, as he drew off his Wine, he fill'd the Cask up again with Water, that by the fulness thereof his Creditors might not suspect his non-payment since their Wines were undrawn; by this policy he march'd off with a good sum of money; when gone, and the deceit discover'd one wrote these lines on him.

Christ the Divine
Turn'd Water into Wine,
But Ratford *the Quaker*
Turn'd Wine into Water,
And with a round sum he ran away after.

But to return to these Knights of the Blew Apron: Pray observe how we are forced to pray, intreat, crave, beseech and implore those Animals

for a Bottle that's neat, brisk and racy, and at laſt go without it, unleſs we bribe Deaths Emiſſaries, thoſe Dregs and Lees of Mortality, your yawling, ſaucy, impudent, nimble-tongu'd Anon, Anon Sirs; to whom once more you muſt begg as heartily as a condemn'd Perſon does for a Reprieve, That they would graciouſly be pleas'd not to poiſon you at your own charge.

And now believe me Gentlemen, ——*Experto crede Roberto*; And I believe you your ſelves know it true by woful Experience that there is ſcarce a Pint true and wholſome drank, which the Gueſts do not twice pay for; firſt to the Drawer, and then to the Maſter; and there is more Wine vended in a year in this one over-grown City, under the notion of Canary, than the whole *Canaries* can produce.

Now here lies the Excellency and Myſtery of the Trade; he that is beſt at Brewing and Balderdaſhing Wines, is moſt eſteemed, and this they call managing a Cellar; and he that undertakes it, and goes through with it, with the greateſt Sophiſtication, is termed a moſt incomparable Cellarman; the end of whoſe Labours is to cheat mens Palates, and the effect to deſtroy their Bodies. The Mountebanks *Pharmacopeia*, or the Quackeries of *Moore-fields* befriend not the Grave-makers ſo much as theſe Squires of the Foſſet do; for *Pandora's Box* never gave vent to the Tythe of thoſe miſchiefs, which are broacht with a Pipe of Sophiſticated Wine; which hath made me think, when I have heard the Bar-Bell ring for the Drawer to fetch t'other Pint, at the ſame time I heard, methought the Paſſing Bell of thoſe that call'd for it; and when the Splay-mouth'd Raſcalls cry, *D'ye call Sir*, methinks the ſound is like *Charons* voice ſummoning us to the Ferry-boat; and to hear them

bawl

bawl out their *Hypocritical Welcome*, the Satyre would as much wonder at it, as at the Man that blew hot and cold; for they welcom you when you go in, and welcom you when you go out, and yet 'tis not you that are welcom at all, it is your Money.

Nor is it with their Cups (like *Circe*) that they enchant us, they can help you to a dainty Morſel too, at *Luculluſſes* price; their Fricacies and Phagoons, Diſhes you muſt pay four times over for. Firſt for the meat; Secondly for dreſſing; Thirdly for ſauce; and Fourthly for the hard name they beſtow upon the Diſh.

When they provide you a Dinner, you had better keep open houſe all *Chriſtmaſs*, and if the Cloth be in the Great Room, the Gueſts ſhall ſeverely pay for the laying on't; the largeneſs thereof, richneſs of Furniture, and delectable Painting are effectual Decoys to ſome or other who have ſeen it, to have his Wedding Dinner there, where the young Bridegroom many times ſpends half his Wives Portion for the conveniency of Dancing and Fiddles; no Age could ever produce the Twentieth part of ſuch ſtately Rooms of Entertainment as the time ſince the dreadful Conflagration; and as the Taverns have ſince multiplyed in Number, ſo have they encreaſed in Glory and decreaſed in Trade, unleſs here and there one, whoſe Stock of Wines and Pride and Impudence are equally very large. And now ſince I have ſpoken of Great Rooms in Taverns, I cannot be ſo unjuſt to my Friends Ingenuity as to omit a Copy of Verſes he writ on the *Sun*, and the Great Room in the *Sun* Tavern behind the *Royal Exchange*. They are theſe, and the Title was thus,

The Glory of the *Sun* Behind the *Exchange.*

Behind ! *I'le ne're believ't ; you may as ſoon*
Perſwade me that the Sun ſtands behind Noon ;
We ſhould be then more than Cymmerian *blind,*
If the Worlds Eye (the Sun*) ſhould ſtand behind.*
Nay rather then Heavens Lamp ſhould ſo eſtrange
His proper Site, the Change *it ſelf muſt Change ;*
Greſham *muſt face about, under the Roſe,*
The Kings themſelves muſt go as the Sun goes :
Yet, notwithſtanding what is here confeſt,
I am a Browniſt *as to Eaſt and Weſt.*
Cornhil *may in the South-ſide ſtill take Pride ;*
But where the Sun is, there's the warmer ſide.
Of all the Taverns, this a Palace is,
A Superſtructure on a Baſe of Bliſs.
And when the loſty Arch I me paſſing through,
Methinks in Triumph I to Tavern go ;
To Tavern ſaid I ? Out upon it, no,
Methinks I rather to a Temple go ;
Where the Great Room (and who would judge it leſs ?)
A Church is, and the reſt Chappels of Eaſe ;
At leaſt a Preſence fit to entertain,
(As once thy Predeceſſor) Kings again.
So pompous, ſo Pyramidal, as if
It would on tiptoes Check-mate Tenariff :
The Turkey *work about the Dining Room*
Would make a Sultan think himſelf at home.
The Chimny-piece do's modern art ſurpaſs ;
No hand could do the like but Phydias.
Pictures ſo quaint, ſo to the life excel,
You would not think them hang'd they look ſo well.
Cathedral Windows carry there the Bay,
Where many Quarrels are, but not a fray :

I need no ſtories of the Hangings tell
Arras it ſelf's ſufficient Chronicle.
There ev'ry Chamber has an Aquæduct,
As if the Sun had Fire for water truct.
Water as 'twere exhal'd up to Heav'ns ſhrowds,
To cool your Cups and Glaſſes in the Clouds;
Which having done from the Cœleſtial Towers,
Like Jove *himſelf, you ſend it down in ſhowers.*
But to the Cellar now, that happy Port,
Where Bacchus *in the Arches keeps his Court.*
No more of the Exchange *let People talk;*
Here's your High German, French *and* Spaniſh *Walk:*
In this Low-Country *is* High-Country *Wine.*
Here's your old mellow Malago, Muſcadine,
Canary, Florence, *and* Madera *here;*
Or in a word, here is Wine with one Ear.
What ſhall I ſay? In vain I further write;
Here's all that's rare, that's raſy, rich, and right;
Such choice of choices, none amiſs can call,
'Twould almoſt fuddle me to name them all,
But that's a task no Poet can fulfill,
Except he write with a Canary *quill.*
And thus the Sun, *as with inviſible Ropes*
Draws all the Change, and makes 'em Heliotropes:
You'd think, to ſee the Crouds that thither run,
A Man in Pauls *is but a Moat i'th'* Sun.

In ſhort, a Tavern is a Scene of Confuſion; a Gulf to ſwallow up a mans Money, and his Time, which is yet more Precious; a Nurſery of Extravagancy, and a neceſſary place for Aſſignation between the Cracks and their Cullies, wherein the Devil at any time can never miſs of a Factor for Sin and Debauchery.

CHAP. XVII.

The Character and Wheedles of an Engliſh *and* French *Taylor.*

BEfore I give you an account of the Tricks and Devices, Policies and Inſinuations of theſe two bloody Knights of the Round Table, it will be neceſſary to lay down ſome ſhort and due Character of them both; and ſince the *Engliſh* Taylor is the better Man of the two (if I may ſay a ſingle Taylor makes a man) I ſhall firſt begin with him. The Antiquity of his Profeſſion he deduces from the beginning of the World; *viz.* the Fall of *Adam*; and glories therein, ſince the Emperor of the whole World was not aſhamed to handle his Needle (ſuch a one as it was) to cover his own Nakedneſs, which was his onely ſhame; and this makes it his whole buſineſs to cover the Sin and ſhame of others; and has a Covert too for his own ſin of Theft and when detected in it, he has the impudence to juſtifie the fact, by ſaying, *It is a neceſſary part of his Calling*: But oh horrid! that that thing (Pride) which was the Fall of Angels ſhould be the Inſtrument of his Setting up.

I know not what to make of him, for let him be of any of thoſe opinions which are profeſt by the Diſſenters from the Church of *England*, yet he joins with it in an high eſteem of ſolemn Feſtivals, and he has reaſon ſo to do, for againſt *Chriſtmas*,

mas, *Eaſter* and *Whitſuntide*, he is a man of ſome repute, and multiplicity of buſineſs, but moſt of the year beſides, like a thick Cloke in Summer, he is onely fit to be hung up and neglected.

You ſhall know him by the bloodineſs of his Thumb-Nail, which alwayes carries the Trophies of his Victories over his Enemies, a certain ſort of *Canibals* or Mans Blood-ſuckers, making continual incurſions into his Territories, though he often ſurprize them with Terrible Slaughters.

Monſieur Stitch on the other ſide, not knowing well what to do in his own Country, and hearing how much we play the Apes in imitation of *French* Faſhions, though unimaginably ridiculous he comes over with a Horſe-load of rich Goods, *viz.* Patterns for Faſhions (for other goods he left behind being poſſeſt in the right Owners hand) and all theſe Patterns were in their ſwadling Clouts, which he ſwears are not ſix Weeks old. This impudent Fellow (to raiſe himſelf to a reputation among the Gentry) that a little before his arrival he made the King of *France* a Suit; a groſs miſtake; for it was a Winter Suit he made for a *Weſt-India* Gentleman called *Grimace Bare-breech*, who was brought thither to ſee faſhions, and learn ſome Mimick Geſtures that never Nature yet had taught him.

This Fellow certainly has an excellent invention for new ſhapes in Apparel; otherwiſe the ſpeedieſt conveyance of them from his own Country, could never ſupply him with the Tithe he monthly doth produce. For the Champaigne Coat doubtleſly he was beholding to our Tankard-bearers for what they wear about their Shoulders to defend their Galling is exactly like the Cape, or like the rounded ſeat of an Houſe of Office about the Neck inſtead of a Ruff. I wonder how he came to imitate the *Spaniard* ſince each Nation has ſuch a

natural Antipathy each againſt other, and that he might hit him to a hair, he made a Gentlemans Breeches ſo narrow on the Thighs, and ſo ſtreight in the Seats, that ſtooping down, and the ſtuff of the Breeches being very tender, his Buttocks forced their way through, and ſeemed to look out of two Caſements in ſearch for that Bougre that had put that affront upon them and their Maſter in making him appear ſo much like a Bare—— Baboon.

What phantaſtical Garb his working thoughts can contrive, that he runs withall to ſome of the Nobility, hoping that if he can perſwade one or two of them to be Preſident to the reſt, that they will follow their Example, and that he may engage them to tell lyes for him (ſuch is his unparallel'd impudence) he ſwears to them that that Faſhion is ſo new that it rid poſt to him from the Court of *Paris* out of pure love, and hath outrid all other intelligence of the ſame, whereas it never travell'd a ſpit and a ſtride from his own Shop-board.

He makes it his buſineſs to decry every ſhape that is not in the *French* Mode to the credulous Ladies, and ſuch who he knows are famed for Faſhion-mongers, he cries, *Begar Madam, de Englis Faſhoon is no ting; is no ting begar; ma foy you be no Ghentlewoman if you be not alamode de* France; he means by *alamode*, a ſuitableneſs to the fooliſh humours of other Gentlewomen, who by his deluſions half ruine their Husbands in Apparel, whilſt this inſinuating Raſcal laughs in his Sleeve to think that the Gentry believe there is little Gallantry in Habit but what is ſpun from the Fancy of a *French* Taylour.

Now ſince Monſieur hath ſo much infected this Kingdom with the itch of Faſhions, we may thank our ſelves if we are not cured thereof. This fond humour

humour is a disease in the body politick; that deserves a sharper Corrosive than a Satyr; a nipping Penal Statute to eat away this proud flesh that persons may suit their dresses to their qualities, and *Joan* may be distinguished from her Lady; at least in the day-time, what-e're she is in the Night. If this care were but taken, Taylors would soon low'r their Top-sails, and strike to those they will not move their hat to. Taylors in *Adams* time were none of the twelve Companies, neither do I know how they should; for doubtless his issue follow'd their Parents Example: We read his Summer suit was but Figg-leaf, and I dare say that for Winter was but Sheeps-skin, and *Eves* best Gown was of the same. *Taylors-Hall* that now is as big as some Towns in the *Netherlands*, was then I'le warrant it, not so big as a Pig-stye. Fashions then were counted a Disease, and Horses died of 'um, but now (thanks to Folly) 'tis held the only rare Physick for Taylors life, though some Gentlemen are undone by them. Much more might be said as to the Character both of the *English* and *French* Taylor, but let these brief touches suffice for the present; Let us now in as short a manner as is convenient look into the Wheedles and Circumventions of their Mystery or Profession.

You may perceive how desirous he is to live, since he uses his Thimble as a Gantlet for the securing the top of his Middle-finger, for his Life at least lies there, as *Achilles* his death did in his heel; this is his defensive Weapon; he hath an offensive one and much delights therein, and that is the long Bill, which he manages to the great prejudice of young Gallants Estates, I mean before their Fathers dye, and are really possest of them: For if the Parents be close fisted, and will not contribute Oyl to their Sons Lamp to make it shine, the wheedling

dling Taylor does it; firſt he makes him a ſplendid ſuit, and truſts him with it; nay, more than that, puts Gold in the Pockets when he carries it home; and if that will not engage a young Prodigals heart, I know not what will; and all this upon truſt; but in the end, he ſhall dearly pay for his credit. It may be this Gentleman lies in the Taylors houſe, and that adds very much to his gaining a propriety in this young Heirs Eſtate; for the expence alone of his Diet ſhall maintain the whole Family beſides his Lodging. This crafty Wheedle never lets him go far in debt for Cloaths, Logding and Diet, but he takes Bond for it; and then lets him go on a freſh; the Father at laſt dying, and the young Gentleman inveſted in the Eſtate; a conſiderable quantity of Mourning is to be made, by whom, but by his Confident the Taylor; this riſes to another conſiderable Sum; and now it is high time the Taylor thinks that he ſhould be paid; Money is demanded, but ſince there was but little left at the Deceaſe of the Father, Land is offer'd (the Debt being very conſiderable) and the Taylor accepts it at a Robinhoods penny-worth: Portions to the reſt and Legacies to Relations muſt be paid, for the ſatisfaction whereof the Major part of the remaining Land muſt be Mortgaged, and the Taylor is ſure to go his Snack; and thus do's this Leech ſuck the blood of his Eſtate ſo long till there be hardly a drop therein left to help the poor Heir in his languiſhing condition. He values not a ready money Cuſtomer ſo much as one that goes on truſt and is able to pay, though not at preſent; the firſt will not be overreacht by reaſon of preſent money; whereas the other will not ſcruple his Bill for his Credit ſake, and ſo puts what rates he pleaſes; ſo that his gain is very great, and credit larger, for if he want money

money to pay Mercer, Draper or any elſe he deals with all; a turn-over of a Bill or Bond makes them good payment for he will deal with none but ſuch as are ſubſtantial.

However I cannot but commend our Taylor for his Skill in Geometry, for he boaſts of rare performances in palliating Crookedneſs; for Monſieur Stitch will ſwear, *Begar when me have de Lady like de twiſted Battoon of de Lacquay, ſo dat you wud tink de Modra had he twiſting of de Guts, when ſhe conceived de ſhild; begar be art me make her appear as ſtrait as any one in de Varld*; and this our Countrymen avoucheth he can do in all reſpects proportionable; yet muſt he confeſs he is not able to take meaſure of his own Conſcience; for though he have many bottoms yet that ſeems is wholly bottomleſs.

Theſe men differ altogether from God, for with them the beſt pieces are ſtill markt out for Damnation, and are caſt into Hell without hope of recovery; I mean the Hell under his Shop-board which like the Grave is a continual Devourer of Good, Bad, and Indifferent. Next obſerve what a cunning Alchymiſt he is, for he extracteth his own Apparel out of other mens Clothes and when occaſion ſerves makes a Broakers Shop his Limbeck and can turn Silks into Gold and having furniſh'd his neceſſaries after a month or two (if he be forced unto) reduce them again into their proper ſubſtance; he never makes Garments for Man or Woman but he ſnips ſome pieces from them ſometimes out of a Suit and Cloak enough to make a Boy a pair of Breeches or a Doublet and ſometimes for both; and as I have heard, one Cloak out of another, though the Owner ſtood by to ſee him cut it out for fear of being cheated.

He drives a Trade with Sadlers for pieces of Cloth

Cloth to make ſeats for Saddles; the courſe Cloth makes Spatterdaſhes for Country Plowmen; Woollen Caps and Mittens for old Women. If a Suit and Cloak of good Cloth, or a Silk Gown of Rich Silk be to be made; he perſwades as many as he can to buy off the ſame (pretending it is the onely Stuff in faſhion) and out of them all he will pilfer a whole Suit and Cloak or Gown for his own diſpoſe; Cloth of Silver, brancht Sattin, and the like goes for Pin-cuſhions, Pin-pillows, Womens Purſes, and if black they are excellent for Church-Wardens Caps, *&c.*

I will not ſpeak of his ſtretching Gold and Silver Laces; of his taking up a much more for an ignorant Cuſtomer then he knows will ſerve; of his confederating with the Mercer or Draper in the price when the Cuſtomer goes with him, of which a ſpill is to be return'd in private; nor of his bubbling people in putting in any rotten Stuff, for lining where it is not ſeen. A pleaſant Story (very well known) to this purpoſe I ſhall here inſert.

A Gentleman bringing a Suit to a Taylor, that he might have his Breeches the warmer brought two yards of Bayes to line the inſide; the Taylor thought it too good for that uſe and therefore took it to himſelf and ſupplied it with old painted Cloth; it hapned ſhortly after the Gentleman wearing thoſe Cloaths to *Iſlington*, as he went over a Style ſomething took hold of his Breeches and rent a great flaſh or gap in them that diſcovered the theft; for right againſt the hole was the picture of a Devil with a Muckfork in his hand, which made the Gentleman admire how the Devil he ſhould come there, ſearching further, he found more of his Fellows all arm'd as aforeſaid, Tormenting of *Dives* in the Flames, which put him in a great Rage

Rage to conſider how that by the Knavery of the Taylor he ſhould carry Hell-fire in his Breech and reſerve the Hell wherein it was contain'd to himſelf and wiſh'd that Sir *Stitch* had been there to carry it to the place from whence it came.

Now as the Maſter cheats his Cuſtomers, ſo do his Journey-men rob him if they have opportunity, Silk Pieces, Laces, Whalebone, all is Fiſh that comes to the Net. Nay the very Trotter has his Intrigues too; for to raiſe a Sum he ſhall run to Shops where his Maſter has credit and deſire them to ſend him ſome patterns of the neweſt faſhion'd Gold and Silver Lace, and having gotten what he can from ſeveral Shops, he melts them into his Pocket to the value of half a piece or more.

To conclude, certainly our Taylor is a man of good Parts, being double Yarded, and yet his Wife complains for want of Meaſure. He is able to out-cant a Quack or Mountebank, and when he runs over the Catalogue of his Stuffs, you would think him going to conjure, for he talks of *Parragon, Burragon, Philipine, Cheney, Grogrum, Damaſidy, Novars Pinkadilly*, &c.

His Wheedles are ſo many, they cannot be numbred and therefore ſhall take my leave of him onely ſaying this, He lives to the deſtruction of half penny loaves and young Gallants, and perhaps dyes miſerable of a Surfeit of Cucumbers; but before that time come, I pray God give him the Grace of Repentance and Reſtitution that he may at laſt cheat the Devil as he hitherto has done his Cuſtomers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Smithfield Jockey.

AN *Oſtler* is an *Iceickle*, begot by a cold *Northern* blaſt; which being blown to the *South*, by good Fortune is there thaw'd into a warm Employment: Or is a part of that Snow which falling in *Yorkſhire*, and afterwards diſſolved, ran gladly out of the Country, with a reſolution never to ſee it more; and if ever after you find him worth any thing, for that he may ſay *Gramercy-Horſe*, He hath certain charms for an Horſes mouth, that he ſhould not eat his Hay; and behind your back, will cheat your horſe to his Face: beſides he hath a penſion of Money or Liquids from the next *Smith*, and *Sadler* for Intelligence. If he chance to leap from other mens Horſe-heels, into a Saddle of his own; he then becomes his own *Hackney-man*; for he lets himſelf out to hire, as well as his horſe, and is a great afflicter of the High-ways, beating them out of meaſure, which injury is ſometimes revenged by the *High-Pad*. Flying from the Dunghil from whence he ſprung; goes on *Pilgrimages*, which are *Horſe-Markets*, and *Fairs*, and his chiefeſt devotion conſiſts in buying *Robin-Hoods penny-worths*; and, ſo that he purchaſe a good bargain, he cares not though the Seller loſe his life for his labour. He is a notable Shuffler in the World, wherein he is ſo oft putting off that at length he puts on, and is ſo fierce in his getting money, that he verifies the Proverb; *Set*

a.

a Beggar on Horſeback, and he will ride poſt to the Devil. His face is now Armour of proof, which nothing can daſh out of Countenance. He is in league with the *Tapſters*; not ſo much for the ſake of the *Worſhipful* of the Inn, as by drinking high to engage *Tapſter* and *Oſtler*, to tell a thouſand lyes for him; and ſwears how much he is their friend, whereas he is but the Picture of one; and as Pictures are generally obſerved to flatter, ſo he frequently ſhews fairer, then the true ſubſtance. If he be yoked with any, it muſt be one that has money, not him that ſtands on the loweſt ground, but thoſe whoſe Fortunes may tempt him to deceive them; for which he is not wanting as to cunning deviſes and contrivances. For Example, he hath a trick to *blow* up *Horſefleſh*, as a *Butcher* doth *Veal*, which ſhall waſh out again in 'twice riding from *London* to St. *Albans*. No man domineers more in his Inn (though an *Oſtler* t'other day) nor miſcalls his *Hoſt* with more Impudence and preſumption; and this Arrogance proceeds from his Ignorance, or from the health and number of his Horſes; which plainly appears from the alteration of his ranting humour into a ſordid ſubmiſſion, when he ſees his Stables ſo filled with Diſeaſes, that a man might rationally conjecture *Smithfield* was an *Hoſpital* for Horſes; or a *Slaughter* Houſe for my *Lord Mayors Doghouſe*. For his Sale of Horſes he hath variety of falſe covers, and diſguiſes, as ſo many blinds for all manner of Diſeaſes incident to Horſefleſh, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which he deſpairs not utterly to bring to perfection) and that is, to make an Horſe go on a Wooden Leg, and two Crutches; as for poudering an Horſes ears with *Quickſilver*, giving him a *Suppoſitory* of live Eels; riding a foundered Jade, full of diſtempers, from Sun to Sun

with

without drawing Bit, that is to ſay, from the Sun in *Charterhouſe Lane*, to the Sun in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*; theſe are old inventions he cries, and therefore ſcorns to uſe them; his Knaveries are of a later *Impreſſion*, and better *Printed.*

There are ſuch plenty of *Jockeys* in this Kingdom, they ſwarm every where, but none ſo expert as I can find, than ſuch as were ſpawn'd in *Yorkſhire*; like Horſes, that are much the better either for the breed or Country from whence they came; hence grew the Proverb; *ſhake a Bridle over a* Yorkſhire *Tikes Grave, and he will riſe again*; the natural love of ſome of them to Horſes, may be eaſily ſeen by their frequent adventuring both Liberties and Lives for their ſakes. By the purchaſe of a Bridle there is three parts of the horſe already ſecured, and the little Pad-Saddle, which with much eaſe can be carried in his Breeches, fully perfects the work: fraught with this ſucceſs he rides for *London*, and by the Sale of his Goods (unjuſtly gotten) he gets into the Employment of an *Hoſtler*; or, for ſome miſcarriage being whipt out of his own Country, he marcht to *London*, hoping there to find as good fortune, as other of his Countrymen, who have hardly let an Inn eſcape them either in City or Suburbs; ſo that they have in a manner monopolized all the Offices belonging thereunto, as *Tapſter*, *Chamberlain*, *Hoſtler*, &c. The firſt Inn he came at, he had the luck to be entertained, as a man that could go through much and variety of buſineſs; as the rubbing of Horſe-Heels, Boot-catching, running of Errands, emptying the Chamberlains Jordans, and Cloſe-ſtool-pans, as yet his ſervices had not gain'd him ſo much Credit to be Aſſiſtant to Sir *Timothy Nick and Froth, Overſeer of the Taphouſe and Vice-*

Vice-Roy of the Low-Countries *next adjacent.* Theſe hard-hearted hide-bound new Maſters of his engaged his ſervice without the Allowance of Wages for one whole year, and well contented he was at the concluding the bargain, ſince he knew he could not want proviſion, being *Yeoman of the Dripping-Pan*, under the *Skullion of the Kitchin.* As for his Lodging, he could not deſire better than to litter with a parcel of *Four-Legged Bedfellows*, whom he loved ſo dearly well, notwithſtanding he had ſtolen one of their Species, and *in perpetuam iſtius culpæ memoriam*, had a mark given to attend him at his Funeral.

After the expiration of an year, preferment did ſtrangely proſtitute it ſelf to him, and Fortune ſeemed to make him her Favourite, for he was removed from all Kitchin ſtuff drudgery; ſince by his ſtrength and Stature he was look'd upon in a condition to be more ſerviceable to Whores and Horſes, than to waſhing of Diſhes, and immediately thereupon was dub'd *Under-Hoſtler.*

In the firſt place he indeavoured, by all means imaginable, to poſſeſs his Maſter with a good and real opinion of his honeſty, care and induſtry, in the next place; he got acquainted with the Smith, who was principally employed by the Maſter of the houſe, with whom he contracted for three pence in the Shilling, for what he by his Rogueries had occaſioned. Neceſſity, the Mother of Invention, would not ſuffer him to want crafty contrivances to effect his many advantages; in what manner they were done, I ſhall give you a brief account as followeth, not reſpecting order as they were gradually acted.

Firſt,

Firſt, If a Gentleman did ſet up his Horſe, though it be but for an hour, he would be ſure to draw ſo many Nails, that when the Gentleman came to remount, he was informed, that ſo many ſhoes were looſe, ſo that there did lye a neceſſity for the Farrier to be ſent for immediately; who it may be without a cauſe, finds fault with the Shoes, telling him that a Shoe is either too wide behind, and will occaſion the Horſe to cut; or too little, and ſo he will fall Lame, e're he be gone ten miles; this bait does frequently among credulous Gudgeons, and are this way furniſh'd worſe, it may be, than before. If you have two good Girts he will be ſure to have one by putting the change upon you.

Miſſes are ſo cuſtomary made uſe of here about the Town, that to be in Faſhion, he muſt have a *Crack* too, and indeavours her maintenance, as he hath purchaſed his pleaſure, and that is in *Hugger Mugger* by Stealth; for he ſeldom goes into the *Oſtlery*, but that the poor Rogue will make a very hard ſhift, but that he will fill his Pockets with Corn, or ſome other pitiful ſhammocking deviſe, he is got in his Breeches; this is conveyed privately to his *Phebe*, and when made a Buſhel, ſold to ſome *Hackney-Coachman*, or *Carter*, who go ſnips with him in non-payment of the full rate.

Lying thus at Rack and Manger, he begins to inſpect the profit of his Maſter (the *Head-Oſtler*) and having inſinuated himſelf into his good eſteem by his ſeemingly fair and honeſt carriage, he at laſt is intruſted with all, which gives the one an opportunity to ſerve himſelf, and not his Maſter, whilſt he is a ſleep in Bed, or in a worſe place, and *Jack*, *Tom*, or what Name you Pleaſe, is then buſie in conveying Hay, Straw, Corn, *&c.*

out

out of the Houſe, taking another opportunity to convert what he has thus ſtolen into ready money.

Now if any Gentleman loves his Horſe ſo well, that he will ſee him feed, before he will feed himſelf, yet this crafty Knave ſhall cheat him to his Face; as thus; he will tell the Gentleman that if he pleaſe he will put his Horſe by himſelf, to the intent he may eat quietly, in which Manger (it being the darkeſt place in the whole Stable) is a Slider, not much unlike that of a Tinder-box; taking a wiſp of Hay to cleanſe the Manger, he opens his own little Theeviſh Granary, and throwing the Corn againſt the Hole, pretending to ſhove the Corn for better advantage of the Horſe, he takes the opportunity of ſhutting the Slider; if he have not time to do it before he eſpy the Gentleman coming to obſerve how heartily his Horſe doth feed, he then advanceth, ſtopping him in the way, and ſaying; *Pray Maſter don't diſturb your Horſe, he eats his meat very well.*

If at another time a man ſhould put up his Horſe for a very little time, and give no order to give him Hay, yet he certainly ſhall pay for what the Horſe did never touch: and if he finds him a raw unexperienced young Gentleman, and not accuſtomed to ride, he has his Comb about him always ready, and with much pretended care, combs the Main, and Tail, thruſting the Lock of his forehead round the upper part of the Bridle, and when my young Gallant is about to mount, this Fellow, in hopes of reward, is all Cringes, and obſervance, and with an eye fixt on the Gentleman, which begs more powerfully then his Tongue, he takes hold of Bridle, and Stirrup, and

and ſo Tenter-hook'd him, till he hath received a voluntary Fee. By being thus frequently rewarded, and by his Thefts aforeſaid, he gets more than his Maſter the *Head-Oſtler*.

If any have Horſes which ſtand at Livery, I adviſe them to look narrowly to their Water; otherwiſe the Owners ſhall pay ſo much *per Week* for his ſtanding, and theſe Raſcals ſhall receive the profit of his Labour. For if any Perſon (they very well know) has an occaſion to Ride ten or twenty Miles, upon the condition he will return that day before Night, they will furniſh him with a Livery Horſe; if the Owner ask for his Horſe in the Morning, he is gone to Water remotely off: If in the Evening, he is gone abroad to be Air'd; and if it chance that his Knee or Knees be broke, they then plead *Ignoramus*, and pretend they know not how it ſhould happen, but by the next Horſe, having the full length of his Halter, and ſo turning Tail, ſtruck him unfortunately.

This younger Raſcal, or Under-Oſtler, having behaved himſelf ſo Circumſpectfully, that his Fidelity was never ſuſpected, and having gotten ſome Money by his Illegal Practiſes and ſubtle Inſinuations; he now reſolves to add a better Title to his ill-got Money; and therefore hearkens out for the Place of an *Head-Oſtler*; his former ſeemingly honeſt deportment ſoon hoiſted him into employment; but knowing how falſe he was to others, he would not admit of any of his Countrymen into his *Oſtlery*, leaſt they ſhould cheat him, and ſo ſerve him in his own Coin.

By his frequent Converſe and Dealings with Farriers,

Farriers, he improved his *Jockey-ſhip* to a great height; and being puft up with that Knowledge, he heretofore could not reaſonably expect to attain to, he deſerts his *Oſtlery*, and makes *Smithfield* the onely *Rendezvouz* of his Intelligence and Acquaintance; and here having provided himſelf with a Chamber, Stable, and Hay-loft, all the Stock that he had, he lays out in Horſe-fleſh; and therein, as he cheats others, he is ſometimes cheated himſelf; but that is *aut raro, aut nunquam.* One would think that now and then ſuch *Jockeys*, that are of a long ſtanding, were very Fools to buy a Foundered *Jade*, only for ſhape ſake; knowing how ſoon by that means they can hook in ſome Perſon or other upon that Account, and therefore they care not (though they know it) whether an Horſe has never a good Leg, ſo that he have good ſhape; and that their Knavery may not be diſcovered, the *Jockey* will not be ſeen to ſell him himſelf, but employ ſome confident of his; and as he ſees ſome likely Chapman approach, and bid Money, he is at his Elbow to bid likewiſe; and by this means frequently draws in a Cuſtomer; and if he cannot light of one, 'tis uſual for him to buy his own Horſe, or Mare, ſuppoſedly anothers, and expoſe him to Sale the next Market day as his own, or ſome others, that have bought the like Horſe of him, ſo often till ſuch time he hath got him off his hands.

Give me leave now more particularly to diſcover the Tricks of this ſame *Smithfield Jockey.* First, When he hath bought an old Horſe, and yet reſolves to ſell him for a good Price; the firſt thing he do's is to put him into good Caſe, and to make him ſeem young, he has an excellent invention by taking a ſmall Iron, about the thickneſs

neſs of the ſmall end of a Tobacco-ſtopper, or not ſo thick, and heating it red hot, he burns a little black hole in the Tops of the two out-moſt Teeth of each-ſide the neather chap before, next the Tuſhes, and then with an Awl-blade pricks it, making the ſhell fine and thin, then with a ſharp ſcraping Iron makes all his Teeth white and clean; to perfect his work he takes a fine Lancet, and above the hollow of the Horſes eyes, which are ſhrunk down, he makes a little hole, only through the skin, and raiſing it up, puts in a Quill that is very ſmall (either Duck or Ravens) and then blows the skin full of Wind, till all the hollowneſs be filled up; having taken out the quill, he lays his finger on the ſmall Orifice a little while, and the Wind will ſtay in, by which means, to all outward Appearance, the Horſe will ſeem but ſix years old at moſt.

There is another Trick he hath to make an Artificial mark appear in an Horſes mouth, which hardly can be diſtinguiſhed from what is natural; and thus he do's it: When the Horſe is grown old, he then makes him firſt fat, and that is done ſeveral ways, either by mingling Carrots among his Oats, or by Mr. *Markhams* fatning Balls, *&c.* having ſo done, he takes an Awl, or Bodkin, and having wrought the Horſes Tooth therewith, he claps in a piece of Sheath, this looks ſo naturally that *Horſe-Courſers* themſelves have been deceived thereby, much more may other men, who are not acquainted with ſuch Helliſh-Plots to wrong the ignorant. Theſe are a dangerous ſort of Cattle to deal with all; for their Profeſſion does daily inſtruct them how to fight cunningly, and if you ingage them, you will find leſs danger in their *Battery*, than *Undermining*.

Let

Let the Hair of an Horſe ſtare ever ſo much, he knows ſpeedily how to make his Coat ſmooth, ſlick, ſoft, and ſhining: It is but preſerving ſome of his Horſes Blood, after he has had an occaſion to open a Vein, and therewith anoint him all over, letting the blood lye on his Coat eight and forty hours; then curries, and dreſſes him well, and this makes the Hair lye even, and ſhine like Jet.

He hath ſeveral ways to eat off hair from any part of an Horſes Body; as with unſlect Lime boil'd to a fourth part, and an Ounce of Orpiment added thereunto; by ſpreading this on Leather and laying it where he would have the Hair removed, and it ſhall do it in ſix hours; Ruſt and Orpiment ſealding hot applied will do it; but let the *Jockey* have a care of ligging to a Tree, if he uſe it as ſome have done, who have been juſtly hang'd for their Roguiſh ingenuity by taking out a Star in the Forehead of the Horſe they have ſtolen or ſome other obſervable Mark, making Hair grow there of another complexion; by which means the right Owners have not known their own Horſes when they ſaw them. Here will neceſſarily follow a ſhort Account how the Jockey makes Artificial Stars for his advantage.

If he hath an Horſe well coloured, and for a further Ornament to his Body, he would have a White Star, he then takes a long ſharp Bodkin, and as long as he would have the Star, ſo far upwards he thruſts the Bodkin between the Skin and Bone, hollowing the Skin as he thruſts it, then he forms Lead to the ſhape of the Bodkin, and withdrawing it, makes the Lead ſupply its place; after this he thruſts in the Bodkin croſs-

wiſe underneath the Lead, adding more Lead to that place, and this repreſents the form of a Croſs; then he takes Packthread and puts it underneath the four Corners of the Lead, and then drawing it ſtrongly, contracts the hollow Skin to a Purſe, letting it reſt thus four and twenty Hours, the Skin will not return to its former place; the Leaden Pins being removed, he cloſes the Skin to the Forehead; after the firſt hair be fallen, the next that comes aſſure your ſelf will be white. A Crab roaſted and laid exceſſive Hot to the Horſes Forehead will do the like.

If he have a White Horſe, and would have an ornamental black Starr, he only takes Ruſt of Iron, Galls and Vitriol, and pounding them in a Mortar, with Sallet Oil, and therewith anoints the place, and it will convert white Hair into Coal Black. When he is deſirous to have a Red Starr, he takes *Aqua Vitæ*, *Aqua Fortis*, and a little *Quick-ſilver*, and ſhaking them together in a Glaſs, anoints the place therewith; this will convert any colour'd Hair into Red immediately.

When he is minded to go on the Pad, he hath an incomparable Art to keep his Horſe from neighing, either abroad when he lies in Ambuſcado for ſome Travelling Booty, or having gotten his purchaſe, he Chambers his Horſe to avoid diſcovery. It is done by taking only a Woollen Cloth, and tye it faſt in many folds about the midſt of your Horſes Tongue, and as long as the Horſe is ſo Tongue-tyed, ſo long will he forbear Neighing. This Project I ſhould like well for the preſervation of a man when in War upon ſervice, but no otherwiſe.

If

If at any time he perceive his Beaſt to grow reſtiff, through a naughty nature or ſullenneſs, to cure him of this ill quality, which proves ſo detrimental to his profit he makes a running Snickle of a ſmal cord, and puts it about his Cods and Stones, ſo that it may not ſlip, then draws the reſt of the Cord between the Girths and the Horſes Body, bringing it up juſt between the Horſes Fore-Legs, and as he ſits in the Saddle, holding the end of the Cord in his hand when he perceives him to begin to grow reſtiff, then by pulling the Cord he cramps his Stones, and by that means forceth him to go forwards; thus uſing him a dozen times he cures him ever afterwards of ſtanding ſtill: if he finds his Horſe upon the Road begin to faulter, he ſoon mends his Pace by putting into each ear ſome ſmall Pebbles.

He hath ſeveral ways to make an Horſe exceeding nimble at the Spurr, that is of a dull ſlothful Nature, I ſhall inſtance this one among a great many; he firſt ſhaves him on both ſides the breadth of the Palm of a mans hand juſt upon the ſpurring places, then with a Lancet he makes half a dozen ſmall Orifices on both ſides, then raiſing the Skin from the Fleſh, puts into each hole ſome burnt Salt, this rankles the ſore, which he lets be ſo three or four days; after this he mounts him, and ſpurs him ſeverely in the ſore places: having ſo done he waſheth the ſore with ſtale Urine, Salt and Nettles boiled together, this will cauſe the Spurring-places to ſmart ſo inſufferably, that he will never indure the Spurr afterwards; now to cure this ſore he onely anoints it either with Honey or rubs it with the powder of Glaſs.

He hath an Art of quick fatning poor hunger-ſtarv'd ſickly and diſeaſed Horſes, by which means

he hath put ſeveral Cheats upon the Buyer, purchaſing Horſes fair to the Eye, which in a very little time after have diſcovered themſelves what they are infirm and bouſter'd up only by Art and not worth the riding. Now though *Jockeys* and Horſecourſers make uſe hereof to cheat and abuſe people, yet it is a moſt Soveraign Medicine not only to fatten any Horſe, but it is alſo a moſt admirable ſcourer, not only feeding, but cleanſing the Body from all peccant and malignant Humours whatever; for which Cauſe I will here inſert the Receipt. Take of Wheat-meal a ſufficient quantity, of Cummin-ſeeds two Ounces, of Anniſeeds a quarter of a Pound, of Carthamum two Drachms, of Brimſtone two Ounces, of Sallet Oil a Pint and half, a quart of Honey, and of White Wine a Pottle; Firſt take your hard Simples and Pulverize them, then commix them with your humid Simples work them together into a Paſte, and make thereof Balls or Loaves, crumbling it between your hands into Water, and let him drink thereof.

You cannot pleaſe him better with a handſome plump Wench of fifteen, then with the ſight of an Horſe well ſtatur'd and well complexion'd with little Feet (for broad Feet are marks of dulneſs) ſhort Paſterns, large Legs, broad and flat, a thick large Breaſt, with well rais'd Shoulders, and a quick Full Eye.

How crafty and ſubtle is he in diſcovering the Glanders by feeling between his Chaps; as for all other Maladies and Imperfections lurking internally and not diſcernable to the Eye, he has a pretty way to find them out by letting the Horſe run at the Halters length till he ſweat by which an old cold will be diſcovered by his Cough, and by drawing his breath that he is either Purſie or ſhort-

winded

winded, or if he be lame he will find where the grief lyeth, by his favouring one Leg more then another. When the mark in his mouth is ſo obliterated that his Age that way is not to be known, he will read his Age in his Tail, feeling it all down, and if his Strunt be ſmooth, without any knobs at the end on't, the Horſe he concludes (and 'tis true) hath not ſeen half his days, on the contrary, the knobs do declare he hath few good days to come.

And now obſerve the cruelty of our *Smithfield Jockey* to his poor Beaſt, being a dull heavy reſtiff Jade, to make him ſeem otherwiſe by prancing and capering, both without and in the Stable, as if he were all Spirit and Mettle. He firſt takes him out of the Stable in a morning, and having in readineſs a Bulls Pizzle, or a ſmart Whip, he beats or whips his dull Jade moſt unmercifully; turning him into the Stable, in the Afternoon he comes again and puniſheth him in like manner, in this manner he fails not to deal with his Horſe for above a Week together; after this when ever he comes into the Stable he whips him more or leſs: the Horſe being thus accuſtomed to continual whipping, the very ſight of his Maſter only will make him Dance and Caper; as if he had been laboriouſly taught ſo to do, to be qualified for a Raree Show in *Bartholomew-Fair*. Here note, that this cunning *Jockey* will never uſe his Whip or Rod when he brings any Cuſtomer to look upon him, that he may infuſe a belief that this Prancing is the effect of his High Mettle, and not the product of fear of further puniſhment.

Moreover, that he may thus Prance and Bounce when rid in the Horſe-market, the Boy that rides him (for there are plenty of young arch Rogues whoſe only ſubſtance proceeds from their atten-

dance on the Market) I ſay this Whores Egg new laid, will have a fling at him too, before he is offered to Sale, this makes the poor Jade afraid of the Boy as well as his Maſter, and thinking him to be his Deputy puniſher he flings and flounces like *Alexanders* great Horſe *Bucephalus*. Thus is the ignorant Buyer abuſed, for though at his firſt mounting he may fear the breaking of a Neck in half a ſcore miles riding he muſt not truſt to his Horſes, but his own Legs to bring him home again.

He has another way to make an Horſe go very merrily without Rod, Whip or Spur a little way although he be the verieſt Jade living, and that is by taking a quarter of a Peck of Oats, and mingle them with the root of *Elicampane*, well waſh't and cut into ſmall pieces with a ſpoonful of Honey, and let him eat thereof the night before Market day: The next morning as he is ready to go out, he takes a glaſs full of Sack, and pours one half thereof into one Ear and the other half into the other, clapping his hands upon his Ears, and holding them faſt a little time that he may not ſhake out the Wine, then letting him go, he immediately mounts him, and for two or three Hours he will go as merrily as any Horſe whatever.

If any Gentleman ſets his Horſe with him at Livery, or ſo much *per* Night, being deſirous to ſell him; if the *Jockey* like him, he firſt perſwades the Gentleman, it will be diſadvantagious to him to ſend his Horſe into *Smithfield-market*, for if once blowed upon there, he will never after yield near his value. If the Gentleman meets with a Chapman for him, who deſires to try him for two

or

or three Miles, the *Jockey* then takes his opportunity to clap betwixt the Hoof and Shoe a little thin Wedge that is not to be diſcerned, by this means er'e the Rider has got a mile off the ſtones he is glad to return; for the Horſe will be down right Lame, and any one will imagine thereupon that he is founder'd, this hinders his Sale, ſo that the *Jockey* has him at laſt at his own rate.

As Youth plays its little Waggeries till they ſeed into great Villanies, ſo our *Jockey* at firſt practiced an innocent trick to make an Horſe lame for the preſent, and that was by taking up a Vein on the inſide of either hind Legs, and with an Horſe hair tying it very hard, he ſhall immediately Halt, but the Hair no ſooner ſlipt but the Lameneſs ſhall be inſtantly removed.

He has a notable invention of a Saddle, ſo new that I am very certain, the Jockies of former Centuries were never acquainted with; it is made after this manner. The Tree of his Saddle has a plate of Iron on the forepart of the Ribbs, with holes ingeniouſly drill'd thereon; I can compare it to nothing more like than Tortoiſe-ſhell hafted Knives, with a ſpring within thruſting out when you cut (any thing) ſmall prickles through holes in a row, like thoſe of a Lamprey. In like manner, through theſe holes little pieces of ſharpned Wire, which in mounting the Horſe puſh through the holes and prick him; when mounted, if he ſit backward, they draw in again, and when he would have them ſhoot out he ſits forward, by which means without Spur, Switch or Whip he makes the Buyer believe that though it be a dull heavy Jade, it is the height of his Mettle only that makes him thus reſtleſs in his motion. Our *Jockey*

in his Travels has often practiced this notorious trick and roguiſh project either to get ready money of Gentlemen; or ſwop his ſurbaited founder'd Jade for one of thrice the value. Riding to ſome Fair or Market, either baiting by the way or being come to his Journeys end, ſetting up his Horſe (which though he appear fair to the eye, he is notwithſtanding a meer Jade) I ſay putting his Horſe into the Stable he obſerves what good Horſes there are in the Stable, and fixing his eye on the beſt demands of the Hoſtler to whom ſuch a Gelding belongs, reply is made, that Sir *Thomas*, or Squire—— ſuch a one is the Owner who now is drinking Wine, with ſome Gentlemen within. He ſeems to take little notice of that, but pretending to give his Horſe ſome Ale, ſends the Hoſtler to the Tapſtry for three Pots, two for his Horſe, and one for the Bearer; and i'th' interim conveighs a pretty bigg round ſtone into that Horſes Fundament, having ſo done he leaves his Horſe and Hoſtler to play the good Fellows together; but in a little time the Hoſtlers ſport is ſpoil'd, for having tippled off his Ale, and then looking after his buſineſs, he perceives that brave Gelding which was ſo lately well is now in a dangerous condition by ſome ſuddain deſperate diſtemper that's befall'n him, for viewing him well he obſerves that not a part of him is free from Trepidation, his Eyes do ſtare and ſwell, as if they were ready to ſtart out of his head, and ſweats ſo violently, that you may ſweep it off his back with your hand; by reaſon of theſe bad Symptoms and the Hoſtler not knowing what to apply he runs inſtantly to the Gentleman, and in few words tells him his Horſe is dying, the Gentleman ſtrangely ſurprized at ſuch unwelcome unexpected tidings goes haſtily to the Stable: the

Jockey

Jockey obſerves his motion and follows after; the Gentleman at ſight of his Horſe believes the Hoſtler by what he ſees with his own eyes, and deſpairs of his Recovery; the *Jockey* hereupon makes his advantage either by buying him for little or nothing, or by ſwopping. But the uſual benefit that he makes of this opportunity is after this manner. Seeing how much the Gentleman is concerned for the ſuſpected loſs of his Horſe, he Addreſſes himſelf thus in theſe or the like Terms; Sir, though I am a Stranger to you, yet I am willing to do any Gentleman what kindneſs lyes in my power; then know Sir, I am the Son of as eminent a Farrier as lives within the Circumference of *London* and its Suburbs, and was his Servant ſo many years; that I have ſince practiced for my ſelf commonly with ſucceſs, and if you think fit to be at half a piece charge to the Apothecary, if I cure him not in leſs than an hours time, I will not only loſe my labour, but pay you the price of your Gelding. The Gentleman believes him, and very loth to loſe a Beaſt, he ſo much values, gives him the money with a promiſe of reward. The *Jockey* hereupon goes ſeemingly to the Apothecaries, and returning brings with a Horn a Drench, that might be ſafely given an Horſe whether well or ill; then ſends away the Hoſtler in ſome ſleeveleſs Errand, and in the mean time withdraws the ſtone out of the Horſes Fundament, which done he is inſtantly at Eaſe, and although before he refuſed his meat, by that time the Hoſtler return'd ſo did his Stomach, and falling roundly to his Food, the Gentleman was ſent for who much admired the ſpeedineſs of the Cure whoſe joy hereat pick'd his Pocket of a Guinny more, beſides the ten ſhillings for the Apothecaries Ingredients

which

which were never designed to be bought by this politick *Jockey*.

His subtle Tricks and Projects are so many it is impossible to number them: wherefore I shall conclude thus, A Man almost may as safely trade with Satan for Salvation, as to buy of a *Jockey* a sound Horse and a good Pennyworth,

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Fr. H. Latham
Dec 1902